Saturday Review

August 26, 1967 35¢

TWENTY YEARS OF

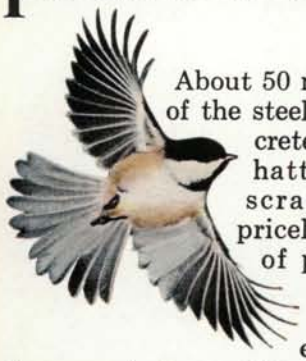
RECORDINGS

THE STEREO EVOLUTION

H3D R7575888H AMBA95S22SEP68
AMBASSADOR COLL LIBR
BOX 927
BIG SANDY TX 75755

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

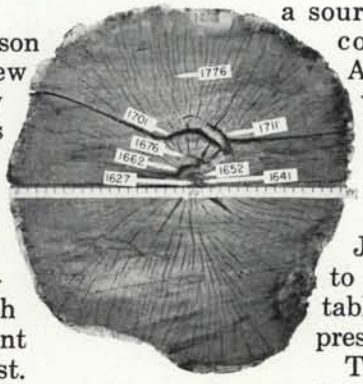
How a labor union and a university helped preserve a natural woodland treasure.



About 50 miles west of the steel and concrete of Manhattan's skyscrapers is a priceless patch of primitive America that is essentially the same today as it has been for some 8000 years.

The William L. Hutcheson Memorial Forest in New Jersey is one of the few remaining virgin forests in the Northeast. Wildlife abounds in hundreds of species. Below ground is a fantastic world of insects and microscopic organisms, each playing its own important role in the life of the forest.

Nature has been working for thousands of years to perfect this "climax" community in which trees, plants, animals and all the creatures of the forest have reached a state of harmonious balance with their environment. Left undisturbed, this stabilized society will continue to perpetuate itself century after century.



In 1955, Thomas Mettler, whose family had owned the property since 1701, was urged to sell it as a source of timber for commercial use. Aware of its unique value, Mettler held off on the sale until public-spirited residents of New Jersey had time to organize and establish it as a forest preserve.

Thanks to the help of private individuals and groups, including members of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, the forest was eventually purchased and named in honor of William L. Hutcheson, a past President of the Union.

Under the direction of Rutgers University, the forest is used as an "outdoor laboratory" for Nature studies. Through greater knowledge of this age-old woodland, man may gain insight into his own relationship with Nature and understand more fully his dependence on the natural resources that nourish his spirit and sustain his being.

Sinclair has long been dedicated to conserving America's natural resources and wants to encourage private citizens to take a more active part in preserving our national heritage. For a booklet describing what others have done and how you can help, write Sinclair Tour Bureau, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Also include your request for information about touring to any scenic landmarks you wish to visit.

Sinclair

Discover America by car—it's worth seeing and saving.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The VC10: a great step backwards in aviation.

1964 was the year things quieted down over the Atlantic.

That was the year we introduced the VC 10, the first transatlantic jet with engines back by the tail instead of on the wings.

Our cabins became as quiet as an English meadow on a Sunday afternoon. Because the noise was all behind us.

Something else nice happened when we put the engines in the back: The wings were left clean and uncluttered for greater lift.

So the VC 10 was able to get off the ground and up into the sky 25% quicker than an ordinary jet when it took off. And ease onto the runway 20 mph slower when it landed.

While we were innovating, we didn't stop with the engines.

We outfitted the VC 10 with the first genuinely roomy Economy Class seats. So roomy they never cramped the style or the legs of even a restless 7-footer like Wilt Chamberlain.

And we installed an air-conditioning system that kept people from feeling stuffy, on the ground or in the air.

What we had, as a result was the most advanced commercial jet of its time.

We still do.

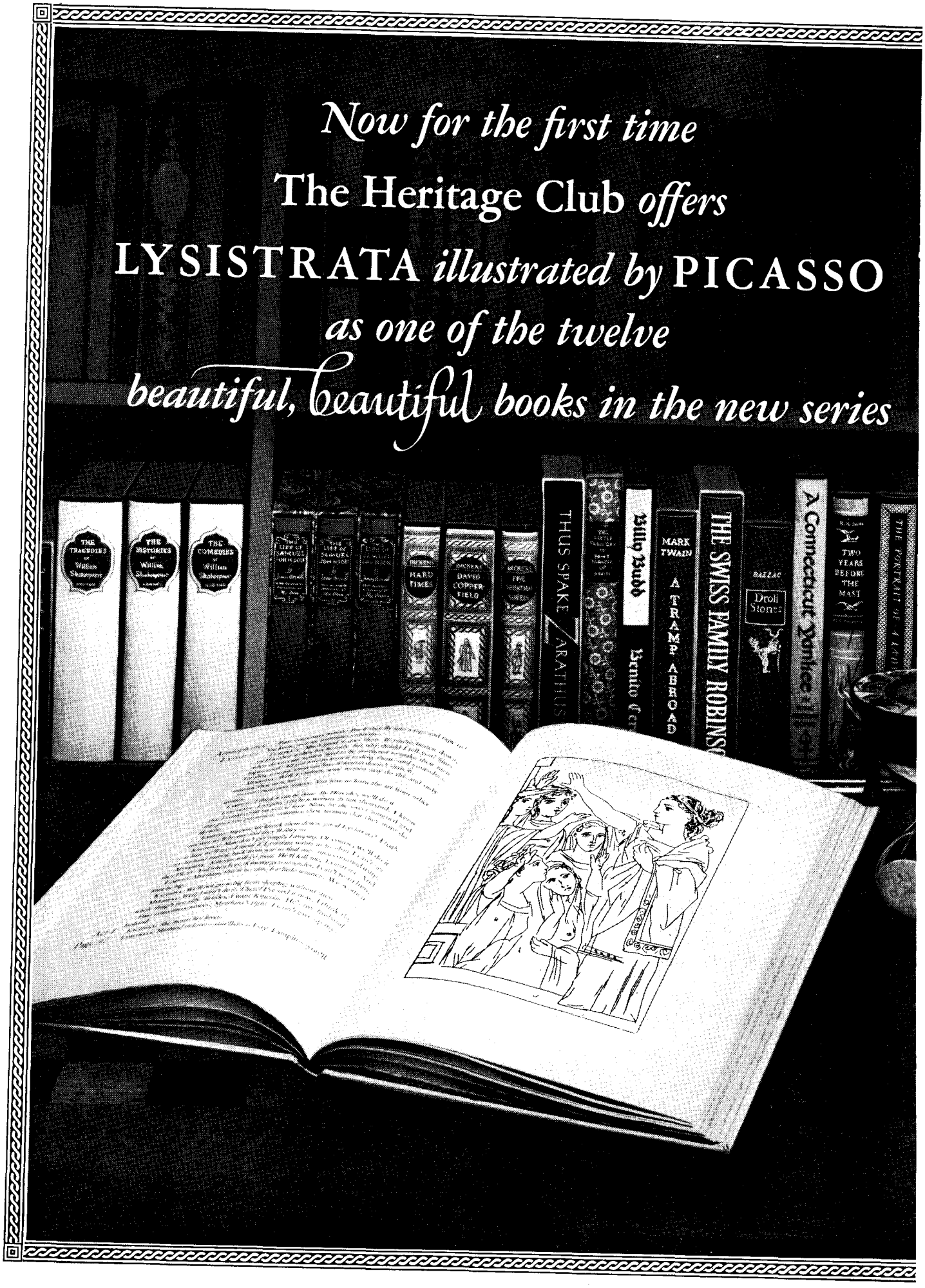
We're sending the VC 10 to Britain, Bermuda, the Bahamas, Jamaica, Barbados*, Antigua*, Europe, Africa, the Middle East and the Orient these days.

You can reserve a seat on one through your Travel Agent. But do it early. A lot of people have found out that our step backward was a big step ahead in flying comfort. *Starting Dec. 10.

BOAC TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

British Overseas Airways Corporation has offices in principal cities.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THERE HAS NEVER BEEN a better time to join THE HERITAGE CLUB than right *now.* If you delight in books of great beauty and enduring literary value—*at astonishingly low cost*—we urge you to act at once. For the first time, THE HERITAGE CLUB will bring out an edition of one of the most sought-after books of the past thirty-three years: Aristophanes' uproarious comedy, *Lysistrata,* with brilliantly daring illustrations reproduced from Picasso's original etchings and drawings. The translation and introduction are by Gilbert Seldes.

Scarce copies of the edition, issued by our parent club, now fetch hundreds of dollars in the rare-book market! Enroll now, and we will reserve a copy of *Lysistrata* in your name, and at the same time you may take your pick of any one of the five superb 3-volume Sets shown below for only $4.95.

As a member of THE HERITAGE CLUB, you will receive each month one of the world's most beautiful books for *only $4.95 each!* Every volume is a classic, illustrated by a brilliant artist, designed by a gifted typographer, printed on fine, permanent paper, handsomely bound and slipcased. In addition to the *Lysistrata,* your membership during our Thirty-second Series will bring you:

THE CHERRY ORCHARD and THREE SISTERS by Chekhov in the Garnett translation, with an introduction by Sir John Gielgud and illustrations by Lajos Szalay.
THE DISCOURSES OF EPICTETUS, translated and annotated by Dr. P. E. Matheson, with paintings by Hans Erni.
A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT by Mark Twain with an introduction by Carl Van Doren and illustrated with drawings by Honoré Guilbeau.
DOCTOR FAUSTUS, TAMBURLAINE and EDWARD II by Christopher Marlowe, edited by Havelock Ellis and illustrated with line engravings by Decaris.
EMMA by Jane Austen, with an introduction by Stella Gibbons and colored drawings by Fritz Kredel.
THE GAMBLER and NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND by Dostoevsky in the Garnett translation, introduced by George Steiner, with pin-screen illustrations by Alexandre Alexeïeff.
THE HERITAGE BOOK OF BALLADS, edited by MacEdward Leach, with colored wood-cuts by Fritz Kredel.
HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA by Prescott, edited by C. Harvey Gardiner and illustrated with color drawings by Lima de Freitas.
OMOO by Melville, with an introduction by Van Wyck Brooks and wood-engravings by Reynolds Stone.
THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY by Henry James, introduced by R. W. Stallman, with drawings by Colleen Browning.
TWICE-TOLD TALES by Hawthorne, with an introduction by Wallace Stegner and line drawings by Valenti Angelo.

MEMBERS who wish to substitute other titles may choose from over forty books-in-print listed in the Club's Prospectus. Among these are such varied books as WALDEN, CYRANO DE BERGERAC, and RESURRECTION.

Print orders are limited. Act now if you wish to reserve The Heritage *Lysistrata* and obtain one of the 3-volume Sets for only $4.95. Mail the coupon today; you will promptly receive your first shipment of beautiful books.

With your new membership, choose any one of these magnificent three-volume Sets for only $4.95

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON by James Boswell, with marginal comments by Mrs. Piozzi.

THE BOOK OF A THOUSAND NIGHTS AND A NIGHT in the Burton translation, illustrated by Valenti Angelo.

THE HERITAGE DICKENS: *Hard Times, David Copperfield,* and *Five Christmas Novels,* each illustrated by a different artist.

THE ESSAYS OF MONTAIGNE in the George B. Ives translation; introduction by André Gide.

THE HERITAGE SHAKESPEARE edited by Peter Alexander, with illustrations by three artists.

All texts are complete and unexpurgated. Book store prices up to $25 per Set.

THE HERITAGE CLUB
207 West 25th Street, New York, N. Y. 10001

Please enroll me as a Member and send me a copy of the Prospectus from which I may select my 12 books—to be shipped one each month at the Special Membership Price of $4.95 each (plus nominal postage and wrapping charges). This membership entitles me to receive—for only $4.95—the 3-volume Introductory Set indicated on the line below:

_____
(Write title of set you wish to receive)

If I am not completely satisfied with my first shipment, I may return it within 10 days and my Membership will be cancelled.

☐ I enclose $4.95 as payment for my Introductory Set which you will ship immediately.

☐ Ship my Introductory Set now, along with a bill for $4.95 plus postage and wrapping.

Mr.
Mrs. _____
Miss

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Phone Number _____ 3213

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drop of Scotch

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled never wore anything as briskly practical as the kiltie-culotte, doubly buttoned at the waist, in a fully lined wool clan plaid. Navy or Red. Sizes 6 to 16. Try it with an all-over cable cardigan of hand-loomed virgin wool, sizes 34 to 40. And the ubiquitous buttondown shirt in cotton oxford cloth, sizes 8 to 16.

Culotte about $21, sweater about $21, shirt about $6 at good stores and college shops.

The Villager ®

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST
© VILLAGER, INC., 1967 MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Saturday Review

August 26, 1967

Cover Design by Pageant Studio.

SR: Ideas

20 Folklore, Fakelore, and Poplore, by Marshall Fishwick
22 Report from Oslo: An Editorial

SR: Recordings

47 "The Stereo Evolution": A special 20th anniversary section of RECORDINGS, with articles by Irving Kolodin, George Jellinek, Goddard Lieberson, George R. Marek, Stanley Green, Robert Jacobson, Richard Gehman, Ivan Berger, John Culshaw, Burt Korall, Martin Williams, Stanley Dance, Thomas Heinitz, and Oliver Daniel

SR: Books

25 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks
25 Index of books reviewed

SR: Departments

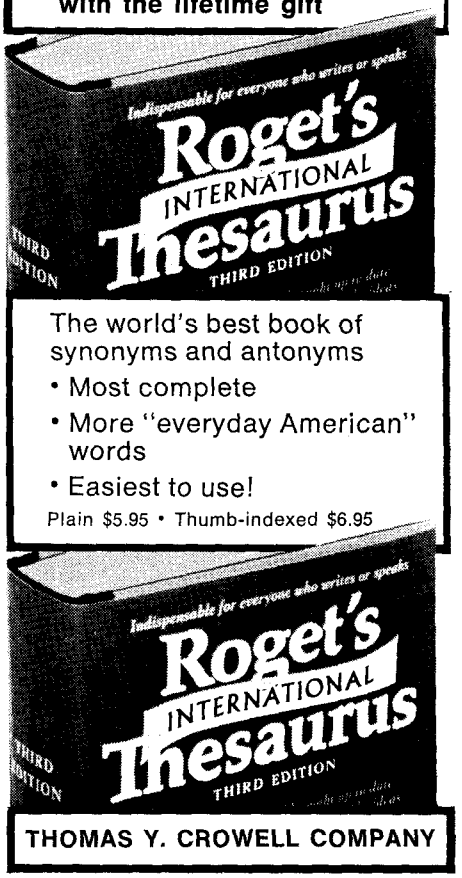
6 Phoenix Nest: Martin Levin
8 Top of My Head: Goodman Ace
12 State of Affairs: Henry Brandon
14 Trade Winds: Herbert R. Mayes
23 Letters to the Editor
24 The Theater: Henry Hewes
26 Literary Crypt
31 Literary I.Q.
37 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Arthur Knight
38 World of Dance: Walter Terry
40 The Fine Arts: Katharine Kuh
42 Wit Twister No. 22
44 Booked for Travel: Mary Wallace
98 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1742

Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Harry T. Morris; Director of Advertising Services, Robert A. Burghardt; Director of Promotion and Research, Stephen E. Silver; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. L, No. 34. August 26, 1967. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

© 1967 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages), without permission is prohibited.

Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage. **Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017.**
BRANCH ADVERTISING OFFICES: Chicago, Richard K. Sullivan, 401 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611; Detroit, Bruce E. Miller, New Center Building, Detroit, Michigan 48202; West Coast Offices: San Francisco, Fletcher S. Udall & L. H. Sanford Heckinger, 417 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California 94104; Los Angeles, Fred Beck, 3850 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 90005; Southeast Office: Ray Rickles & Co., 3783 Pine Tree Drive, Miami Beach, Florida 33140.
Printed by the McCall Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

Send them back to school with the lifetime gift



The world's best book of synonyms and antonyms
- Most complete
- More "everyday American" words
- Easiest to use!

Plain $5.95 • Thumb-indexed $6.95

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY

THE TASTE OF POWER
a novel by Ladislav Mňačko

An international sensation, THE TASTE OF POWER — by a high-ranking member of Czechoslovakia's Communist Party — exposes life at the Communist top. **"In its outspokenness, Mňačko's novel goes far beyond anything hitherto published in Russia or Eastern Europe. . . . It is also a superbly concentrated narrative."—Max Hayward, in the Foreword.**

$5.95 at your bookstore
FREDERICK A. PRAEGER

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why did ¾ million record collectors pay $5 to join Record Club of America...

when any other record club would have accepted them free?

Compare the "Big 4" Record Clubs and see

	COLUMBIA Record Club (as advertised in TV GUIDE Feb. 25, 1967)	CAPITOL Record Club (as advertised in TV GUIDE Feb. 11, 1967)	RCA VICTOR Record Club (as advertised in PLAYBOY Mar., 1967)	RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA
CAN YOU CHOOSE FROM ALL LABELS?	NO	NO	NO	YES! Choose any LP on any label! No exceptions! Over 300 different manufacturers including CAPITOL, COLUMBIA, RCA VICTOR, ANGEL, LONDON, etc.
MUST YOU BUY A "MINIMUM" NUMBER OF RECORDS? HOW MANY?	12	10	4	NONE! No obligations! No yearly "quota"! Take as many, as few, or no records at all if you so decide!
HOW MUCH MUST YOU SPEND TO FULFILL YOUR LEGAL OBLIGATION?	$47.76 TO $59.72	$39.80 TO $49.80	$15.92 TO $19.92	ZERO DOLLARS You don't have to spend a penny—because you're not "legally obligated" to buy even a single record!
CAN YOU BUY ANY RECORD YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT?	NO	NO	NO	ALWAYS! Your discount up to 77% OFF—GUARANTEED never less than a third! No exceptions!
DO YOU EVER RECEIVE UNORDERED RECORDS?	YES	YES	YES	NEVER! There are no cards which you must return. Only the records you want are sent—and only when you ask us to send them.
HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT FOR SELECTIONS TO ARRIVE?	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	NO LONG WAITS! Your order processed same day received.

DISCOUNTS TO 77%—PRICES AS LOW AS 94¢ PER RECORD!

TYPICAL ALL LABEL "EXTRA DISCOUNT" SALE

BUDGET SERIES AT ½ PRICE.....$ .94

Ella Fitzgerald · Frank Sinatra · John Gary · Stan Getz
Nat Cole · Jack Jones · Ferrante & Teicher
and more...

BEST SELLERS AT ½ PRICE.....$1.89

Roger Williams · Johnny Rivers · Bill Cosby
Ray Charles · Eddy Arnold · The Monkees
Lawrence Welk and others...

BEST SELLERS AT ½ PRICE.....$2.39

Dr. Zhivago · Rubinstein · George Szell
Jimmy Smith · Born Free · Ramsey Lewis
Van Cliburn · Wes Montgomery and others...

plus... from 50% to as high as 77% discount on famous labels: Roulette, Westminster, Vox, Decca, Atlantic, Monument, and others.

★ **Choose any LP on any label! Mono and Stereo! No exceptions!**

★ **No "quotas" to buy. Take 0 records—or 100!**

★ **SAVE! Discounts up to 77%! Prices as low as 94¢ per LP!**

★ **No "hold-back" on exciting new records!**

★ **All orders processed same day received—no long waits!**

★ **Every record brand new, first quality, factory fresh—and guaranteed fully returnable!**

AT LAST A RECORD CLUB WITH NO "OBLIGATIONS"—ONLY BENEFITS!

This is the way YOU want it—a record club with no strings attached! Ordinary record clubs make you choose from just a few labels—usually their own labels! They make you buy up to 10 or more records a year—at full price—to fulfill your "obligation." And if you forget to return their monthly card—they send you a record you don't want and a bill for $5.00 or $6.00! In effect, you are charged almost double for your records!

But Record Club of America Ends All That!

Now choose any LP . . . on any label. Everything from Bernstein and Baez to Sinatra and the Monkees—including new releases. No exceptions! Take as many, or as few, or no records at all if you so decide. Discounts are NEVER LESS THAN ONE THIRD, and GUARANTEED AS HIGH AS 77% OFF! You **never** pay full price—and **never** pay $1 extra for stereo! You get best-sellers for as low as 94¢, plus a small handling and mailing charge.

How Can We Break All The Record Club "Rules"? We are the **only** major record club NOT OWNED . . . NOT CONTROLLED . . . NOT "SUBSIDIZED" by any record manufacturer anywhere. (No other major club can make that claim!) Therefore we are **never** obliged by "company policy" to push any one label, or honor the list price of any manufacturers. Nor are we prevented by distribution commitments, as are other major record clubs, from offering the very newest records. So we can—and do—offer **all** records and cut prices to the bone! Only Record Club of America offers records as low as 94¢! (You can't expect "conventional" clubs to be interested in keeping record prices **down** — when they are manipulated by the very manufacturers who want to keep record prices **up!**)

To join, mail coupon with check or money order for $5. This entitles you to LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP—and you never pay another club fee!

Look What You Get

- **Lifetime Membership Card** guarantees you brand new LPs at dealer cost. Discounts up to 77%!
- **Free 300-Page** *Schwann Catalog* lists **all** LPs available.
- **Disc®**, the Club's FREE magazine, and special *Club Sales Announcements* which update "Schwann" and list **extra discount specials.**

Guaranteed Same-Day Service

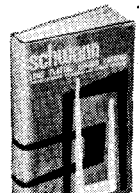
The Club's own computer system, located on our premises, processes your order **same day received!** Every record brand new, factory fresh (**never** "club pressings" or "seconds")! You must be completely satisfied or every record fully returnable!

Money Back Guarantee

If you aren't absolutely delighted with our discounts (up to 77%), or our selection (largest in the world!)—or even if you've simply changed your mind — return items within 10 days and membership fee will be refunded AT ONCE!

Over 750,000 music lovers, schools, libraries, and other budget-wise institutions now get brand new LPs for as little as 94¢—through the only major record club not dominated by the record manufacturers! Join now and save. Mail coupon to: Record Club of America, Club Headquarters, York, Pa. 17405.

Your membership entitles you to buy or offer gift memberships to friends, relatives, neighbors for only $2.50 each with full privileges. You can split the total between you: Your membership and one gift membership divided equally brings cost down to $3.75 each. The more gift members you get—the more you save! See coupon for your big savings.



FREE! 300-page Schwann Catalog to pick your records from when you join Record Club of America

GIANT CATALOG lists all records of all manufacturers. Over 300 labels. More than 25,000 albums. Classical — Popular — Jazz — Folk — *Broadway & Hollywood soundtracks* — Spoken Word — Rock-N-Roll — Comedy — Rhythm & Blues — Country & Western — Dancing — Listening — Mood! Prices as low as 94¢. No exceptions!

RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA X912-N
Club Headquarters • York, Pennsylvania 17405

YES — *rush me* LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP CARD, FREE 300-page Schwann Catalog, DISC®, and Special Sales Announcements. Enclosed is $5 membership fee (never another club fee for the rest of my life) which entitles me to buy any LPs at discounts up to 77%, plus a small handling and mailing charge. I am not obligated to buy any records—no yearly "quota." If not completely delighted I may return items above within 10 days for immediate refund of membership fee.

☐ Also send _____ Gift Memberships at $2.50 each to names on attached sheet. Alone I pay $5; if I join with one friend and split the total, cost is only $3.75 each; with two friends, $3.33 each; with three friends, $3.13 each; with four friends only $3 each.

I ENCLOSE TOTAL OF $_____ covering one $5 Lifetime Membership plus any Gift Memberships at $2.50 each.

Print Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

© 1967 Record Club of America

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Over Here

Village Mystery

WHENEVER I feel up to it, and that isn't often, I allow my mind to rove speculatively over the question of The Artists and the Rising Rents of Greenwich Village. The artists are painters, sculptors, writers, and, for some reason that is not clear to me, actors. The rising rents are—well, they are rising rents. The rents rise and the artists are driven from the Village. I don't know how many rents are involved or how many artists are driven from the Village. The newspapers, my only source of information, have never made this clear.

Nor, until recently, have the newspapers ever indicated where the artists went. I used to try to guess, but I never progressed very far because I couldn't be sure. In the last seven or eight years the papers have said many artists, driven from the Village by rising rents, have been drawn to a grubby area of the Lower East Side called the East Village (a name invented by real estate promoters) because rents are cheaper there.

So far, this seems reasonable to me. The Village is quaint, charming, colorful, and Bohemian. It attracts artists. They settle down and then suddenly their rents rise and they are driven out. I say "driven out" because in years of reading the newspapers I have never seen a story that said the artists leave voluntarily. Sometimes when my mind dwells overlong on the subject I have vague imaginings of bands of landlords, armed with whips and clubs, driving the artists beyond the boundaries of the Village.

Let me start with a clipping, dated 1922, from the *Literary Digest*, a magazine of news and comment which went out of business after its 1936 Presidential election poll showed Alf Landon winning a resounding victory over FDR. The clipping quotes a story by Fairfax Downey in the New York *Tribune*. Mr. Downey said that painters who had dispossessed horses from their stables were being displaced in turn by rich amateurs who could afford the rising rents. That was forty-five years ago, and the pattern has never changed. Neither has the casual reporting.

Year after year artists came to the Village; year after year rents rose and drove them out. Looking back through the newspaper accounts, one wonders why artists even bothered to move to the Village, since they must have known that rising rents would drive them away. Buildings were razed and replaced by apartment houses with higher rents; buildings were renovated and reopened with higher rents. Artists were driven out and new ones came to play their little part in the cycle.

All this is plain to me and yet I cannot quite grasp it. I know it is true; it has to be true. Newspapers don't lie. What motive would the *Times*, for example, have in perpetuating such a myth? And why did those other newspapers, the ones that died, or merged and died, go on saying rising rents were driving artists from the Village?

One of these days, I'm afraid, something will have to give way.

—JOHN FERRIS.

C'etait la Guerre

DURING World War II, I spent most of my Army career stationed at 45th Street in New York, writing revues for GIs overseas. This cushy, if peripheral, job would have been ideal, except that higher military echelons kept trying to make soldiers out of our unsoldierly outfit. All of us were constantly harassed by Pentagon directives, chiefly involving compulsory exercise.

During one dismal period we had to assemble daily in formation on Eighth Avenue, near our office, and—being careful to obey traffic lights—march across town to Tenth. There we had to do thirty minutes of calisthenics in a vacant lot, after which we'd march back to Eighth. Then we'd disband and go back to our jokes and tunes, presumably toughened enough to defend Manhattan.

One morning we hup-tupped off as usual, along 46th Street—about thirty of us. Dodging the usual buses and curious small boys, we'd crossed Ninth Avenue and were advancing on Tenth when suddenly an old woman leaning out of a tenement window began yelling at us. She was a gap-toothed creature, scraggly-haired and bloodshot-eyed, but her patriotism ran high and her heart was in the right place. "God bless you, boys!" she cried. "Give 'em hell! Come back safe!"

We marched on, bewildered. Gradually, as she kept shouting battle cries, we began to understand. We were heading toward the Hudson and the docks, so she thought we were going overseas. The notion was exhilarating, if somewhat scary. Our flabby little platoon straightened up and marched on with extra snap and jauntiness. But we felt ashamed, too. We were, after all, mere Shubert Alley commandos; it seemed ignoble to pose, even inadvertently, as fighting men. So we were relieved to round the corner and reach our empty lot, out of earshot of the old lady's exhortations.

Next day, hiking past the same spot, we got a rude shock. There, leaning out of the same tenement window, was the same old lady. "God bless you, boys!" she cried again. "Good luck! Give 'em hell! Watch out for U-boats!"

Dismay and confusion swept our ranks. But the truth soon dawned: She thought we were *another* overseas-bound outfit. And she couldn't be blamed; to an aged civilian leaning out of a third-floor window, all soldiers look alike. True, no army could possibly contain *two* platoons as seedy as ours—but hers not to reason why. We strode on, more self-conscious at every step. By the time we reached the corner, with her "Get a Kraut for me, boys!" ringing in our ears, we were ready to march right into the river and drown like lemmings.

Back at the office, we discussed ways of enlightening Maggie, as we'd named her. Some favored a direct confession; but to break ranks and yell back, "We're the same guys as yesterday" or "We're only gag-writers" seemed an unnecessarily cruel disillusionment. *Her* morale was important, as well as ours.

We finally decided that the best solution was to outflank her; we'd simply march along 45th Street instead of 46th. But our first sergeant, who led the procession, refused. He was a stolid, by-the-book chap, to whom directives were sacred. Orders called for him to march us *facing* traffic—west on 46th, east on 45th. Suppose we walked west on 45th and were decimated by a taxi attack from the rear? *He'd* be responsible.

So he stood pat. So, unfortunately, did Maggie. Every day for weeks we continued to shuffle past her. And every day, tearful, beery-voiced, chauvinistic, she'd urge us on to glorious combat, if not heroic death. Gradually our morale crumbled. Till then we'd rejoiced in our safe berth. Now we became riddled with guilt. One or two men even talked of *volunteering* to go overseas.

Then one day Maggie bought an American flag—a small one, and inexpensive, but red, white, and blue as all get out. She held it out as we went by, and began waving it, a Tenth Avenue Barbara Frietchie. The sight of Old Glory was too much even for our first sergeant. He agreed to change our route. From then on, traffic or no, we'd march *toward* the river on 45th and *back* on 46th. But we immediately spotted the flaw in his logistics—when Maggie saw us *returning* from the docks, she'd think the war was over.

Luckily, the Pentagon soon solved the problem. They canceled our outdoor calisthenics and sent us to a gym. I never saw Maggie again.

—ARNOLD M. AUERBACH.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sie verbringen bei leichter Musik angenehme Stunden.

Immer P Tel. 47 00 47 ob Klausplatz

sonnenberg

HOTEL BELLERIVE AU LAC
Zürich

Exquisites Diner mit Ball in allen Räumen

Surprises

Am Flügel: **Otto Häntzschel**
Orchester: **Charly's Trio**

Reservieren Sie Ihren Tisch rechtzeitig! Telefon 32 70 10

MODE LUNCH

Jeden Donnerstag ab 12.30 Uhr

Grieder Mode-Lunch

Die gute Küche, der aufmerksame Service, die große Parkfläche (Escherwiese) machen den Mode-Lunch im Mövenpick *Dreikönighaus zum beliebten* Treffpunkt:

Mövenpick Dreikönighaus, 1. Stock
Tischreservationen Tel. 25 09 10

MÖVENPICK

La Rôtisserie Reine Pédauque

Küche: Erlesene Spezialitäten aus Ungarn
Ambiance
Ernö Varnai-Quartett
Diner-Concert ab 19.00 Uhr

HUNGARIA
Zürich
Bestengasse 11
Tel. 25 90 40

LEO ASCHWANDEN

Caribou Schiffbaude 6, b. Bellevue Tel. 34 24 13

RISTORANTE PICCOLI

Für Fischliebhaber
jeden Freitag
Zuppa di pesce
alla livornese
Samstags geschlossen

WIDDER-BAR
Widdergasse 6
Am Flügel:
Sandor Vidak

Semaines des Fruits de mer

Austern, Hummer
BOUILLABAISSE
Gratin de Fruits de mer

Bisque, Moules, Scampi
Hummer, Langoustine, Sole
Coquille St Jacques

ST. PETER ZÜRICH

Zunfthaus zur Zimmerleuten

QUADRIGA QUADRIGA QUADRIGA

E CHLINI REIS AN RÖMERHOF
LOHNT SICH

ANTIQUITÄTEN KUNSTHANDWERK

Täglich 20.30 Uhr

Alfred Rasser
«Zuviel courage»

GERRY HAYES
mit **SUSY** und
THE WALLASTONS

HAZYLAND

The Swissair Rock and Bach run to Zurich

If you've been to Zurich,
chances are all you saw of Zurich were
the music boxes you picked up at the airport
for the kids.

That's because Zurich is one of the
natural connecting points in Europe
for catching another Swissair plane
going somewhere else.

Which is too bad.
Because a lot of people don't stop
long enough to take in Dizzy Gillespie
at the Volkshaus
or Don Giovanni at the Opernhaus
or a little frugging at the Palazzo.

Just for the fun of it call Swissair.
We have offices in principal cities.
Or get in touch with your travel agent.
Ask him about our $360* or even $268**
round-trip New York to Zurich
"Rock and Bach run."

After all, with 21 Swissair flights a week
out of N.Y., Chicago and Montreal,
we make it nice and easy
for you to leave for Zurich.

That sleepy little village in Switzerland?

SWISSAIR

SWISS-CARE WORLDWIDE ON THE PRIVATELY OWNED AIRLINE OF SWITZERLAND

SCHAUSPIELHAUS

HEUTE 17 h und 20.30 h	Silvesterpremiere	
	Regie: Leopold Lindtberg Bühnenbild und Kostüme: Teo Otto Musik: Rolf Langnese	
15.–17.50 h und 20–22.50 h	**Was ihr wollt** Komödie von William Shakespeare	
15 h und 20 h	**Der Unbesonnene** Ds. Unbesonnene Geschl. Vorst. f. d. Schauspielunion	
20 h Mi.-Ab. 6 und freier Verkauf	**Der Unbesonnene**	
20 h Fr.-Ab. 6 und freier Verkauf	**Der Unbesonnene**	

OPERNHAUS ZÜRICH

HEUTE 19–22 h	Silvestervorstellung **Die lustige Witwe** Operette von Franz Lehar Leitung: Jordan, Liebeneiner, Rothlisberger, Erismann, Beriozoff Fanger, Dressel, Schwaneke, Eilmann, Smekal, Douglas, van Dalen, Schwarbeck, Zerthammer, Peter, v. Vrooman, Ernst, Telasko, Strasser
Erh. Preise: Fr. 5.–/30.– Es sind nur noch wenige Karten erhältlich	
14.30 h bis 17 h	In italienischer Sprache **La Traviata** Oper von Giuseppe Verdi Eggerman, Duggelin, Zimmermann, Erismann Sgourda, Kunz, Gassmann, Peterson, Hemsley, van Vrooman, Ernst, Telasko, Rohr, Barbasini, Mann
20–22.30 h	**Romeo und Julia** Ballett nach William Shakespeare Musik von Serge Prokofieff Jordan, Beriozoff, Busnger Fulton, Keller, Heimola nen, Muri, Cerf, Le Comte, Reid, Bary, Doering, Dyal, Fluhrer, Leclerc, Tobias, Kelly, Mondino, Popescu, Sakar, Schuller, de Ribaupierre, von Koschak, Natiez, Serrano, Frey und das Corps de Ballet
20.00 h	Sondervorstellung für das freie Ufer-Sargans. Einsedeln In italienischer Sprache **Don Carlos** Oper von Giuseppe Verdi
20.00 h	**Don Giovanni** Oper von Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

---

cabaret dancing

José Kovacs Quartett
Janice Kaye
Gina
Marion
Marylou

Jeden Samstag- und Sonntagnachmittag
Thé dansant mit Attraktionen
Eintritt frei

Zürich b. Bellevue Tel. 32 16 60

odeon

THE NEW SOUND QUARTET
Attraktive Tänzerinnen

PERROQUET

Großmünster

J. S. BACH
Marlis Metzler
Violine
Hans Vollenweider
Orgel

Präludium und Fuge C-dur; Partita über «Sei gegrüßet, Jesu gütig»; Pastorale F-dur; Sonate B-dur für Violine und Orgel; Fantasie und Fuge g-moll

Vorverkauf: Hug, Jecklin, Kuoni
Bitte Vorverkauf benutzen

Konzertdirektion Klaus Menzel

Rôtisserie
Hotel
zum Storchen
Gerichte nach alten Zürcher Rezepten sind eine Gaumenfreude
Tischreservation
Tel. 051 27 55 10

Maxim im Rüdenplatz
FANTASIO-BAR
DANCING-BAR

Rüdenplatz, Eingang Schoffelgasse

Im
Dancing
Orchester Ladislau
mit seinem Starprogramm

Privat-P **Locanda Basilea** Bar

Spezialitäten-Restaurant
Zürich-Central, Zähringerstraße 25
Telephon 47 42 50

Am Flügel: **Nico Kaufmann**
ATTRAKTION

MARIA BONITA
JOSE DE MORENO
am Flügel
LUIS BIENVENIDO

Locanda Basilea
Tischreservation
47 42 50

---

jazz at the **Philharmonic**

with
DIZZY GILLESPIE, CLARK TERRY, JAMES MOODY, COLEMAN HAWKINS, ZOOT SIMS, BENNY CARTER, TEDDY WILSON, BOB CRANSHAW, LOUIS BELLSON, T-BONE WALKER
Steinway-Konzertflügel (Hug, Jecklin)
Volkshaus, Neuer Großer Saal

Zwei Konzerte
21.15 Uhr + 23.30 Uhr
Eintrittspreise: Fr. 10.– bis 22.–
Vorverkauf: Hug, Kuoni, Jecklin, Jelmoli Kundendienst. Tel. Bestellungen: 32 52 66

Konzertdirektion E. Kantorowitz

REX

3, 5.15, 8.15 Uhr 3. Woche Telefon 27 05 70

Englisch gesprochen, deutsch/französische Titel

SCALA

3, 5.15, 8.15 Uhr 3. Woche Telefon 27 44 10

Englisch gesprochen, deutsch/französische Titel

ABC

3, 5.30, 8.15 Uhr Telefon 27 22 33

SHIRLEY MacLAINE MICHAEL CAINE

Die reizvolle Gaunerkomödie mit Charme und Esprit.

Der verschwenderisch inszenierte Farbfilm mit sprühenden Einfällen und voller Ueberraschungen.

3. Woche

Englisch gesprochen, deutsch/französische Titel

DER **GLÜCKSPILZ**

Engl. gespr.; deutsch/französische Titel **THE FORTUNE COOKIE**

Jack Lemmon als Meisterstimulant, verlassener Gatte, Gauner wider Willen und goldiger Freund

Judi West als betörend hübsche, betörend blonde und betörend flatterhafte Frau

Walter Matthau als genialisch-schmieriger Winkeladvokat mit brillanten Ideen und kläglichem Erfolg

Regie: Billy Wilder («Manche mögen's heiß» – «Das Appartement» – «Irma la Douce»)

Punkt 3, 5, 7, 9 Uhr Tel. 28 00 44/27 66 66 **studio 4**

WENN Katelbach kommt

Bahnhofkino Aktualitätenkino im Hauptbahnhof
Durchgehend Vorstellung 12-23 Uhr (So. ab 13 Uhr)

Amüsante Unterhaltung mit 6 kunterbunten farbigen Trickfilmen

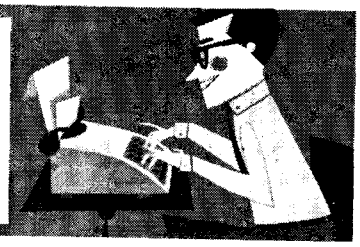
Dazu: Das Neueste aus aller Welt. Ab 9 Jahren (bis spätestens 8 Uhr)

---

*14/21 DAY ECONOMY EXCURSION FARE FROM NEW YORK VALID MONDAY THROUGH THURSDAY. **GROUP INCLUSIVE TOUR BASING FARE FROM NEW YORK; MINIMUM 15 PASSENGERS; PLUS $70 LAND ARRANGEMENTS.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Top of My Head



The Writer Having Fingered, Moves On

DAY BY DAY the mail from readers trickles in, and soon a few letters become a lot, and soon the whole lot forms a mountain, and that's a mountain you don't want to climb. Because you let it get there.

When I saw the first robin, I remember saying, "I'll start my spring cleaning by answering the *SR* mail." And now as the summer wanes (dammit, I must find something summers do besides wane) I'm caught in an avalanche from which there is no escape. And so here now, in "one swell foop," as Jane used to say, a thanks to one and all, to the Pros and Cons.

After many years of keeping tabs on mail received, I find that Con is the less pleasant of the two. But even so, Con is not entirely obdurate. For one thing, his letters always begin with "Dear." As in "Dear Stupid," or "Dear Communist," or in letters heatedly and illegibly scribbled: "Drop Dear."

And this is good. People, to understand each other, should communicate. There should be this written confrontation so that we may learn the workings of a mind and a heart, the better to comprehend why we hate one another and how to keep it going.

It has worked so well at the United Nations, where for so many years we have watched on TV the machinations and invectives of the delegates assembled to bring about an international brotherhood of love and peace.

"As long as we talk," the saying goes at the U.N., "there will be no shooting." And, sure enough, when the U.N. called for a ceasefire in the Middle East, the shooting stopped. But the shouting went on.

A letter to an editor or to a magazine writer is a form of shouting. The pen has always been mightier than the sword. Which is too bad. Being run through by a sword for something one has written could, at its happiest, be fatal. The pen leaves a lingering, unhealing scar which could often drive a professional writer to writing sex novels. Or worse, eating fried foods.

Too often, letters from readers indicate that the piece they read was read too hastily. The most "Dear Stupid" mail ever received by this department was about a column in which this writer wrote that slums should be continued as part of our Great Society.

I explained that we always read the Horatio Alger-type biographies of a great industrialist, a man in high office, or an actor, who always began in the slums and rose from them to become a prominent, affluent, stable citizen.

"Take away the slums," I wrote, going headstrong into it, "and you take away the incentive. You never heard," I continued as I warmed to my task up to my ears, "of anyone rising from a Park Avenue address."

Well, need I tell you? That was the week I scribbled on my wall 200 times, once for each letter, "Tongue in cheek too often leads to foot in mouth."

And so it was, as it must to all men, that a really memorable letter came to this column this spring. Herewith a paragraph or two:

> DEAR MR. ACE:
> I read the item in your column of May 27. Since this is my birthday I suppose I should thank you. But again possibly not. . . .

From the tone of that first paragraph, you know that someone has unsheathed his pen and is going to run it through. So you take a tranquilizer and read on:

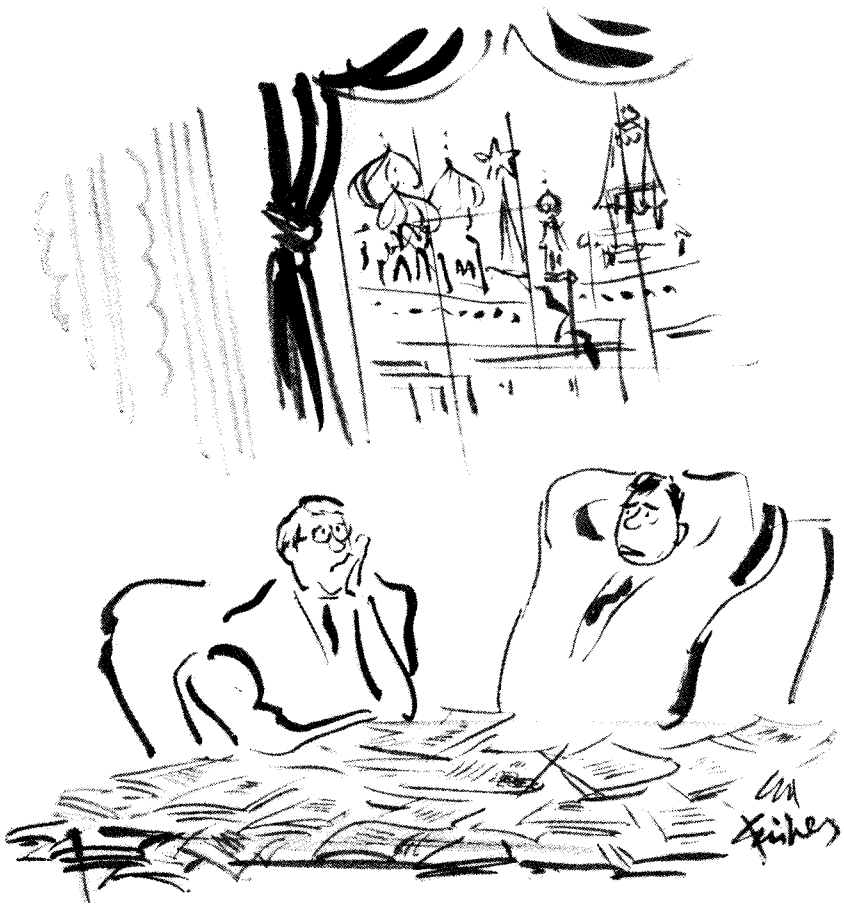
> What disturbs me more than anything else is how a lifetime of commitment and dedication to the cause of civil rights and equal opportunity can all at once be made suspect by one photo, one visit, one act which was not fully reported and which has been totally misrepresented. . . .

I won't quote the rest of this letter, written on most important stationery. It has to do with a column I wrote about a visit the letter-writer made to Atlanta, Georgia. While he was there, his picture was taken with his arm around Governor Lester Maddox, something which could not possibly have been misrepresented.

Actually, the writer of the letter has been my pin-up man for all his many outstanding years in office. It saddens me that I was the cause of his taking time out from the crucial distresses which beset our country to write to an obscure writer.

So I want at this time publicly to wish a happy birthday and a long, fruitful life to Vice President Hubert Humphrey.

—GOODMAN ACE.



"Remember the good old days—when it was all just nyet! nyet! nyet!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These authentic Pre-Columbian figures are from the famed Kahlúa collection of authentic Pre-Columbian figures.

I'll zip three fast strikes past this guy, retire the side, and celebrate with a hot cup of coffee and Kahlúa.

I'll hit his first pitch into the bleachers, win the game, and celebrate with a cool Kahlúa sour.

I'll make it 2 to 1. Or 1 to 2. Better yet, I'll get a bottle of Kahlúa's pre-mixed Black Russians.

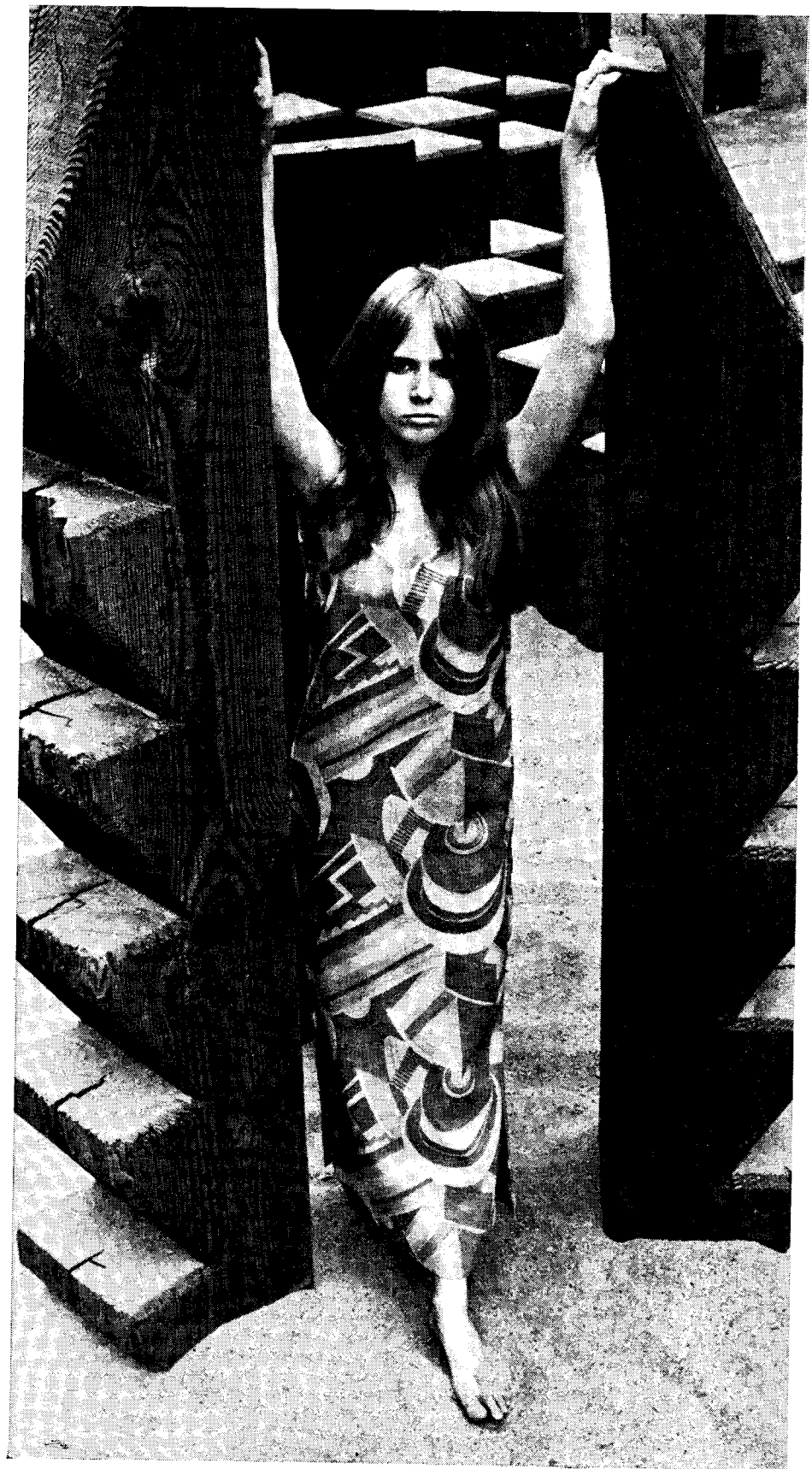
I'll scream if he doesn't throw that ball pretty soon . . . My knees are *killing* me.

A late inning favorite in crowd-pleasing cocktails, sensational in dozens of dazzling desserts, Kahlúa makes a hit with frenzied fans all over the world. For a play-by-play description, write for our free Recipe Book!

KAHLÚA 53 Proof — Coffee Liqueur from Sunny Mexico

JULES BERMAN & ASSOCIATES, INC., 9025 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A PROPOSITION

A wild new thing is about to happen: the mad, mod scene is about to witness the birth of a fantastic new magazine destined for greatness. Its name is **Avant-Garde.**

As its name implies, **Avant-Garde** will be a forward-directed, daring, and wildly hedonistic magazine. It will report on every aspect of the ebullient new life-style now emerging in America, and it will do so with no put-ons and no inhibitions.

The pages of **Avant-Garde** will explode with biting satire, incisive profiles, audacious reportage, lush graphic art, consciousness-expanding fiction, and poetry that *speaks*. **Avant-Garde** will cover Art, Politics, Science, and every other subject of interest to readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste. It will be a bimonthly of:

—*beauty,* bringing to graphic art a transcendental new kind of high;

—*truth,* eschewing platitudes and really telling it like it is; and

—*love,* unabashedly reveling in the One Universal Ultimate Good.

In short, **Avant-Garde** will be a hip, joyous, beautiful new magazine. It will be the *voice* of the Turned-On Generation.

Perhaps the best way to describe **Avant-Garde** for you is to list the kinds of articles it will print:

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Dead-Serious Movement to Run Allen Ginsberg for Congress

Homage to Muhammad Ali—35 Celebrities (including Marlon Brando, Jackie Robinson, and Woody Allen) in praise of Cassius Clay.

Coming: Synthetic (and Therefore Legal) Marijuana

Radio Free America—A professor's plan (already in motion) to establish a pirate radio station off the coast of California.

The "Bust" of Charlotte Moorman—The gifted young cellist describes her arrest for giving a concert hall recital "topless."

The CIA's Super-Salaried "Super-Spook"—An exposé of an operative who is paid $1 million a year to fink for Big Brother.

The Intellectual Companions of Jacqueline Kennedy

Bob Dylan's Suppressed—and Pithiest—Song Lyrics

Salvador Dali: A New Dimension in Erotic Art—Drawings created especially to celebrate the launching of **Avant-Garde.**

George Romney's Bizarre Religious Beliefs

Toward the Elimination of War—A little-known exchange of correspondence between Einstein and Freud.

Understanding Zowie—A glossary of Switched-On Generation jargon.

The Fugs—New York's most way-out electronic raga-rock nerve-thrill company.

A Gastronomical Guide to the Year 2000

The Writing on the Wall—The emergence of graffiti as a medium of social protest.

Move Over, Lady Chatterley—A preview of several erotic classics soon to be published in this country for the first time.

The Prison Poems of Ho Chi Minh

Mixed-Media Art: The Pop World's Newest "Scrambled Oeuvre"

My Love for You Is Stronger than Dirt—The Madison Avenue dating scene as observed by Dan ("How to Be a Jewish Mother") Greenburg.

Poets at War—Bitter anti-war verse by GI's in Vietnam.

John Lennon as a Master of Prose

Ingenious—and Perfectly Legal—New Ways Around Abortion Laws

Everett Dirksen as "The Wizard of Ooze"—A Pop Impression.

The Emergence of Abstract Expressionist Journalism—As exemplified by the L.A. **Free Press,** N.Y. **East Village Other,** and Berkeley **Barb.**

Group Psychotherapy on TV

Aubrey Beardsley's Suppressed Erotic Works—A portfolio.

A Geneticist's Plea for State-Sponsored Breeding of Supermen

Pornographic Film Festivals at Lincoln Center by 1970—Predictions by an underground film-maker.

In sum, **Avant-Garde** will be a feast of gourmet food-for-thought prepared by the avant-garde for the avant-garde. It will be the quintessence of intellectual sophistication.

The creative director of **Avant-Garde** is one of the most fertile minds in American publishing today: Herb Lubalin, the country's foremost art director (it was he who designed the elegant—and cruelly suppressed—quarterly *Eros*). In addition, the staff of **Avant-Garde** includes several of the most gifted artists, writers, and photographers of our time.

In format, **Avant-Garde** will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. It will be printed by costly offset lithography on the finest antique and coated papers. It will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards. It will carry *no advertising whatsoever.*

Avant-Garde will be available by subscription only. It will cost $10 per year. This is not inexpensive, *but* we have a proposition:

If you will enter your subscription *right now*—before **Avant-Garde**'s first issue is sold out—we will send you a whole year for *only $5.* This is *half price!*

As a Charter Subscriber, you will also be entitled to:

—Buy gift subscriptions for only $5.

—Renew your own subscription for $5 *forever,* despite any subsequent price increases.

—Begin your own subscription with Volume I, Number 1. *This is not to be taken lightly since first issues of high-quality magazines invariably become valuable collectors' items.*

Since this spectacular offer will be withdrawn as soon as **Avant-Garde**'s first issue is sold out, we urge you to act *at once.* To enter your subscription, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with $5 to **Avant-Garde,** 200 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Then sit back and prepare to enjoy a completely uninhibited new magazine that really blows the mind.

AVANT GARDE

Avant-Garde, Suite 303E, 200 Park Ave., New York 10017

I enclose $5 for a one-year subscription to the magnificent new magazine **Avant-Garde.** I understand that I will be entitled to all Charter Subscriber privileges and that *I am paying only half price!*

NAME

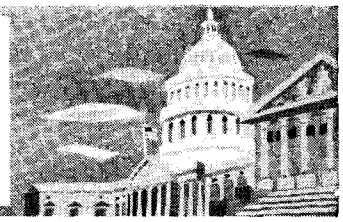
ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

© AVANT-GARDE 1967 sra-3

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

State of Affairs



Reagan on the Rise?

WASHINGTON.

THE DAYS of the flippant jokes about Ronald Reagan are over. Californians have learned to take him seriously as their governor and as a possible Presidential candidate. Soon the country will, too. His rise cannot be explained wholly in political terms. He is, of course, the governor of the most populous state in the Union; he has proved that he is not a simple cardboard figure and that he has political shrewdness. He also has a ready-made situation for entering the national political stage, simply because the Republican party has many candidates but no one who looks like a certain winner. "Dark horses," therefore, have an unusual chance. Richard Nixon is still the leading candidate, but his position is likely to be weakened by the national publicity Mr. Reagan is getting, together with the rising whispers that the Californian would be available.

In addition, the confusion in the liberal Republican wing is growing. Governor Romney's campaign is not catching fire. Governor Rockefeller continues to support him manfully, but more and more liberals are wondering where to turn and whether the New York governor would not be the better bet. He is, no doubt, the more capable; but to the conservatives who remain in control of the party machine he is anathema.

And Senator Percy of Illinois? The polls show that he is still too little known. Also his "dovishness" could be a handicap with the conservatives, though he has Mr. Goldwater's sympathies because Percy did not disavow him in 1964. The confusion and hesitation among the liberals, if it continues, is bound to play into the hands of the conservatives, who will have to choose between Nixon and Reagan. That contest will most probably be decided in three primaries—in Wisconsin, Nebraska, and Oregon. They will be free-for-alls. This means that by election time it will be possible to enter all three on the ballot unless they formally disclaim national ambitions, which they are unlikely to do. If Reagan, therefore, shows up as well as or better than Nixon, he could become the preferred candidate of the convention.

Reagan's continued popularity in California—the latest poll shows that 74 per cent believe he is doing a good job—is puzzling many. After all, he seems to have antagonized both the liberals and the conservatives: the liberals, by his attacks on the University of California, by his insistence on tuition fees (even though he failed to impose them this year), by his curtailment of the mental health program, by his "hawkishness" on Vietnam, and by his anti-intellectualism; and the conservatives must be disappointed by his calling for an 18 per cent rise in corporate taxes, a 10 per cent increase in the tax on banks, and by his lack of interest in promoting certain legislative proposals he once promised to encourage.

Still, he continues to appeal to the majority of Californians. It must be that he continues to enjoy the support and confidence of the white-collar working class, which is conservative and lives largely in suburbia and includes the new, technological white-collar worker. Many belong to the age group of World War II veterans, who got their education thanks to the GI bill and their houses

thanks to GI loans, but who by now have built up a sufficiently prosperous existence to have forgotten these governmental welfare benefits, and who have somehow come to feel that their continued prosperity depends on curtailing them. They probably believe in Reagan because he stands for tax cuts (although he had to increase taxes), for a tough stand on Vietnam, for disciplining the intellectuals, for protecting the suburbanites (though, if necessary, he would probably be willing to liberalize his outlook on civil rights).

But it is also difficult to resist speculating that Ronald Reagan is perhaps the first McLuhanesque political figure. Just as Lee Radziwill does not have to be a great actress to get publicity, Reagan was a known quantity before he entered politics; it was not necessary for him to be a political professional to get the necessary publicity. He had the advantage of instant communication, and since he was usually cast in his films as the "good guy," he has been provided with a certain aura of instant sympathy. The assumption somehow is that Reagan in the end must make good.

"One of the consequences of electronic environment," McLuhan says, "is the total involvement of people in people." Reagan combines, to use McLuhan's jargon, the medium *and* the message. The message does not need to be very specific. He has become so proficient in using both that he himself probably does not know anymore when he is playing a part and when he is actually the part.

A while ago he competed before a panel of European students with Senator Robert Kennedy. I have yet to find someone who did not think that Reagan's performance was superior. He had the advantage of being a trained performer and of being untroubled by dilemmas. His views hardly appealed to the students, but they did appeal to many Americans. Again, he was to them the "good guy," the one who knew what he wanted. People often prefer men who do not suffer from agonies of conscience as Senator Kennedy seemed to. And what is the meaning of values? McLuhan says that "announcing your preferences for old values when your world is collapsing and everything is changing at a furious pitch—this is not the act of a serious person." And Reagan has nothing to do with old values. In that sense it is quite wrong to consider him a conservative.

I am not a McLuhan fan, but Reagan may come fairly close to proving some of McLuhan's points. It therefore also becomes difficult to judge exactly where he does stand. Like McLuhan, he seems to say "value is irrelevant." How can one define his position, then? Is he still a conservative, or is he moving toward the middle, as some people seem to think, or is he simply a pragmatist? It is difficult to assume that he will not remain a man of the right. That's certainly where his instincts lie. But he is not a right-winger of the old conservative establishment, even though it helped him into power. He will compromise between the old and the new conservatives, and even support Senator Kuchel, who does not belong to either. Nor have I any doubt that he would accept the Vice Presidential spot on a ticket with Rockefeller if that opportunity opened up. Meanwhile, he will remain more a McLuhan medium than a political figure.

—HENRY BRANDON.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TIME-LIFE RECORDS

INVITES YOU TO AUDITION FREE FOR TEN DAYS

The Baroque Era

INTRODUCTORY VOLUME FROM

THE STORY *of* GREAT MUSIC

An exhilarating experience awaits you when you accept our invitation to enjoy *The Baroque Era*, first volume in a distinguished musical program, THE STORY OF GREAT MUSIC. The Editors of TIME-LIFE RECORDS in cooperation with the producers of ANGEL RECORDS take you on a brilliant sound, word and picture tour of the late 17th and early 18th centuries.

George Frideric Handel becomes the favorite of fashionable London, composing a flood of operas and oratorios. Johann Sebastian Bach creates masterpieces of religious music for the churches of Northern Germany. The elite of Rome gather at the palace of Cardinal Pietro Ottoboni to hear master violinist Arcangelo Corelli and the harpsichordist Domenico Scarlatti.

From Purcell to Vivaldi, Bach and Handel, *The Baroque Era* is interpreted for you by Angel's unparalleled roster of musical recordings. You'll hear orchestras like the Philharmonia, the Moscow Chamber Orchestra, the Virtuosi di Roma . . . artists like Victoria de los Angeles, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau . . . conductors like Otto Klemperer and Yehudi Menuhin. Works include selections from Handel's *Messiah*, Bach's *Brandenburg Concerto No. 2*, Corelli's *Christmas Concerto*, Vivaldi's *Il Gardellino* plus many other masterpieces.

Your enjoyment of the music is enhanced by a 64-page companion book containing over 100 illustrations, many in full color, and 25,000 words of fascinating narrative.

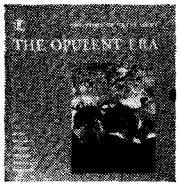
We will send you *The Baroque Era* on approval absolutely free. The four LP records and illustrated book are housed in a sturdy double slipcase. You have 10 days to enjoy them before making any commitment. Should you decide not to keep them, simply return them to us, and the matter will be ended.

If you decide to keep this first Volume, pay only $10.95, plus shipping. That's less than $2.75 per record, plus the book, a $2 value in itself. If you prefer stereo, you pay only $12.95 for the complete set. Then you will receive other volumes in THE STORY OF GREAT MUSIC (see two pictured below), sent at two-month intervals on the same 10-day free examination basis. Buy only what you wish; resign at any time.

Accompanying your first Volume *free* will be a specially-written 5,000-word introduction to this fine series plus a fascinating essay entitled "The Art—and Pleasure—of Listening."

Begin adding to your library of distinguished records and books today. Fill in and mail the coupon below.

THE ROMANTIC ERA. The innovations in musical forms of composers Hector Berlioz and Franz Liszt; Mendelssohn provides enchanting settings for Shakespeare. Also Chopin's compositions for piano, Verdi and Schumann.



THE OPULENT ERA. Wagner invents a new art form with his *Ring*. Tchaikovsky writes enduring ballet in *Swan Lake* and *Sleeping Beauty*. Brahms achieves symphonic triumphs. Also Strauss, Bruckner and Offenbach.

TIME-LIFE RECORDS, Time & Life Building, Chicago, Ill. 60611

Please send me *The Baroque Era* for 10 days' free audition. I understand that it consists of four 12-inch LP records plus a 64-page, illustrated book, a special introduction to the series and an essay on how best to enjoy the classics. After 10 days, I may return the Volume without cost or obligation. If I decide to keep it, I will pay only $10.95 plus shipping. Other Volumes will then be issued to me on approval at two-month intervals at the same price of $10.95. I am under no obligation to purchase any minimum number and may cancel this free examination privilege at any time.

☐ I prefer stereo at $12.95 for the complete set

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

This offer is limited to the United States. 3702

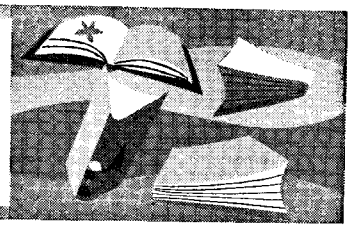
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Symbolic light suddenly brings life to the mystic dead city... the great Pyramids of the Sun and the Moon speak... They recall the unrecorded past of Teotihuacan--"the place where men became gods"... So the Aztecs named the fabulous metropolis about 850 A. D.... Its life had departed 500 years earlier... Why?.., No one knows... But spectacular "Sound and Light" helps bridge the gap between this occult past and contemporary Mexico.

méXiCo City
HOST TO THE WORLD FOR THE OLYMPICS 1968
For reservations:
Ave. Juárez 89, México 1, D. F.

BE SURE TO MAKE YOUR RESERVATION IN ADVANCE
CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR OUR OFFICES
630 Fifth Ave. Suite 3508 New York 20, N.Y.
MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURISM DEPARTMENT
Reforma y Lafragua Mexico 1, D. F.
1967 INTERNATIONAL TOURIST YEAR.

Trade Winds



It isn't likely that anyone ever bothered to compile a list of the books and plays whose drama depended in large part on illicit relationships and the birth of illegitimate children, but the list would be long, no doubt, the bastards in Shakespeare alone mounting up to quite a number. I wonder if a crisis may not be at hand for modern authors and playwrights as a result of the omnipresence of The Pill.

Suppose that small, white pellet had been available in Euripides's day. Andromache might never have borne Mo-

lossus, or later, Hester Prynne her Pearl. Clyde Griffiths wouldn't have had to drown Roberta Alden, and Dreiser would have been left high and dry. Imagine the problem Hardy would have had with Tess, George Moore with Esther Waters, Tolstoy with Anna Karenina. Good grief, as I mull over the possibilities, there might not have been any books at all!

With Jack Warner stepping down, Darryl Zanuck now remains the last of the old Hollywood tycoons. Tycoons, it seems, are only human for all their power, as one may determine from this:

There was a mystery novel written some years ago by Patrick Hamilton. It was called *Hangover Square*, published by Random House.

There was an actor named Laird Cregar who felt a picture had to be made from the book and that he had to star in it. He called on Bennett Cerf to make inquiries.

Cerf told him honestly that the book had been only moderately successful, that at the end of twelve months it had sold only 12,000 copies, that no film company had even noticed it, and that it certainly was available.

A week later, Cregar phoned and said Zanuck was prepared to pay $25,000 for the property. Cerf was stunned, delighted, got the good news off by cable to Patrick Hamilton, who was cruising in the Mediterranean.

Hamilton cabled back. He wouldn't let the book go for less than $50,000! Stunned (and this time you can believe that he *was* stunned), Cerf turned down Zanuck's offer. But a month later Zanuck agreed to pay the requested amount, and the deal was made.

Half a year thereafter, Cerf ran into Zanuck and asked what prompted him to agree to the higher price.

Zanuck grinned. "If you had only known," he said, "you could have held me up for half a million. I suddenly found that, without buying *Hangover Square*, Cregar had already had us in production for three full weeks."

Went to Gimbels to see how Ticket Reservations System works. You ask for matinee or evening seats for a given play on a given date. You say whether you want orchestra or balcony. The operator punches a button on a machine. Immediately a tape appears, indicating the seats are, or are not, available. If yes, another button is punched. Out of the machine come the tickets! You pay then and there, take the tickets with you. Box-office prices, no premium.

What's going on is a test, covering only a half-dozen plays and sports events. Ultimately, it is hoped every entertainment will be included; not merely in New York, but the country over, and even internationally.

All cigarette packages now carry a warning that smoking may be a hazard to health, but nobody seems to pay much attention to it. More people smoke than

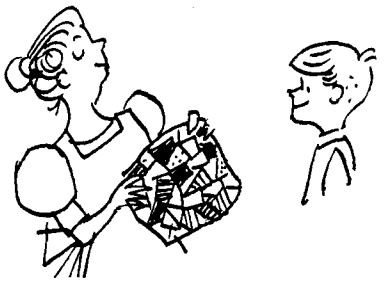
ever before, but it seems to me that some of the fun that used to be in a pack isn't there any more.

I remember when every cigarette package contained a picture card. As a boy, you'd stand outside a tobacco shop and beg the emerging customer for the picture of Lillian Russell his package contained, so that you could put it in your actress collection; or a picture of Home Run Baker, for your sports collection; or a picture of Sitting Bull, for your Indian collection; or a picture of a tulip,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or William Gladstone, for your flower or statesmen collections.

Some cigarette packages had small silk flags in them, representing all the countries of the world, and you'd save them, and along the way your mother would sew them together and make a



cover for a pillow. Other cigarette packages had small cloth squares, and when you had enough, your mother would put together a crazy quilt for a bed.

For me, the best inserts of all were the short stories. Unhappily, I don't remember the brand of cigarette that used them, but each pack had in it a short story. Complete. That's how I first came across O. Henry, for example, and in time it was a very nice miniature paperback library that I acquired.

CAUTION: CIGARETTE SMOKING MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH. My, that's dull. I long for the era of Hassans and Meccas.

I didn't think it would be so soon after *In Cold Blood* that I'd come across a book that would equally ensnare me, but it's here, or going to be. It's called *Beyond Belief*, by Emlyn Williams, published in London by Hamish Hamilton and to be over here in the fall. It's the full account of the Moor murders a few years ago, and if I were a bookseller I'd place my big order now (with Random House).

Another current book that gripped me is Robert K. Massie's *Nicholas and Alexandra* (Atheneum). "The writing of this book is the result," says the author, "like most things in life, of a circumstance of fate. Since the day, now over ten years ago, that my wife and I discovered that our son had hemophilia, I have tried to learn how other families dealt with the problems raised by this unique disease. In time, this led to curiosity about the response of the parents of the boy who was the most famous hemophiliac of all, the Czarevich Alexis, the only son and heir of Nicholas II, last Czar of all the Russias."

This is the story of the royal family from the day Nicholas was born until the day he and his wife and children were murdered and the empire came to its bloody end.

The reasons why the dirty, smelly, rapacious Rasputin held his power I have learned fully for the first time. To read about *his* murder is almost incredible. First he ate the poisoned cakes offered him, and nothing happened. Then he drank the proffered poisoned wine, and nothing happened. Then he was shot, first in the back, next in the shoulder, finally in the head. Then he was kicked, beaten with a club, bound with rope, and shoved under the ice in the Neva. His death, when his body was recovered, was found to have been caused by drowning!

Wow. —HERBERT R. MAYES.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1741)

ART BUCHWALD:
LIVE IN GLASSBORO?
(Don't Throw Stones)

"In spite of what you say, I'm sure you would be flattered if the leaders of the world decided to have another summit meeting in Glassboro," I said.

"I suppose so. It would be worth it just to see Charles de Gaulle's face after he got a whiff of some parts of New Jersey."

Los Angeles *Times*, July 1, 1967.
(Washington Post Company)

If New England Life
makes you think of fickle weather,
cold water lobsters,

village greens and
ivy clad colleges, we don't blame you.

But we do wish you'd think also of the founder of mutual life insurance in America. When you hear an agent mention us, be in the know. He'll be impressed.

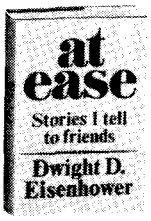
New England Life

Offices throughout the Country serving a distinguished clientele of responsible men and women.

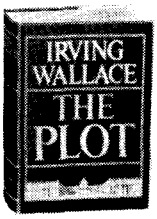
NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., HOME OFFICE 501 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON, MASS. 02117

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

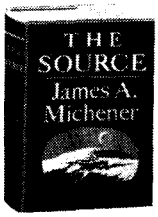
WHICH OF THESE BOOKS HAVE YOU



375. AT EASE Stories I Tell to Friends *by* DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER (Ret. price $6.95)



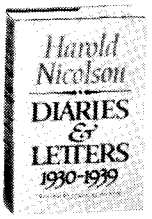
374. THE PLOT *by* IRVING WALLACE (Ret. price $6.95)



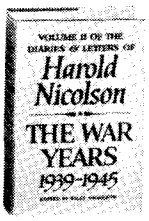
235. THE SOURCE *by* JAMES A. MICHENER. Illus. (Ret. price $7.95)

346. MADAME SARAH *by* CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER. Photos (Ret. price $6.95)

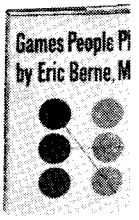
340. EVERYTHING BUT MONEY *by* SAM LEVENSON (Ret. price $4.95)



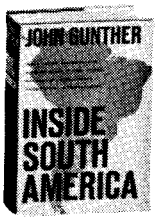
368. HAROLD NICOLSON: DIARIES AND LETTERS 1930-39 Vol. I. *Edited by* NIGEL NICOLSON Photographs (Ret. price $7.50)



369. HAROLD NICOLSON: THE WAR YEARS 1939-45 Vol. II. *Edited by* NIGEL NICOLSON Photographs (Ret. price $8.50)



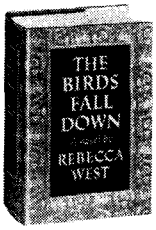
343. GAMES PEOPLE PLAY *by* ERIC BERNE, M.D (Retail price $5)



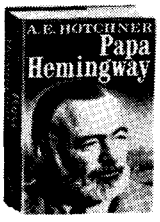
348. INSIDE SOUTH AMERICA *by* JOHN GUNTHER. Maps (Ret. price $7.95)

347. THE CAPTAIN *by* JAN DE HARTOG (Ret. price $5.95)

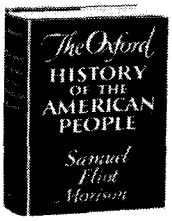
326. THE MASK OF APOLLO *by* MARY RENAULT (Ret. price $5.95)



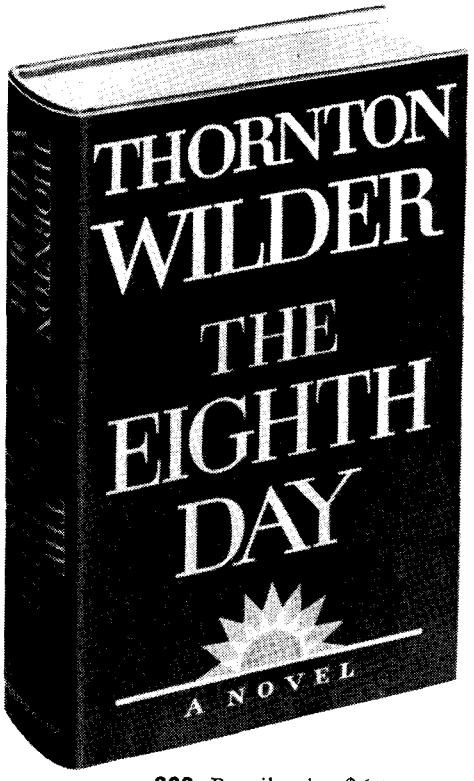
325. THE BIRDS FALL DOWN *by* REBECCA WEST (Ret. price $5.95)



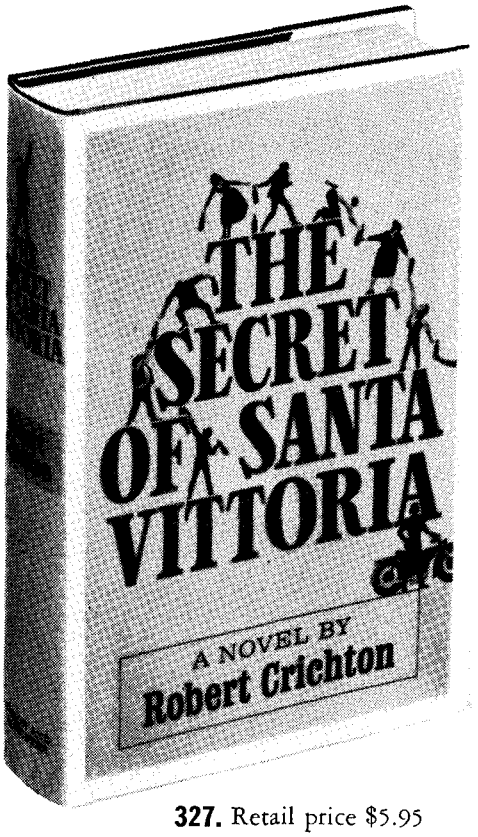
126. PAPA HEMINGWAY A Personal Memoir *by* A. E. HOTCHNER Photographs (Ret. price $5.95)



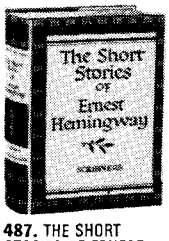
234. THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE *by* SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON. Illustrated (Ret. price $12.50)



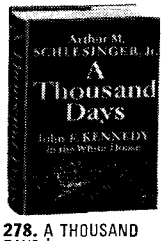
363. Retail price $6.95



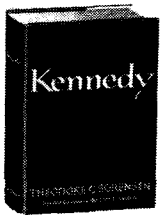
327. Retail price $5.95



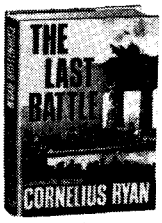
487. THE SHORT STORIES OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY (Retail price $6)



278. A THOUSAND DAYS *by* ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR. (Retail price $9)



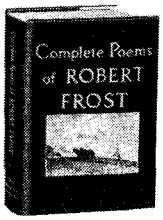
279. KENNEDY *by* THEODORE C. SORENSEN (Retail price $10)



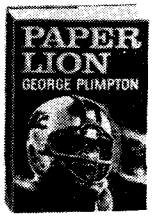
110. THE LAST BATTLE *by* CORNELIUS RYAN Photos and maps (Ret. price $7.50)

102. DOCTOR ZHIVAGO *by* BORIS PASTERNAK (Ret. price $5.95)

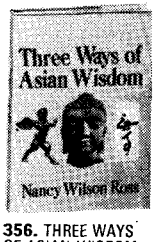
291. IN COLD BLOOD *by* TRUMAN CAPOTE (Ret. price $5.95)



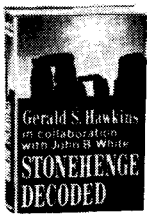
231. COMPLETE POEMS OF ROBERT FROST (Retail price $8)



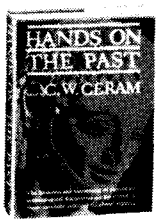
358. PAPER LION *by* GEORGE PLIMPTON. Photos (Ret. price $5.95)



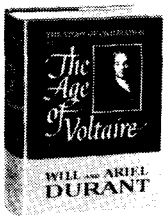
356. THREE WAYS OF ASIAN WISDOM *by* NANCY WILSON ROSS. Illustrated (Ret. price $7.50)



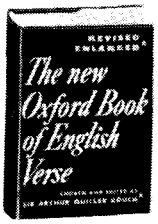
185. STONEHENGE DECODED *by* GERALD S. HAWKINS *with* JOHN B. WHITE Illustrated (Ret. price $5.95)



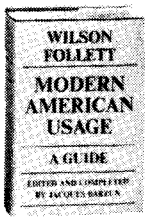
345. HANDS ON THE PAST: Pioneer Archaeologists Tell Their Own Story. *Ed. by* C.W. CERAM. Illus. (Ret. price $8.95)



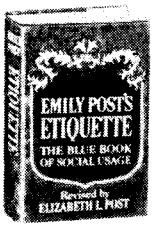
280. THE AGE OF VOLTAIRE *by* WILL *and* ARIEL DURANT. Illustrated (Retail price $12)



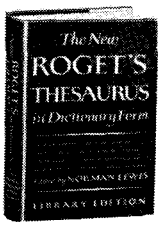
189. THE NEW OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE (Ret. price $7.50)



377. MODERN AMERICAN USAGE A Guide *by* WILSON FOLLETT (Ret. price $7.50)



320. EMILY POST'S ETIQUETTE. 11th edition. *Revised by* ELIZABETH L. POST (Ret. price $6.95)

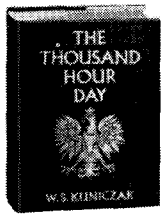


103. THE NEW ROGET'S THESAURUS IN DICTIONARY FORM *Ed. by* NORMAN LEWI (Ret. price $4.95)

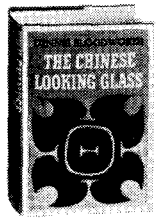
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'ROMISED YOURSELF TO READ?

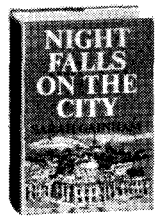
DISRAELI *by*
ERT BLAKE
trated
. price $12.50)



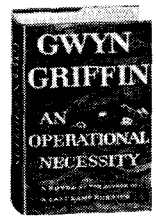
366. THE THOUSAND HOUR DAY *by* W. S. KUNICZAK (Ret. price $7.95)



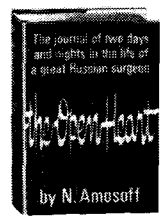
371. THE CHINESE LOOKING GLASS *by* DENNIS BLOODWORTH (Ret. price $6.95)



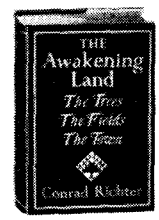
373. NIGHT FALLS ON THE CITY *by* SARAH GAINHAM (Ret. price $6.95)



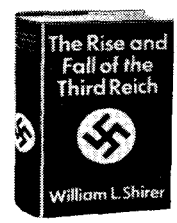
370. AN OPERATIONAL NECESSITY *by* GWYN GRIFFIN (Ret. price $6.95)



113. THE OPEN HEART *by* N. AMOSOFF (Ret. price $4.95)



194. THE AWAKENING LAND 3 novels *by* CONRAD RICHTER (Ret. price $7.95)



431. THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH *by* WILLIAM L. SHIRER (Ret. price $12.50)

Invitation: IN A SHORT EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP IN THE

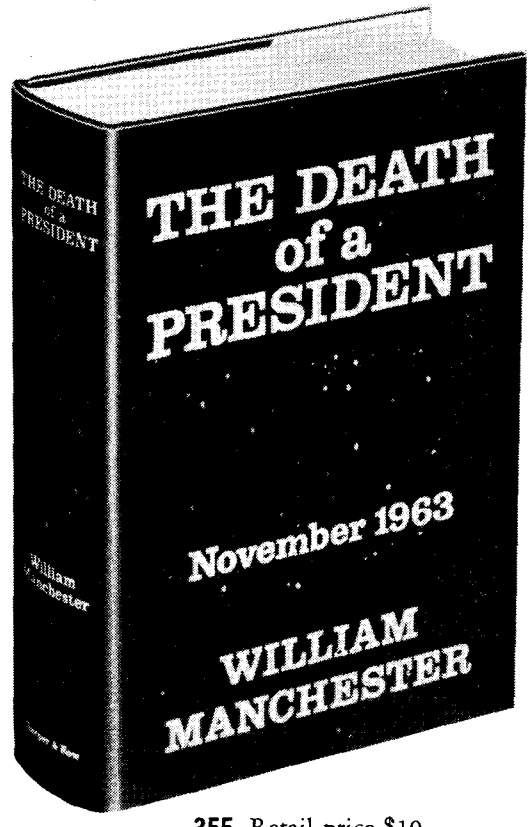
Book-of-the-Month Club

CHOOSE ANY THREE

of the books on these two pages

FOR ONLY $1

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: Simply agree to buy three additional Club Selections or Alternates within a year



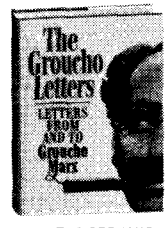
355. Retail price $10

BOOK-DIVIDENDS: A library-building plan every reading family should know about

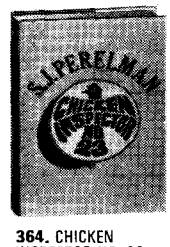
THE EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP suggested here will not only prove, *by your own actual experience,* how effectually membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club **can keep you from missing, through oversight or verbusyness,** books you fully intend to read; it will also demonstrate another important advantage: **Book-Dividends.** Through this unique profit-sharing system members can regularly receive valuable library volumes—at a small fraction of their price—simply by buying books they would buy anyway.

If you continue after this experimental membership, you will earn, *for every Club Selection or Alternate you buy,* a Book-Dividend Credit. Each Credit, upon payment of a nominal sum, often only **$1.00 or $1.50**—somewhat more for unusually expensive volumes or sets—will entitle you to a Book-Dividend which you may choose from over a hundred fine library volumes whose retail prices now average $7. This is probably the most economical means ever devised for building a well-rounded personal library. Since its inauguration, **$401,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been received by Book-of-the-Month Club members through this unique plan.**

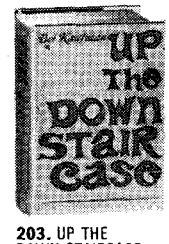
BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc., 345 Hudson Street, New York, N.Y. 10014



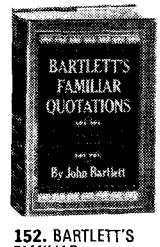
357. THE GROUCHO LETTERS: Letters from and to Groucho Marx (Ret. price $4.95)



364. CHICKEN INSPECTOR NO. 23 *by* S. J. PERELMAN (Ret. price $4.95)

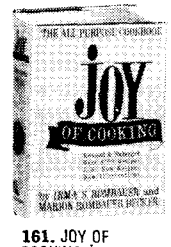


203. UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE *by* BEL KAUFMAN (Ret. price $4.95)



152. BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS 13th edition (Retail price $10)

311. ESQUIRE PARTY BOOK *by the* EDITORS OF ESQUIRE Illustrated (Ret. price $6.95)



161. JOY OF COOKING *by* ROMBAUER *and* BECKER. Illus. (Ret. price $5.50)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review
August 26, 1967

Folklore, Fakelore, and Poplore

What is the significance of contemporary pop culture? How durable might it be? A sympathetic observer looks back in history for some answers.

By MARSHALL FISHWICK

From legends men draw all the ideas necessary to their existence. They do not need many, and a few simple fables will suffice to gild millions of lives.
—ANATOLE FRANCE.

FOLKLORE is the country mouse talking. Taken to the city, cheapened by charlatans and opportunists, folklore became fakelore, as the mass took over from the folk. To some, the sad tale ends here. But wait—there's another mutation. Using the new urban material with its chrome and kitsch, imaginative artists, ad men, and scriptwriters are developing a poplore which is as true to its environment as was folklore to an earlier one. Call it poplore, and ask if it doesn't complete the circle.

Folklore is material handed on by tradition—oral or active; by mouth, practice, or custom; folk song, folktale, Easter eggs, dance step, or knocking on wood. To try for an eloquent oversimplification: Folklore is oral history transmuted into poetry. Scholars will accept no short definition, of course. In fact, the more one investigates, the more convinced he is that they won't accept *any* definition. The *Standard Dictionary of Folklore, Mythology, and Legend* lists twenty-one. Key words in the twenty-one "standard" definitions are "oral," "transmission," "tradition," "survival," and "communal." But there is no central agreement or emphasis. Experts have filled more than seventy volumes of the *Journal of American Folklore* without agreeing on what their subject is.

If we have trouble defining folklore, we can say where it is found—among isolated groups who have developed their own distinctions and stability. This isolation may be not only spatial, but occupational, religious, racial, linguistic, or a combination of the five. The enclave of provincial culture may be in the Kentucky mountains or among sailors, the Pennsylvania Dutch, Gullah Negroes, or French-Canadians. A family might be the crucial, isolated unit, as with certain ballads. The central thread is plain; we are speaking of folk cultures that are essentially rural and religious, in which behavior is traditional, spontaneous, and personal. The sacred prevails over the secular. Status, rather than the open market, determines the economy. All folklore is orally transmitted, but not all that is orally transmitted is folklore.

The connection between genuine European folklore and American variations is well documented and convincing. One of the best known examples is "Barbara Allen," a ballad that crossed oceans and mountains with ease. The essential tale is that of a young girl who scorns her lover, Sweet William (or Willie, Sweet Jimmy, Young Johnny, or Jimmy Grove). Pepys praised a rendition by the celebrated London actress, Mrs. Knipp, in 1666. He would have been surprised to know that generations later Americans were singing:

Way down South where I came from
Is where I got my learning.
I fell in love with a pretty little girl
And her name is Barbey Ellen.

Then there is "The Twa Sisters" who became "Sister Kate" in the New World. This time a jealous girl pushes her younger sister into a mill stream for stealing her suitor. The European version has the miller, who recovers the body, perform magic on various parts of the corpse; in America this aspect was dropped, and the story became a children's game. Magic was transformed into merriment, and folklore prevailed.

In "The Gypsy Laddie," a fair lady gives herself to a roving gypsy. Her lord returns, finds her gone, chases after and rescues her, and hangs fifteen of the gypsies. In adaptations which have come to light in Virginia, the retribution and hanging are omitted. Instead, the lady decides to cast her lot with the roaming vagabonds—a decision that might well have appealed to the hard-pressed trailblazers moving into frontier territory:

"How can you forsake your house and land
How can you forsake your money O?
How can you forsake your sweet little babe
To go with the gypsy laddie O?"

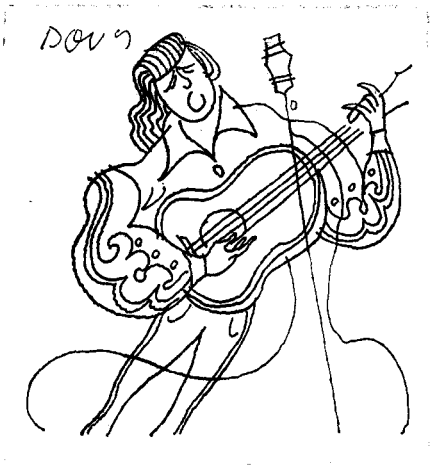
"O, I can forsake my house and lands
O, I can forsake my money O,
O, I can forsake my sweet little babe
To go with the gypsy laddie O."

She was used to a feather bed
And servants all around her,
And now she has come to a bed of hay
With gypsies all around her.

Similarly, "The Three Ravens" was revamped on this side of the Atlantic into "The Three Crows." Back in the Appalachians you might still hear the maca-

Marshall Fishwick is editor of *American Studies in Transition* (University of Pennsylvania Press). This fall he will become director of the American Studies Institute at Lincoln University, Pennsylvania.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



bre song, which moves forward with the bareness and directness that marks enduring ballads:

> There were three crows sat on a tree
> As black as any crows could be.
>
> One of these crows said to his mate
> "What shall we do for food to eat?"
>
> "There lies a horse in yonder lane
> That has been only three days slain
>
> We'll sit upon his bare backbone
> And pick his eyes out one by one."

Vestigial remains of Old World folklore fascinate scholars. The English expert Cecil J. Sharp (1859-1933) tramped through the Blue Ridge Mountains in 1918, finding "for the first time in my life a community in which singing is as common and almost as universal a practice as speaking." Harvard's Francis J. Child assembled a monumental five-volume collection of migratory *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, while A. K. Davis, Jr., was finding in Virginia fifty-one British ballads still sung lustily by wood-choppers and whisky-makers. Visiting isolated mountain pockets, Vanderbilt's George Pullen Jackson was able to show that white spirituals were the progenitors of many famous Negro folk tunes. But plainly the main trend was toward urbanism, consolidation, homogenization. Patterns of folk culture changed rapidly. "After 1860 the homespun yarn never again became nationally intelligible," Richard Dorson notes. "A century later, literary scholars and folklorists would unearth specimens as antiquarian curiosities."

This same scholar coined the word "fakelore" (*American Mercury*, March 1950) to refer to and to denigrate the contrived efforts of hucksters and jokesters who hid behind the word folklore. Imitating ballads and folktales had been in vogue at least since the eighteenth century; but Heine, Rossetti, Wordsworth, and Meredith wished their imitations to be accepted as literature. Fakelorists wished their work to pass as folklore.

They insisted that Paul Bunyan—a prime example of the pseudo-hero—was a genuine folk character, created by the people themselves. "The people, the bookless people, they made Paul and had him alive long before he got into books," said Carl Sandburg, waxing eloquent amid the native corn. "Paul is as old as the hills, young as the alphabet." Actually, the Paul most Americans knew was younger than Sandburg's *Chicago Poems*.

Studying the meager Bunyan material in 1920, Constance Rourke concluded that there was no live prototype for Bunyan, a conclusion with which Professor Daniel Hoffman concurred a generation later. Paul owed much of his fame to a free-lance advertising man, William B. Laughead, hired by the Red River Lumber Company to sell their products. When other ad men and promoters joined in, Paul came to symbolize the cult of bigness and power in a booming chauvinistic democracy. He mirrored a bumptious, optimistic nineteenth-century robber baron—the collective state of mind of people whose primary task was the physical mastery of nature. Bunyan was *company* fakelore—in a business civilization, the most likely to succeed.

Meanwhile, a plethora of phony folk heroes and villains flooded our books, movies, and TV screens. *Life* published a "remarkable new series" (starting in August 1959) on "The Folklore of America" which was mainly fakelore. Pecos Bill didn't come from the Wild West, but from the typewriter of Edward ("Tex") O'Reilly. Annie Christmas's spicy saga can be traced not to the New Orleans brothels but to the typewriter of Lyle Saxon. Margaret Montague dreamed up Tony Beaver. Daddy Joe was contrived by Stewart Holbrook, Big Mose by Herbert Asbury, Whiskey Jack by Charles Brown, and Strap Buckner by Florence Barns. Jeremiah refined fakelore by combining the appeal of sailors and cowboys—his "Bowleg Bill" specialized in riding giant tunas. "Maybe the scholars have been following a false lead," Bernard De Voto wrote in 1955. "Maybe popular literature isn't a folk art at all." By then factory-made folklore had blazed a trail across American journalism, advertising, and entertainment like a jet plane racing across a cloudless blue sky.

One of the first writers to deal with the consequence of this cultural gimmickery was Walter Lippmann. As early as 1922, in *Public Opinion*, he gave examples of "oversimplified patterns" in American life that gave us ways to defend our prejudices by seeming to give definitiveness and consistency to our daily experience. For years thereafter Lippmann pointed to pseudo-events (the fakelore of journalism) which "ignore the world outside and concentrate on the pictures in our heads." In so doing, Lippmann piqued most of the master image-makers (including, most recently, Lyndon B. Johnson). It remained for Daniel Boorstin, in his curiously underestimated book called *The Image; or, What Happened to the American Dream* (1962), to dissect a pseudo-event: 1) It is not spontaneous, but planned and planted; 2) It is planted to be reported and reproduced; 3) It is tied in with a self-fulfilling prophecy.

THUS fakelore is to folklore what the pseudo-event is to the real event. And thus the emergence, in the Eisenhower years, of a new Gresham's law of American public life: counterfeit happenings will always drive spontaneous happenings out of circulation. Poison tastes so sweet that it spoils our appetite for plain food. When the gods want to punish us, they make us believe our own advertising.

In such a climate, folk songs ran in out of the hot noonday sun to the air-conditioned comfort of nightclubs. The authentic folk song style—described by Cecil Sharp as "austere, high-pitched

(*Continued on page* 43)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor: Norman Cousins
Publisher: J. R. Cominsky
Associate Editors: Harrison Smith, Irving Kolodin, Horace Sutton

Associate Publisher W. D. Patterson
Managing Editor Richard L. Tobin
Science Editor John Lear
Education Editor James Cass
Production Manager Pearl S. Sullivan
Poetry Editor John Ciardi
Book Review Editor Rochelle Girson
General Editor Hallowell Bowser
Art Editor Katharine Kuh
Feature Editor Alfred Balk

Editors-at-Large
Cleveland Amory • Henry Brandon • Harrison Brown • John Mason Brown
Frank G. Jennings • Joseph Wood Krutch • Herbert R. Mayes
Elmo Roper • Theodore C. Sorensen • Wallace Stegner • Paul Woodring

Contributing Editors
Goodman Ace • Hollis Alpert • Jerome Beatty, jr. • Henry Hewes
Granville Hicks • Arthur Knight
Martin Levin • Rollene W. Saal • Robert Lewis Shayon
Walter Terry • Margaret R. Weiss • John T. Winterich

Report from Oslo

Oslo, Norway.

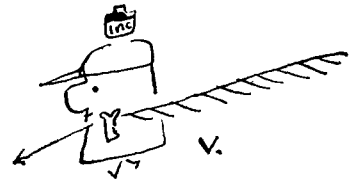
SOME 500 men and women who are the custodians of the greatest idea of the twentieth century have been meeting here in Oslo. Their idea is to extend the civilizing process to the collective sovereign units known as nations. They seek to do this by creating a world rule of law in time to prevent world war.

These men and women go by the name of world federalists. They represent organizations in some two dozen countries. They have banded together in a world movement known as the World Association of World Federalists. At Oslo, they have been examining their mutual problems, assessing common opportunities, and fashioning plans for a world-wide program of education directed to the support of the United Nations and its systematic development into a world authority adequate to the job of establishing and maintaining enduring conditions of peace.

One of the prime difficulties of the United Nations to date, as the recent Middle East crisis demonstrated, is that it lacks the authority to deal with fundamental causes of conflict or to create a basis for workable relationships among nations, but it is expected to rush into action when the relationships become explosive. The central need, therefore, as world federalists see it, is to give the United Nations the peace*making* authority it does not now have, and to enlarge its peace*keeping* functions, which it has now only to a limited degree.

World federalists derive considerable inspiration from the American Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia from 1787 to 1789. That convention established certain basic principles pertaining to the allocation of authority between the individual states and the entity then being created to protect their citizens and their common interests. Federalists recognize that the American experience and the world situation today are not fully analogous, for the diversities and differences to be accommodated within a governed unit today are far greater than they were at the time of the Constitutional Convention. Even so, federalists believe that world peace today requires a clearcut, authoritative definition both of the limits of national power and of the area of effective jurisdiction of the world body. The nations should retain the right to maintain their own cultures and political institutions, but the United Nations should have authority in matters related to world security and world development.

The American states gave up their right to conduct separate foreign policies or to build separate military establishments beyond that required for local order. In return, they received a common security and freedom from the kind of dangerous strife that had disfigured their relationships with one another. The states, however, did not give up their armies until a common security system was devised. Similarly, world federalists believe that the present highly inflammable arms race cannot be fully eliminated until something takes the place of the arms. This "something" must be a U.N. with a capacity to create and maintain the general conditions of safety.



NATIONAL sovereignty will not be abolished in a federalized U.N. In those respects in which sovereignty is most meaningful—the right to national independence and the ability of people to determine their own way of life—sovereignty will actually be strengthened by a federalized United Nations. In those respects in which sovereignty is unworkable and dangerous—such as the unilateral exercise of power in the world arena contrary to the common interest—sovereignty will pass to the world authority. The proper enactment and enforcement of statutes fixing the rights and obligations of the individual nations and establishing the jurisdiction of the United Nations—this is what is meant by world law.

A prime tenet of federalism is that law, to be operable, cannot be imposed on corporate bodies as such. Ultimately, law must be binding on individuals. Thus, men inside the national governments must be held accountable for actions of their governments in violation of world law. The Nuremberg Trials established the vital precedents. Those trials were based on the principle that not nations but individuals make war and must be held responsible for war. World federalists don't want to wait until *after* a global holocaust to invoke the principle of individual responsibility and accountability. They want to put the process to work on the day-to-day actions, deliberate or otherwise, that set the stage for war. If a nation is detected making nuclear or other weapons in violation of statutory law, the United Nations should be able to bring to trial the men who authorized the violation in the first place, as well as those actually engaged in the enterprise.

Essentially, therefore, the federalist thesis is that unregulated relationships make for tension, conflict, and ultimately anarchy. The consequences of anarchy among nations are even more serious than within nations, for the breakdown of order on the national or community level results in random violence, whereas the breakdown of order on the world level results in organized mass murder. The weapons in the first case may be knives, stones, clubs, or even guns and small bombs. The weapons in the second case range from guns and flamethrowers to chemical and bacteriological weapons and thermonuclear explosives.

(Continued on page 42)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Subsidize Films?

WILLIAM FADIMAN's article, "Should American Films Be Subsidized?" [*SR*, Aug. 5] is deserving of thoughtful study by the American motion picture industry.

The big questions about subsidies remain unanswered: Should government interpose itself in private industry, or will theater patrons stand still for additional ticket taxes at the box office? As Mr. Fadiman wisely comments, "One may well question the broaching of the question of subsidization for an industry which is far from ailing financially."

Fadiman, who is a highly respected and able practitioner in the Hollywood field of film-makers, has struck some telling blows.

LOU GREENSPAN,
Editor, *Journal of the Producers Guild of America.*
Beverly Hills, Calif.

THE TIME WAS when a suggestion such as William Fadiman's would have been dismissed as hopelessly visionary; not so today, as we witness what might fairly be deemed a sound precedent for nongovernmental subsidy.

Sizable sums have recently been contributed by the television networks to raise the standards of the medium they dominate. Extending the same procedure to the motion picture could prove equally fruitful.

THOMAS G. MORGANSEN.
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

WILLIAM FADIMAN's article was quite fine in depicting the differences in quality between foreign and domestic films, and I accept the notion that subsidies by European and Asian governments are major ingredients in the superiority of their films. But, as Mr. Fadiman says, foreign films are much cheaper than ours.

Art films—the Underground movies—are achieving increasing notoriety and wider audiences. Those who appreciate them will seek them. Let the mass moviegoer enjoy the Western, the light comedy, the melodrama.

There are too many other vital uses for our government's money.

HOLLY SEMILOFF.
Chicago, Ill.

WE ARE a pluralistic society, and any attempt to set up a special standard of culture by giving it money is repugnant.

Mr. Fadiman could well have found possibilities for support within the industry. For instance, how about charging each film which applies for a production code seal a levy to go into an appropriate fund?

CARL OLSON.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Firearms Policy

WE GREATLY appreciated Alfred Balk's excellent editorial, "The Firearms Theater of the Absurd" [*SR*, July 22]. This ridiculous drama becomes increasingly bizarre as, in the wake of urban riots, firearms sales soar. But still no laws restricting interstate shipment of guns.

Readers may wish to know that we recently opened the organization to general membership and would be happy to respond to inquiries directed to our headquarters, 100 Maryland Avenue NE, Washington, D.C. 20002.

J. ELLIOTT CORBETT,
Secretary, National Council for a Responsible Firearms Policy.
Washington, D.C.

"Cool it, Daddy, I'm just baby-sitting for the Collinses."

Dynamite from the Sky

RICHARD L. TOBIN's article on the bombing of London, "When Dynamite Rains from the Sky" [*SR*, Aug. 5], was the most devastating thing that has been said about the war in the East. It made me cold.

Thank you, thank you, thank you for printing it.

JOHN R. TUNIS.
Essex, Conn.

RICHARD L. TOBIN refers to Harold Nicholson's "premise that civilian bombing . . . has little or no military value." A passage in *The Columbia Encyclopedia* (Third Edition), in an article entitled "Strategy and Tactics," suggests that this premise has become an accepted conclusion, our actions in Vietnam notwithstanding:

> The theory of strategic bombardment called for aerial attacks on the enemy's centers of population and industrial production to destroy . . . the enemy's economic means and will to continue the war. In the Second World War this strategy was carried out in massive form by the British and American air forces in attacks on Germany and Japan. [But] in order to win the Second World War the Allies had to conduct a number of campaigns with ground forces *and occupy the enemy's homeland.* [Italics added.]

Reflecting upon our military policy in Vietnam, I am led to ask, "When's D-Day?"

DOUGLAS T. BEEBE.
West Lafayette, Ind.

THANK YOU FOR Richard L. Tobin's article. It is easily the most effective indictment of our "sainted" policy of destroying Vietnam I have read yet.

MICHAEL HATHAWAY,
Wayne State University.
Detroit, Mich.

The "Queens" and "Hope"

THE SHIP S.S. *Hope* deserves the praise Richard L. Tobin has given it in his editorial, "Seven Years of Hope" [*SR*, July 15].

I was reminded of *Hope* when I read of the impending retirement of the Cunard Line's *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth.* May I suggest a *Queen* as part of Mr. Tobin's "thousand ships of Hope"? I can imagine no better use.

R. BEN DAWSON, JR., M.D.
Newton Centre, Mass.

(*Continued on page* 94)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bard at Balboa

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

SAN DIEGO is most fortunate to have a theater that each summer presents the most intimate and relaxed professional productions of Shakespeare in North America. The prime ingredient of the San Diego National Shakespeare Festival, now in its eighteenth season, is the Old Globe Theatre in Balboa Park, which, with its relatively small capacity of some 440 seats, permits actors to perform subtly. Although this limited capacity prevents the festival from paying high salaries, good directors and actors prefer working here because of the working conditions.

This year both the directors and the acting company are superior. The most popular of the three offerings is *Twelfth Night*, staged by Edward Payson Call. In it, Mr. Call emphasizes the comedy but happily refrains from letting it quite cross the border into unreal silliness. The play begins with Feste reluctantly accepting his job of playing the fool, and Donald West makes each quip a genuinely thought-through response. Josef Sommer's Malvolio successfully stretches for comic effect as he gets maximum mileage out of being a completely gullible square, and yet he is always so precise and careful in his actions and speeches that we see him ironically doing most of the work in his self-delusion. This has the beneficial result of making his persecutors appear less reprehensible.

Similarly, Joseph Maher's Aguecheek is a study in spoiled petulance, a supreme innocent capable of momentary astonishment but invulnerable to deep or lasting insult. James B. Douglas's humorously patient Sir Toby Belch, and Jacqueline Brookes's earthy, and slightly Irish, Maria complete this very mortal assortment of comics, all of whom work well together to create scenes of true hilarity. The best of these is the duel in which Sir Toby, fighting for his life with an unexpected opponent, suddenly looks amazedly at the ridiculous spectacle of the two intended opponents clasped together in fright.

The romantic plot takes care of itself, with George Backman a handsome and well spoken Orsino, Katherine Henryk a pretty Viola, and Dixie Marquis a slightly predatory Olivia. But this is a *Twelfth Night* in which the humor is so well played that who marries whom seems relatively unimportant.

Director Malcolm Black's production of Shakespeare's dark comedy, *All's Well That Ends Well*, is, as one might expect, only spottily effective. He has chosen to play the strange romance between the unfemininely aggressive Helena and the snobbish Bertram with underlined emotion. Thus Miss Brookes finds herself constantly proclaiming her love and purity with such hysterical fervor that she seems unfit for daily romance, and, as Bertram, Mr. Maher seems more terrified by her virtue than concerned about her pedigree. However, some of the comedy is achieved. Douglas Watson gets great fun out of the ridiculous braggart army officer, Parolles, who replaces his sword with so much flourish that he nearly emasculates himself. Anthony Zerbe does some effective clowning as a professional cynic working for an unresponsive employer. And Mr. Black gets laughter with amusing parody of the military.

The third play, *Othello*, is most notable for Mr. Zerbe's portrayal of Iago. Under Milton Katselas's direction, Mr. Watson gives us a polite and noble Othello who never quite understands either that he is being discriminated against or that what seems to him like a perfectly normal marriage should run into the least difficulty. Indeed, his most powerful moment comes when he is roused from his nuptial bed angrily to settle a soldiers' brawl.

On the other hand, Iago seems completely in control of the situation. Thus he can afford to take his time and stretch his villainy to a point far beyond that which any of us could expect to get away with in real life. The outstanding scenes are those in which we see Iago mockingly deceiving Roderigo. Maher plays the latter with appropriate innocence. As for the ladies, Miss Brookes's Emilia is surprisingly more emotional than Miss Marquis's Desdemona. Thus we have a production in which the tragic victims seem to be baffled unfortunates in the hands of more passionate pragmatists. Miss Henryk, as Bianca, contributes a pleasantly wanton belly dance which reminds us that the play is laid in Cyprus.

—HENRY HEWES.

"Do you have an appointment?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books

25 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "Death Kit," by Susan Sontag
26 Letters to the Book Review Editor
27 Perspective, by J. H. Plumb
28 "Rivers of Blood, Years of Darkness," by Robert Conot; "Black Power—White Resistance: Notes on the New Civil War," by Fred Powledge
29 "Strike Zion!," by William Stevenson; "Six Days in June: Israel's Fight for Survival," by Robert J. Donovan and the staff of the Los Angeles Times; "Lightning Out of Israel: The Six-Day War in the Middle East," by the Associated Press
30 "Nabokov: His Life in Art," by Andrew Field
31 "Rudyard Kipling: Realist and Fabulist," by Bonamy Dobrée
32 "The Time of Friendship," by Paul Bowles. "Nest in a Falling Tree," by Joy Cowley
33 "La Satyre," by Virginie des Rieux
33 Criminal Record
34 Pick of the Paperbacks, by Rollene W. Saal
36 Check List of the Week's New Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Guessing Game for Everyman

AT THE beginning of *The Field of Vision* Wright Morris quoted from a letter of D.H. Lawrence's: "You mustn't look in my novel for the old stable *ego* of the character." The stable ego—anything that might be regarded as *the* personality, *the* character—has vanished from a good deal of contemporary fiction. The one thing to be counted on in the novels of John Barth, Thomas Pynchon, and John Hawkes, for example, is that people are not what they seem. What they are is a puzzle the answer to which can only be guessed.

With her first novel, *The Benefactor* (*SR*, Sept. 3, 1963), Susan Sontag enrolled herself in this company. She had been influenced by French exponents of the new novel—Alain Robbe-Grillet, Nathalie Sarraute, *et al.*—but she was striking out on her own. *The Benefactor* is the story of a man who finds his dream life more interesting than his waking life, and the line between the two becomes increasingly hard for the reader to draw.

Miss Sontag's new novel, *Death Kit* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.75), bears a general resemblance to *The Benefactor*, though in detail it is quite different. Unlike its predecessor it has a definite story, which can almost be reduced to a fable: the hero, going on a journey, kills a man and makes love to a woman, and these two actions affect the remainder of his life. The hero, named Dalton Harron but usually called Diddy, is, I suppose, a kind of Everyman, an ordinary enough fellow, with a job in a firm that makes microscopes, with an ex-wife to whom he pays alimony, and with a large stock of fears and anxieties. The man he murders—but does he really murder him?—is a workman in a tunnel in which Diddy's train is stalled. After returning to his compartment Diddy has sexual intercourse in the toilet with a blind girl named Hester.

In telling this story and describing the events that follow, the author employs a number of strange devices. For instance, Miss Sontag never uses the word "now"—and she uses it two or three times on every page—without putting it in parentheses: "(Now) a rather handsome man of thirty-three." The purpose, I surmise, is to suggest that there is something arbitrary in separating the present moment from the flux of time. Now is what we are concerned with, but if we don't watch out it will get away from us. Perhaps it is for the same reason that she sometimes shifts from present tense to past and back again in the same sentence.

Another distracting mannerism is the occasional use of the first person plural—"Whose tickets? Our tickets." Often the reader can assume that the "we" is intended to bring him into the story, but sometimes the problem is more difficult. For example, at a certain point several characters, all named, have been preparing for a television program; then, "We left the television studio." Who and where is the "I" who can make the "we" legitimate?

Every now and then there are indented passages, which may sometimes be illustrations of a statement that has been made and sometimes are simply long lists. Finally, there are the epithets used to describe the various roles the hero plays: "Diddy the Bold," "Diddy the Jealous," "Diddy the Dilatory," "Diddy the Damaged." Sometimes I think I see the purpose of these devices, and sometimes I can only guess wildly. At any rate, taken together they grow tiresome, and I was occasionally tempted to say, as Queen Gertrude said to Polonius, "More matter, with less art."

To dismiss the book because of these tricks would, however, be foolish, for in the novel as a whole there is matter enough. Of all the symbols of isolation and estrangement Miss Sontag introduces, the most telling is Hester's blindness. Hester is in general rather inarticulate, but just after she and Diddy have made love on the train she says to him: "When you're blind, people are changing all the time. The same person is never the same person. He's new every time he speaks or moves or touches me." The reader is never given access to Hester's consciousness, is never allowed—if the paradox is permissible—to see things through her eyes. What we learn about her world is only what Diddy believes to be true. For him, Hester's blindness has great value. If he resolves to devote himself wholly to taking care of her, it is because he relishes her dependence on him: "Goody Did aware of the selfish gratifications in all this. Attached to his pledge of absolute devotion and care, there's only one stipulation. Hester is to depend on him, and on no one else. To see the world through him only, not through the eyes of any other." He will receive another benefit: "That benefit consisting in the fact that, when he will be charged with narrating the visible world to Hester and negotiating for her all her transactions with palpable things, he'll have a chance to see the whole world with fresh eyes."

FOR a time Diddy does find the relationship with Hester rewarding, but eventually there is not much left for either of them except the pleasure they both take in sex. In a long-delayed confrontation Hester tells him: "You have a powerful desire to destroy yourself. I'm afraid that if I really held out my hand

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to you, you'd pull me under, too." Diddy's desire to destroy himself has been clear to the reader from the first; indeed, the action begins not long after he has made an abortive attempt at suicide. Moreover, as Hester realizes, he subconsciously wants her to destroy him. After their confrontation, he disintegrates more and more rapidly, becoming obsessed with the memory of the (perhaps) murder in the tunnel. With Hester he returns to the scene of his crime, reenacts it, and then wanders into a vast Hall of the Dead.

The reader has many questions to ask himself when he has finished the book: what does this mean? what does that? A speculative mind can find answers to most of the questions, can usually find several conceivable answers to any one question. I am sure that Miss Sontag desired this ambiguity, that her method is based on the intimation of multiple meanings. The reader sometimes has an exasperated feeling that Miss Sontag isn't being quite fair in this game of hide-and-seek into which she has inveigled him, but he goes on playing.

What is now clear is that Miss Sontag is a writer of great talent, so gifted that one is compelled to struggle with her obscurities and ambiguities and to tolerate those perhaps unnecessary devices of which I have spoken. She has earned the right to be taken for what she is, or, rather, she has earned the right to demand of the reader to find out what she is. She has her particular feeling for life and especially death, and she has created her own ways of expressing it.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1255

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1255 will be found in the next issue.

VDS VUVME MAQSPBS UX DIFUH

XHUF VDS AOAES OQ UPS UX

VDS FUQV QOPCIEMH VDOPCQ

OP MEE EOVSHMVIHS.

–MEXHSN PUHVD RDOVSDSMN

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1254

There are no amateurs, but only those who paint bad pictures.

—Edouard Manet.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Intent: One Scientific System

In *SR* July 15, Sir Herbert Read reviewed the first volume of my book, *Mind: An Essay on Human Feeling*. Unfortunately, he treated the second of its six parts (three are in the published volume) as the only important part, and consequently the whole work as concerned with esthetics, although the chapters which interest him have only an orienting function; but as a passing bow to the real intent of the book, he makes at the outset a statement which so seriously misrepresents my intent that I cannot but protest against it. He says, ". . . her final purpose . . . is metaphysical: she has the ambition to present a new philosophical system." Nothing could be further from my ambition, which is only to construct a conceptual framework for biological thinking that will connect its several departments, from biochemistry to neuropsychology, in one *scientific* system. Such work is philosophical, but does not commit one to any philosophical system, new or old; and it is certainly not metaphysical. Any metaphysical statement must apply to the world as a whole, not only to mind or even life. I have no such statement to offer.

Susanne K. Langer.

New London, Conn.

No Knight

Your correspondent William Voigt, Jr., of Harrisburg, Pa. [*SR*, Aug. 5], refers to the author of *The Compleat Angler* as Sir Isaak Walton. *The British Dictionary of National Biography* gives no indication that Isaak was ever knighted. Perhaps Mr. Voigt was thinking of Isaak's junior contemporary Isaac Newton, who was certainly Sir Isaac.

Peter Henniker-Heaton.

Boston, Mass.

History on Agenda

J. H. Plumb's review of the American Institute of Planners' Part I Conference proceedings, *Environment for Man—The Next Fifty Years* [*SR*, July 29] fails to note that this is just the first book for this two-year consultation on the future environment of a democracy. It is the aim of the consultation to begin a nationwide discussion on what we know and ought to know about the environment (past year's conference); what our values are as a society, what the foreseeable changes appear to be, and what policies and programs we propose for action (this year's conference); what further detailed, specific recommendations can be made (next year's eight to ten regional conferences).

In total, five books are being published from this consultation—two having to do with the historic aspect Mr. Plumb was looking for in his review of our first book.

The question for last year's conference was "If we had the technology and the energy, what kind of an environment would we choose to build?" We weren't attempting to deal with politics or history. The answers at the Conference recorded the ignorance not only of science but of our awareness as a society of our values.

This year's Conference, Oct. 1-6 in Washington, and the regional conferences in 1968 get down to Mr. Plumb's complaint. It just won't all go in one book, or in one conference.

We hope to prove, through this consultation marking the professional city planners' fiftieth year, that it is as pragmatic to understand and implement according to basic values as it is to "pragmatically" go from moment to moment implementing short term projects.

Isn't that at the root of the failure of our cities?

William R. Ewald, Jr.

Washington, D. C.

"Of" in the Arabic

Re your appeal in *SR* July 15, Phillip K. Hitti in his *History of the Arabs* gives the title of Maimonides's work as *Dalalat al-Ha'irin*.

Al-Ha'irin is in the genitive plural. Hitti correctly translates the name of the work as "The Guide of the Perplexed."

John Mutziger.

Riverdale, Md.

Sickening

Since Henri Peyre finally decided that "to dust" Mme. Leduc's book, *Thérèse and Isabelle* [*SR*, July 15], "might well return," and "at fifty-nine, she might have refrained from publishing . . .," I can only ask in anger and disgust why M. Peyre did not refrain from reviewing and quoting such obscene writing and, even more important, why did you think your readers would wish to read such vile, sickening stuff?

Sybil Ramsing.

Clinton, Conn.

To answer D. C. Grant's invidious question [Letters to Book Review Editor, *SR*, Aug. 5], Henri Peyre reviewed Violette Leduc's *Thérèse and Isabelle* with "literary freedom," not for "pornographic license." In his responsible review, Peyre attacks the crudity of the lesbian episodes mercilessly.

Mme. Leduc is a gifted writer with a flair for rhetoric. *La Bâtarde* stands as a masterly composition. Her frankness is not necessarily a vice.

Irving E. Bender.

Hanover, N.H.

Toward Understanding

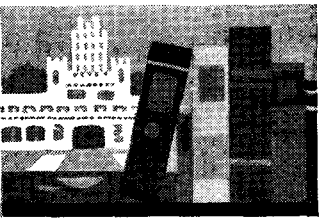
What is this idea being preached about that to dissect a work of art is to ruin it [Letters to Book Review Editor, *SR*, Aug. 5]? To dissect is to try to understand the art that went into its creation.

Joseph Easter.

New York, N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Perspective



Yesterday—Interpreter of Human Experience

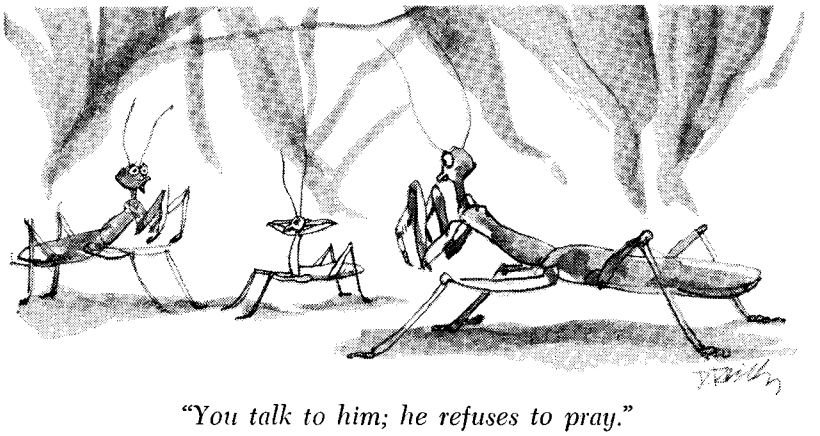
THE WORLD is out of joint. It has been so since man first contemplated it, an object of lamentation long before Jeremiah. As in one's personal life, how rare it is for the present to compare favorably with the past. Every civilization, almost every nation or tribe, has created a golden legend; sometimes an age when the gods strode the earth, sometimes when heroes larger in spirit and prowess than ordinary men lived and loved on a superhuman level, or in our own Judaeo-Christian tradition a time when man was free from sin, when—how odd we are—nakedness was pure. Even the more realistic Chinese regarded their past with reverence, looking back to an age when due honor was given to ancestral wisdom, when retribution came to those who failed to show a proper filial respect, when, in fact, justice prevailed. Only recently has history ceased to be heaven, or the awful reminder of God's wrath. For golden ages do not last, and the recent past is streaked with blood like an angry, storm-rent sky. The forces of evil stride history. The devil snaps up the frail who drift weakly into ungodliness, or Nemesis looms over the thoughtless, the wanton, the carelessly happy. Elsewhere, calamity overwhelmed those who forgot their duties to the wise dead. History was a long lost bliss but a recent terror, like a childhood lost in the horrors of adult living.

As Mr. John T. Marcus shows in his admirable discussion of historical thought, *Heaven, Hell and History* (Macmillan, $6.95), much of this moral, indeed religious, interpretation of the past reappears in a different guise in the secular interpretation that has gained currency since the first great revolution of the Renaissance. Marx, methodical and earthbound as he was, remained caught up in the conflict of good and evil, in an apocalyptical vision of man's struggle in Time. For Marx and his early disciples there was still a golden past of primitive equality, an uncorrupted communism before private property corroded the generous instincts of man and rendered him gross and grasping. Drugged with gain, he became indifferent to the suffering mass of mankind. But, as ever, retribution would come; the spirit would triumph over the flesh; when the class struggle was resolved the golden age would return, heaven replace hell. True in some of its dimension Marxism might be, but beneath was the old legend, the old sad story of man's fall and man's coming salvation.

OFTEN national history was no more realistic, in fact a good deal worse. We all remember those marvelous Teutons of Tacitus, so virile in their Northern forests, electing their chieftains, living the strong, satisfying, martial life. Such splendid animals to be ancestors of a nation God-chosen to be a *Herrenvolk*. Whatever tribulations may have buffeted and torn the poor German nation apart, the suffering was a part of the mysterious necessities of that inevitable process which would lead the *Volk* to its predestined glory. And even if the insanities of Nazi history are easy enough to scoff at, they are but the lunatic end product of that same nationalist history that generations of nineteenth- and twentieth-century Britons, French, and indeed Americans were fed on. After all, think of the pioneer spirit, of those log cabins, of those upright Puritans in the wilderness; cannot one see destiny being made manifest? This, of course, is history for the masses, whether capitalist or Communist, Chinese or French. Maybe these historical attitudes have been necessary; at least the leaders of mankind, or rather its rulers, have always felt the need to explain the past to their own satisfaction and to steel their subjects to the rigors of the present. True history has been rare—as rare as auk's eggs—and it is easy, and not entirely unjust, to dismiss it all with Henry Ford as "bunk." And yet . . .

There are varieties of truth, and man's explanation of reality has only in recent centuries turned towards the accurate delineation of the experience of mankind. He was too totally absorbed in his environment to bother overmuch about his past except as a sort of social and moral glue, used in order to make his community cohere. Whereas in the last 300 years the revolution in historical studies has been as great as the revolution in science there has been no historical equivalent of the technological revolution. With dwindling social authority the historian has found it difficult to impress his knowledge of the social experience of the past on either the governors or the governed. The difficulties have been partly professional and partly due to a resistance in the general intellectual climate to historical truth. It is far easier for intellectuals to accept interpretation of life through literary studies or sociological surveys than through historical inquiry. As the historian's tools have grown more refined, and his interpretation more accurate, he has, ironically enough, lost intellectual authority.

To take but one example, it is staggering how easily intellectuals have accepted the Lawrence-Leavis attitude to the growth of industrial society. They insist that it has debased the moral nature of man, led to a shrinking of his intuitive life, and denied him the deep satisfaction that rural life brought, when man lived so much closer to nature and so kept to her rhythms. The satisfaction in making a cartwheel with primitive tools is regarded as realizing the nature of man at a much deeper level than that in putting a computer together. Great segments of historical truth, which all demographic history proves over and over again, are brushed aside—or rather not brushed aside, for one cannot brush aside what one does not know. The findings of historians are ignored, yet a little reading would teach the Leavis school that agrarian communities were riddled with hunger, disease, violence, and the most abject poverty; they provided a world of little hope and infinite toil in which anxiety about the harvest was constant—as true of pre-industrial England as of India. Actually, the bulk of



"You talk to him; he refuses to pray."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mankind has found little satisfaction in rural life until it became affluent.

History is not wanted as evidence. Intellectuals have preferred to use it as a family album of fading photographs, a provocative for nostalgia, a dream world to which they can flee from the demanding and frightening present. In the nineteenth century, appalled by the implications of industrial society, with its demagogy, corruption and vulgarity, the upper-class intellectuals of both Old and New England created a never-never land of medieval history, inflating the spirituality of a world that festered with human misery—a world as barbarous as medieval Tibet. Mont-St.-Michel, built out of the blood and bones of starving peasants, became a symbol of genteel sensitivity. What bogus nonsense. Nor is it only intellectuals who are pervaded by social nostalgia: so are many professional historians and, by far more, writers of history whom the public reads with attention and approval. That, of course, is as true of East as of West. The oversize heroic figure of Peter the Great comes and goes in Soviet historiography like a recurring dream. But this is no more absurd than the history that turns Washington into a monument or Nelson into a schoolboy's hero. A clear vision of the past is exceedingly rare.

Naturally, strictly professional history is in far better shape. Concerned with very limited issues and problems, the degree of accuracy achieved is remarkably high: indeed, the facts of history have rarely been so carefully judged. Gradually too they are being given great quantitative weight and, within the limits of their own relevance, discussion of their interpretation can be as exacting as that which goes on at the frontiers of science. Some of the problems of history are not only at least as complex as certain of the profounder biological problems, but equally important. And, obviously, many have immense pertinence to our own time: the factors that have brought about the industrialization of primitive communities, those that inhibit or stimulate the growth of population, and—perhaps even more exciting in the history of ideas—those that led to the discovery and habit of truth. All of these matters have a direct bearing on our social and political situation, whether it be vis-à-vis Vietnam, Israel, or Soviet Russia. Historians with this trained sense of human reality and the cause of social change ought to be among the clearest voices in educating and informing the masses. They ought to be as pressing with advice to governments as economists or scientists. Yet they are silent or unheeded. History, which has ceased to be the interpretation of heaven and hell, should take its rightful place as the interpreter of human experience. It is time the statesmen listened.

—J. H. Plumb.

Voices from Burning Slums

Rivers of Blood, Years of Darkness, *by Robert Conot (Bantam. 497 pp. Paperback, 95¢), and* ***Black Power—White Resistance: Notes on the New Civil War,*** *by Fred Powledge (World. 282 pp. $6.95), probe respectively for the roots of the 1965 Los Angeles riots and the more recent disturbances in other cities. Edwin M. Yoder, Jr., is associate editor of the Greensboro (N.C.) Daily News.*

By EDWIN M. YODER, JR.

WITH riots searing every major Negro ghetto in the land, we seem today in danger of indulging a national penchant for leaping before looking—less so in the White House, perhaps, than in the Capitol. As this is written, some seek to dam with anti-riot bills a torrent that has been decades or centuries in the making, while others use political first-aid books to diagnose a deep organic ill.

I can imagine no better restraint on such frivolity than a reading of these two new volumes, both depressing but not despairing. Robert Conot, in a brilliant work, establishes himself as *the* historian of the 1965 Los Angeles riot. Fred Powledge, a young North Carolinian who reported for Atlanta and New York papers on the rise and fall of the nonviolent movement, sets the ghetto riots in perspective.

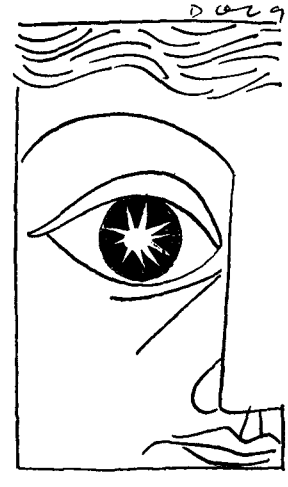
Neither book is a skeleton key to Negro alienation, but both are highly instructive. Indeed, Mr. Conot might well be called the Herman Kahn of the Negro revolution, urging us to think the racially unthinkable (or, at least, as yet unthought) before it's too late. He pitilessly pushes the reader through scenarios of rebellion towards a final, frightening vision of the collapse of the city. Yet both he and Mr. Powledge are among the optimists. Both believe that white America may hear a voice from the burning slums, demanding traditionally American things: good jobs, decent shelter, sufficient education—and, above all, hope and a feeling of acceptance.

Mr. Conot's *Rivers of Blood, Years of Darkness* explores the paradox of Los Angeles, once regarded as a promised land for the Southern emigré Negro, a land over Jordan, and now a blazing pyre for the myth of "racial progress." Those who find it also paradoxical that the ghettoes explode just when Jim Crow's career is ending may learn from Mr. Powledge that the contradiction is only apparent.

Thus Mr. Conot's central argument is that the Los Angeles riots marked a turning point in Negro-white relations which is as significant for us as John Brown's raid was to his time: it "placed on record that the Negro has become a power . . . that, by 1980, he will be able to control many of the major cities of the nation." Even those who doubt the inevitability of urban "black power" must grant the force of the evidence. Yet, if this was the message from Watts, the youthful black sans-culottes articulated it only after much groping.

It all began, that August of 1965, with an arrest for drunken driving which, owing to the arbitrariness of the police and the resistance of the driver and his mother, mounted into an incident. In Los Angeles, where police-Negro relations were poor, such happenings were not uncommon. But that summer an explosive mass awaited detonation. The temperature of both the smoggy atmosphere and human tempers stood high. Wise men saw the outburst coming. The mayor of Los Angeles, initially elected with Negro support, rarely set foot in the city's harshly segregated southeast slums. Mr. Conot says he had not been there at all since his election, but this is as hard to credit as it would be to document. Yet when Bishop James Pike brought his California Advisory Committee to the U.S. Civil Rights Commission to Los Angeles, Mayor Yorty "suggested an investigation of the hearing to determine if it had been Communist inspired."

Although excellent according to its



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

own professional lights, the Los Angeles police department was unattuned to the ghetto's impatience with the white man's law; led by an able but ailing and headstrong chief, the department's attention to slum relations had been, to say the least, relaxed. Above all, in the seething mass there was a mobile group of Negro youth, often living in degraded conditions, lacking authoritative and responsible parents, jobless (the unemployment rate among Negro males in Watts has at times reached 40 per cent), and feeling hopelessly trapped.

These circumstances had stripped Watts of its tenuous allegiance to middle-class standards and values, leaving its young vagrants resentful and filled with fierce, ambivalent racial pride. Thus could an arrest, when complicated by resistance, touch off violence as disproportionate as the cataclysm of 1914-18 was to the murder of an archduke.

These are the all too familiar generalizations, no doubt as applicable to Detroit now as to Los Angeles then, if in smaller degree. But Robert Conot—and it is the great strength of his book—does not deal in abstractions. *Rivers of Blood, Years of Darkness* is almost extravagantly detailed, skillfully juxtaposing dozens of vignettes and case histories of individual rioters with the unfolding rebellion.

And it coheres, for as an underlying theme Conot adopts the Moynihan theory: that the emasculative stamp of slavery still lies on the Negro family, etched more deeply by discrimination, and now reinforced by obtuse welfare regulations. The case histories confirm this. They thread a predictable way through third- and fourth-generation illegitimacy and paternal desertion to the almost inescapable beginnings in the South. (Of the adults arrested during the riots, 60 per cent or more had been born in Southern states; of the juveniles, only 26 per cent came from unbroken homes.) Such evidence is to a Southerner deeply painful, yet it is indisputable.

Fred Powledge's complementary subject in *Black Power—White Resistance* is how this monstrous alienation occurred. He traces the ebb of that time of hope when nonviolent demonstrations brought the white South into a real if brief clash with its conscience. He argues that the legal revolution (epitomized by the 1964 Civil Rights Act and previous examples of voluntary desegregation) offered the semblance of liberation without its core. To knock Jim Crow off the fence was exhilarating; but gradually it was realized that, as some had said all along, old Jim was only a front man for deeper, less tractable economic and social ills.

This disillusionment may best be traced, perhaps, in the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee's abandonment of compassionate, responsible idealism and its succumbing to Stokely Carmichael and the egregious Rap ("spell it any way you want to, honky") Brown.

Mr. Powledge is at his best as a reporter. His almost lyrical evocation of the Albany (Georgia) demonstrations, his shrewd exploration of the "style" of Atlanta's Mayor William Hartsfield are classic.

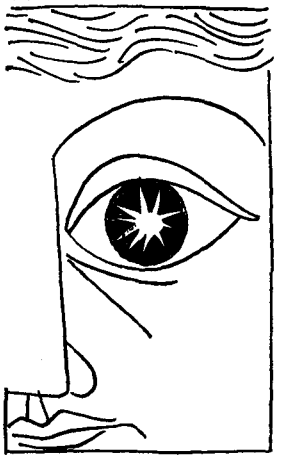
Despite much fine reporting, *Black Power—White Resistance* is flawed in parts by the glibness endemic in metropolitan journalism when it turns, in lordly condescension, to the Great Out Back, and especially the South. Inevitably traveling connoisseurs of crisis representing the major networks and the big newspapers see stable communities only in moments of agony—when the obvious is heightened, the subtle concealed.

No one who has watched a city wallow in indecision over a minor urban project (let alone a big one) could ever again believe the "power structure" myth so wholeheartedly as Mr. Powledge. Moreover, people who must for good or ill coexist 365 days a year do not confront each other every morning with racing hearts and manifestoes. They are not, in Mr. Powledge's curiously esthetic concept, "pure" in their rituals of social change, and it hardly occurs to them that they should be. Since his reporting is so good, and his argument in the main sound, I wish he had submitted his manuscript to a friendly bout with an *avocatus diaboli*—maybe one of his old Chapel Hill sociology professors, who would have hissed some of the more sophomoric generalizations out of the room in short order.

I have no doubt that the "power structures" of Atlanta and Dallas, such as they are, are duly tinctured with cynicism, as Mr. Powledge argues. But it seems like muddled logic to scorn them for changing bad racial habits for professedly expedient reasons. Why not? If the righteous always wore their righteousness like a badge, and if good men did not do evil as often as evil men do good, we should live a beatified existence. But what a bore it would be.

In spite of minor flaws, both these books are vivid and responsible. The citizen who bases his view of the racial crisis on a careful reading of them will not go far wrong. It is, however, striking that both Conot and Powledge believe that some "black power"—some actual control of city apparatuses by Negroes—is inevitable. Conot's vision of an America relentlessly drifting into two separate cities, one affluent, white, and middle class, the other poor, black, and slum-ridden, is frightening.

Perhaps, after all, the iron law of ghettoization will prove as illusory as most iron laws concocted by social determinists. It would be comforting but dangerous to believe so. Our best hope, these two books suggest, is to make the great try at regeneration that will remold the dispossessed and rootless into members of a stable urban society. Either do that, or make ready for unthinkable alienation—perhaps for what Joseph Alsop recently called "a continent-wide South Africa."



Echoes from Sinai

Strike Zion!, *by William Stevenson (Bantam. 142 pp. Paperback, 95¢);* ***Six Days in June: Israel's Fight for Survival,*** *by Robert J. Donovan and the staff of the Los Angeles Times (Signet. 160 pp. Paperback, 75¢), and* ***Lightning Out of Israel: The Six-Day War in the Middle East,*** *by the Associated Press (Prentice-Hall. 159 pp. $4.95), include photographs and first-person narratives in their accounts of the recent conflict. Geoffrey Godsell is a Middle East authority for the Christian Science Monitor.*

By GEOFFREY GODSELL

THESE three books are remarkable feats of journalism and publishing. The two paperbacks were out barely a month after the six-day war in the Middle East was over. The third, the Associated Press's record of the hostilities, took longer to produce; this doubtless played some part in making it in many ways the best of the three, and justifies the publisher's calling it a commemorative edition. Its color photographs are particularly impressive.

But all three books remain journalism rather than history. And, as their titles imply, they relate the story more or less from the Israeli viewpoint. The Arabs, of course, are partly to blame for that, quite irrespective of the merits of one

(*Continued on page* 36)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literary Sea Chest

***Nabokov: His Life in Art**, by Andrew Field (Little, Brown. 397 pp. $8.95), attempts to examine the novelist's entire literary output during the past half-century. Gerald Kersh's most recent novel was "The Angel and the Cuckoo."*

By GERALD KERSH

GOSSIP apart, a writer's life in art is about all the life he ever lives worth mentioning. In the last analysis the best biographies of men of letters are seldom much more than "critical narratives," such as this study of Nabokov is intended to be. A traveling salesman, or a legman on a tabloid, sees more of life at first hand than a Balzac, if he only knew it. By the time that Andrew Jonathan, the "reader to be" to whom, among others, this book is dedicated, is old enough to settle down to it, there will probably be a mass of relevant anecdote to spice it for him which it is neither expedient nor discreet to put out in Nabokov's lifetime.

The literary coyoteries may worry his bones as vogues change, but I don't believe that they will demolish Vladimir Nabokov. There is something purely timeless about *Pnin*, and about *Lolita*, which for all we know may be the Great American Novel. Andrew Field's will not be the last book to be written about him. Meanwhile a work like this has its functions; it does its subject no great harm, will be rewarding to its author, and is likely to be of some comfort to a considerable body of readers who get more spiritual nourishment out of their reading if they can supplement simple enjoyment with a plump capsule of reassuring critical evaluation.

Mr. Field worked hard on this book—there's no getting away from it. In his introductory chapter, "In Place of a Foreword," which is rather charmingly reminiscent both of a boy teaching his grandmother to suck eggs and of a spieler selling lanolin on an Atlantic City boardwalk, he tells of his travails in locating all Nabokov's published writings:

> . . . as I dipped into newspapers, journals, and almanacs gathered from six major libraries around the world, I soon realized that the Rowohlt bibliography was anything but complete, and so I went through almost every journal and almanac published in the emigration and approximately three decades of newspapers on microfilm and pages too brown and brittle to turn quickly without seriously damaging them; every page had to be examined closely for that little poem or book review that might be stuck in a corner. Because at this writing there are probably not ten people who have read even eighty per cent of what Nabokov has written, *Nabokov: His Life in Art* is . . . a sea chest containing excerpts from and allusions to hundreds of valuable and precious documents, forgotten or completely unknown . . .

In other words, newsprint is friable; and Field, going out to find everything a vigorous and dedicated creative writer put out in the course of fifty years or so, had to dig for it.

But I am by no means sure that Vladimir Nabokov will be altogether grateful to him for his labor, any more than Gogol would have been to the busybody who discovered an unburned copy of *Hans Küchelgarten*. Nabokov chooses to remember nothing of *A Verse Brochure*, privately printed in St. Petersburg in 1914, except that it was in a violet paper cover and bore a motto from *Romeo and Juliet*. "Barring the discovery of an old family album or trunkful of papers somewhere in Leningrad," it is lost, Mr. Field says. Mercifully so, I venture to add; for there never was a man of sensibility but suffered pangs of shame sharp as physical agony at the laying bare of his first work. He put into it everything he had that was good, true, and beautiful, and it came out slush.

NABOKOV, who started young and whose youthful output of poetical stuff was large, may yet have occasion to lie squirming with his head under a cushion at what they are apt to unearth and confront him with. In his last chapter, "In Place of a Bibliography," Mr. Field says:

> . . . The complete works of Vladimir Nabokov (with the exception of letters) would, if collected, comprise something between thirty and thirty-five ample volumes. And, if such a Complete Works were to be published with facing English or Russian texts where necessary, the project would grow to well over fifty volumes. Although such a project would require at least a decade and many tens of thousands of dollars to complete, I view it as an urgently needed scholarly undertaking awaiting one of our more ambitious university presses . . .

Which would hint that Vladimir Nabokov is already earmarked as a potential host for an entire literary flea circus, complete with side shows—*Evenings with Nabokov*, *In the Footsteps of Nabokov*, *Nabokoviana*, *I Was Nabokov's Aunt*, and all that—and because I love and respect him as an artist, I protest that it is a little too early for this kind of thing. It puts him into a false perspective, it hammers him into the mean mold of compulsory reading, and is likely to kill him before his time. Give the man a chance to finish his work, at least, before you make a career of him.

Nabokov: His Life in Art is painstakingly dovetailed. Andrew Field intended it to be something brand new in the way of criticism:

> The book starts in the middle and moves steadily forward and backward, in chapters that are parabolic, to the middle again in the third from last chapter; it ends, in a manner of speaking, in the middle yet again—but quite a different middle. In short, I have treated Nabokov's novels, poems, stories, plays, and essays as characters in a novel . . .

This, undoubtedly, is quite cute, and no end of a novelty; and yet it makes irritating reading.

The thing at the end, "In Place of an Index," is not an index at all. It is "purposely abbreviated and meant for the use of re-readers only"—for the book "is sufficiently complected so that serious and amusing distortions will result from spot-reading it. We 'read' novels," says Mr. Field, "(or we are supposed to) but we spot-read or 'use' criticism, and usefulness by itself, important though it is, ought not to be cultivated as an ultimate purpose or value in literature or literary criticism."

So he, with a waggish schoolteacher's mild malice aforethought, sacrifices some of the potential usefulness of his work to a scarcely justifiable literary pretension. The reader who has paid $8.95 for a book of this kind and feels that he is entitled to adequate documentation is likely to regard *Nabokov: His Life in Art* as something of a flirtatious impertinence, the work of a remarkably clever young man who, for all his protestations, likes the sound of his own voice rather better than the one he raises it in praise of, and so, by vanity, defeats his own avowed object.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Disillusionment of a Visionary

Rudyard Kipling: Realist and Fabulist, *by Bonamy Dobrée (Oxford University Press. 244 pp. $5.75), maintains that the frequently derided "champion of empire" was not only a truly great writer but had a nobility of character that is often overlooked. Orville Prescott's latest book is "In My Opinion."*

By ORVILLE PRESCOTT

LESS than a year after the publication of J. I. M. Stewart's admirable *Rudyard Kipling*, which deftly combined biography and criticism, comes another excellent book on the master storyteller and popular poet: *Rudyard Kipling: Realist and Fabulist*, by Bonamy Dobrée. Mr. Stewart's book, although full of astute insights, is primarily a fine introduction. Mr. Dobrée's, although engaging in its enthusiasm and entirely readable in its prose, is more like a series of lectures for postgraduate lovers of Kipling.

Bonamy Dobrée, an Oxford literary scholar of formidable erudition and co-editor of *The Oxford History of English Literature*, has written numerous works on seventeenth- and eighteenth-century books and authors. His approach to Kipling is personal and original. Some four-fifths of this volume are a consideration of Kipling's prose writings, the journalism as well as the fiction, not so much to analyze their merits and shortcomings as to find evidence of Kipling's basic ideas and convictions, and his intuitive responses to the problems and mysteries of life. So this is not a book of conventional critical reappraisal. It is a book about a complex, contradictory, brilliant, wise, and sometimes foolish man as he revealed himself in his writings.

Anyone who cherishes prejudices against Kipling as a conservative in politics and champion of empire should find this study a revelation. Mr. Dobrée shows with copious quotations and enlightening commentary just how wide and deep were Kipling's sympathies, how acute his sense of the tragic significance of life, how consistent his compassion, and how haunted he was by his painful awareness of despair and the sickness of the soul he called "the Horror of the Great Darkness."

Kipling's religion, personal and never formulated, included belief in immortality and in something very like predestination. His political beliefs, violent in his younger days, mellowed as he grew older. He did not believe in democracy, but he loved and understood humble people. Often his anger at incompetence, folly, stupidity, and sloth boiled over into righteous wrath and shrill denunciation. But he learned to accept the unsatisfactory state of political affairs, as all reasonable men must. This was, remarks Dobrée, "the curve, the perfectly normal curve—a young man with aspirations and larger vision, his disillusion in face of the unamenable facts of political life and the imperfect nature of man, then resignation, and acceptance of things as they are."

Probably the essence of Kipling's belief about progress, history, and mankind was expressed in one sentence when he said: "Remember always that, except for the appliances we make, the rates at which we move ourselves and our possessions through space, and the words we use, nothing in life changes."

Throughout this book Mr. Dobrée makes illuminating observations and frequently fresh and provocative statements. He believes, as indeed he ought, that Kipling was a very great writer. That's to be expected. But he shows that there was a nobility in Kipling's character which is easy to overlook. His brash pugnacity and his unreliable sense of humor (too often crude and malicious) get in the way, and we forget or fail to notice the many signs of humility and lovingkindness, of empathy with the suffering and heavy-laden.

In writing of Kipling's verses, Mr. Dobrée pays tribute to its dazzling technical virtuosity, admits that many of the pieces are mediocre, and then goes on to show that scores of them are true poems, subtle and moving evocations of deep emotion and painful thought.

It was as natural for Kipling to write verse as prose. In both kinds of writing he delighted in his craftsmanship and in displaying his skill. But, says Mr. Dobrée, "when the thought lent itself to what we call poetry, or the emotion was deep enough, the 'verse' became 'poetry.'" And often in such cases Kipling used a simpler metrical form, forsaking the prancing rhythms of his more mechanical verse.

Mr. Dobrée claims greatness for such notable poems as "Cities and Thrones and Powers," "The Looking Glass," "Heriot's Ford," "The Way Through the Woods," and "Gethsemane." Whether he claims too much I do not know. But I do know that Mr. Dobrée is eloquent and persuasive.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

ZOOEY

No wonder many species of animals are becoming extinct, considering the number of them used up by authors. Here's a new flock, corralled by Jean Anne Waterstradt of Ogden, Utah, who asks you to complete each title by plucking the right beast from the second column, and then to assign the right author from the list. The gates open on page 42.

Roan _____ ( )
Too Late the _____ ( )
The Wings of the _____ ( )
The _____ *of God* ( )
_____ *Song* ( )
The _____ *Gather* ( )
The Caged _____ ( )
_____ *Island* ( )
O to Be a _____ ( )
_____ ( )
Old Possum's Book of Practical _____ ( )
The Isle of _____ ( )
_____ *at the Gates* ( )
A _____ *Too Frequent* ( )
The _____ *Park* ( )
The Ghost of the _____ ( )

Apes	1. Taylor Caldwell
Buffaloes	2. T. S. Eliot
Cats	3. Anatole France
Deer	4. Christopher Fry
Dogs	5. Jean Giraudoux
Dove	6. Gerard Manley Hopkins
Dragon	7. Eugène Ionesco
Eagles	8. Henry James
Goat	9. Robinson Jeffers
Penguin	10. Jonson and Nashe
Phalarope	11. Wyndham Lewis
Phoenix	12. Vachel Lindsay
Rhinoceros	13. Norman Mailer
Skylark	14. Marianne Moore
Stallion	15. Alan Paton
Tiger	16. Franz Werfel

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No More Rapport

The Time of Friendship, *by Paul Bowles (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 215 pp. $4.95), the first collection of short stories the author has published in seventeen years, castigates the absurdity of contemporary society. James Friend teaches at Chicago State College and frequently reviews for Panorama magazine of the Chicago Daily News.*

By JAMES FRIEND

EIGHTEEN years ago Paul Bowles stepped out of the rank and file of American writers to become a sort of minor prophet, directing his wrath against the pervasive deterioration, mechanization, and absurdity of the postwar, existential society surrounding him. During that time his novels and short stories have evolved into a more personal and violent attack against twentieth-century man's effort to forge his own reality by playing God in a world where God was dead. Perhaps because of this shift of theme—from an all-encompassing to a specific indictment of our present ills—his most recent work has been his least successful.

It is a pleasant surprise then to see Mr. Bowles resorting to a restatement of his earlier, more general commentary about our world in his new collection of stories, *The Time of Friendship*. Even more rewardingly, this present volume contains some of the finest writing Bowles has yet produced, including two or three stories that can hold their own against the best short fiction written anywhere in the last two decades.

The title story is a beautifully ironic comment on E. M. Forster's epigraph to *Howards End*. Whereas Forster's plea of "Only connect . . ." finds eventual, if tragic, fulfillment, Bowles's tale of the lonely Fräulein Windling and the poor Moslem boy, Slimane, ends in frustration and the realization that while "the people no longer wanted to go on living in the world they knew . . . a new generation requires a new technique if one is to establish contact." It is not so much the lack of such technique which prevents a final, personal connection between the elderly schoolteacher and her quickly, devotedly maturing young friend as it is the resumption of the old standbys hate and war.

And as if to rationalize—indeed to justify—the individual's failure to free himself from these premeditated, perverse hostilities (and thus gain the latitude to provide a time for friendship), Bowles follows his title story with a series of tales devoted to the concept that "*Le temps qui coule ici n'a plus d'heures*": there is no longer a sense of time here, or in fact anywhere.

In "Tapiama" a Danish photographer struggles toward freedom despite his realization that such a pursuit is governed by the law of diminishing returns, whereby, in the last analysis, freedom becomes "the state of being totally, instead of only partially, subject to the tyranny of chance." And instead of assuming the heroic proportions he has striven for, the photographer is left, finally, embittered, enslaved, and absurd —relegated to the subhuman role of "a very comic bird" refusing to fight for its independence for fear that no one will like it.

In the most frightening of Bowles's excursions into personal freedom a middle-aged and recently divorced man plots the diabolically simple mass murder of fifteen random commuters whose sole idiosyncrasy seems to lie in the fact that they enjoy chewing gum. The crime, however, is only a futile means to the more significant end of exploring an individual's determination to extract from his mind "whatever by-products it could furnish . . . engaging in the most elaborate intrigues . . . exhausting himself in inventing disguises with which to surprise."

This determination in Bowles's stories sets friend against friend, son against father, and eventually man against man. Rapport between men is no longer possible in an age when mechanization inevitably leads to the existential and the absurd because man has lost contact with or has distorted the magic that lay within the Romantic heritage of his past.

Paul Bowles—"minor prophet."

Garden Made Eden: Every season publishers spend thousands of dollars launching the works of young novelists who, perhaps because they have nothing more to say, are never heard from again. Joy Cowley may well be the exception. Although in her first novel she has handicapped herself with a slight and reminiscent plot, her characterizations have a strength, subtlety, and lack of sentimentality suggestive of a young Katherine Anne Porter.

Nest in a Falling Tree (Doubleday, $4.95) is the familiar tragedy of a spinster whose enslavement to her mother has frustrated her normal emotions. Although the story is set in New Zealand (where Mrs. Cowley lives) it could just as well be Connecticut or Kansas or California—anyplace where the neighbors have the time to twitter about the minutiae of each others' lives. For the last twenty years Maura Prince, the narrator, has spent herself on the care of her mother, who has a bad heart and who has within the last year become blind. Maura, aged forty-two when the book begins, has grown prematurely old, accepting her mother's standards, her mother's friends, her mother's limitations as her own. In her loneliness she has not the strength to rebel against her parent's nagging and demands.

Into this static, dreary world comes eighteen-year-old Red (whom Mrs. Prince insists on calling Percy) to tend the garden in exchange for room and board. He is as immature as Maura is repressed—a spoilt, lazy, self-indulgent liar. Yet his boyish ways and fear of the dark appeal to her, and when Mrs. Prince spends five weeks in the hospital with a heart attack, Maura finds release for her emotions in an affair with Red that is partly sexual, partly maternal. She also begins to taste the delights of freedom—the pleasure of buying herself a pretty dress which gives her a figure, the fun of skipping dinner and eating fish and chips instead, the joy of buying things for Red and receiving a birthday present from him.

Inevitably Mrs. Prince's return from the hospital precipitates a crisis. She senses immediately the change in her daughter and tries to fight it. Mrs. Cowley does a magnificent job of showing three people trapped by their own weaknesses. If the ending is predictable, she nevertheless manages to make it real and moving, a satisfactory climax to a subtle, engrossing novel.

—ELIZABETH EASTON.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Baronial Bestiary: Great Pan is not dead, and a straw-blonde French girl, in a first novel, shows us a group of howling celebrants and goat-footed pipe players in a bacchanalia that starts in the Basque country several generations ago, whoops through the most magnificent dwellings of Paris, and ends back where it began, with a butcher-knife filicide. *La Satyre* (translated from the French by Elinor Smith Muller; World, $3.95) is just the reading for August, as all France heads south towards primitive nature rites and *la pipérade*. In scarcely more than 100 pages Virginie des Rieux packs an account of the rise of the Borchemiel family and its union with the Le Houtres, replete with cameo portraits of its distinguished members and their associates, as well as numerous episodes to exhibit them in their antics.

Which characters shall I describe to give you a sampling? Papa Borchemiel, perhaps, a barber's son grown fabulously rich, always telling his atrocious spoonerisms, as at the wedding of his big-bottomed daughter to Baron Le Houtre; his favorite parlor trick is to kick his attorney around the room. Surely the Baroness, strutting through drawing rooms and bedrooms; on the first night of her honeymoon she treated her husband so sadistically that forevermore he is a groveling thing. Or her sisters: the Baroness joins them in black masses presided over by one Delphica de Cappadoce, who lashes them with jewel-studded whips until the four naked women fall on each other tearing and biting. The Baroness's son is Déodat, a blue-eyed monster who rides his stallion across Paris at a gallop, plays an electric organ in the dead of night, unbuttons himself completely at state dinners. But my sampling is too squeamish to do them justice: there are also a vicious chauffeur, a bestial lady's maid, the tutor Count Septimus of Tribulce who is peppered with buckshot by Déodat and then raped by the Baroness.

What does this all mean? Is the novel a *roman à clef* in which the author is caricaturing with venom some people she has known? At least one French reviewer hinted at "character assassination." The curious title might just as well mean "pamphlet" as "female satyr." Is it social satire aimed at the nabob? There are bits strongly reminiscent of Zola and Daudet novels. Or is it sensationalism and eroticism, with nothing more in the author's mind than to strike the public's eye, already blear from reading other such maiden efforts?

I frankly don't know but, whatever it is, it is pretty awful.

—Laurent LeSage.

Criminal Record

The Cask. *By Freeman Wills Crofts. Introduction by James Nelson. Norton.* $4.50. The first book (1924) by an accepted master of the *roman policier* is here restored to print in hard covers—a publishing event. The scene: London, Paris.

The Golden Trap. *By Hugh Pentecost. Dodd, Mead.* $3.95. When murder erupts in Manhattan's poshest pad, resident manager Pierre Chambrun marshals forces to solve case having its roots in France's wartime resistance era; Mark Haskell, hostelry's public relator, tells the story with vigor and zip.

Murder One. *By Dorothy Kilgallen. Random House.* $5.95. Six U.S. capital trials covered by noted Hearst crime reporter (largely N.Y. and 1930s) are summarized in these frequently shocking recitals; most attention is focused on Dr. Sam Sheppard's appearances at the bar of justice (1954 and 1964); author's own deposition in first was of prime importance.

Dark and Bloody Ground. *By Betsey B. Creekmore. Fell.* $5.95. On January 30, 1900, the governor-elect of Kentucky was gunned down on the steps of the capitol at Lexington; even today the assassination "produces an occasional repercussion," notes the author; the murderer was never identified. All the ascertainable facts are here assembled, with fictionized trimming.

Game Without Rules. *By Michael Gilbert. Harper & Row.* $4.95. British counterintelligence duo (plus dog) court death and inflict it in a series of thrillers wherein the continuity is beautifully integrated; superbly written, too. Loud hurrahs!

The Elephant Valley. *By Finis Farr. Arlington House.* $5. CIA vet who is sure he is being put out to pasture finds New York assignment rather a tough one to retire on. This title will make an altogether admirable addition (with laughs) to your shelf of Washingtoniana (D.C. variety, that is).

Requiem in Utopia. *By Richard Starnes. Trident.* $4.95. Cold war warms up momentarily in shivery Stockholm when top Yank newshawk seeks meeting with Sweden's "venerable pacificator"; CIA may not enjoy; bones shatter, teeth are swallowed, Anglo-Saxon spoken here.

The Long Pursuit. *By Jon Cleary. Morrow.* $4.50. Seven people-in-a-pickle (one a Dutch lass) seek safety in cross-Sumatra trek two months after Pearl Harbor. A sizzler of a chase, with strong present-day overtones.

Night of Clear Choice. *By Doris Miles Disney. Crime Club.* $3.95. If you like child-kidnapping stories (we don't) this should be your bitter cup of tea, despite its intricacy (or because of it). Area covered is largely coastal Connecticut, central Pennsylvania.

The Uncommitted Man. *By R. E. Pickering. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* $4.50. Ex-British officer, fortyish, now salesman on Continent, finds self entangled with Central European politics, not to say rackets; excursion from Vienna to Budapest puts him in dire peril. Excellent hot-chase bit.

The Kessler Legacy. *By Richard Martin Stern. Scribners.* $4.95. U.S. scholar flies to Austrian Tyrol to learn how anti-Hitler German met death in glacier country—if he did. Fine straightforward narrative has sharply drawn characters, grand scenery.

Best Detective Stories of the Year: 22nd Annual Collection. *Edited by Anthony Boucher. Dutton.* $4.50. This latest assemblage of top-flight tales begins and ends with an entry from *The New Yorker*. Humorous angle is deliberately and effectively stressed.

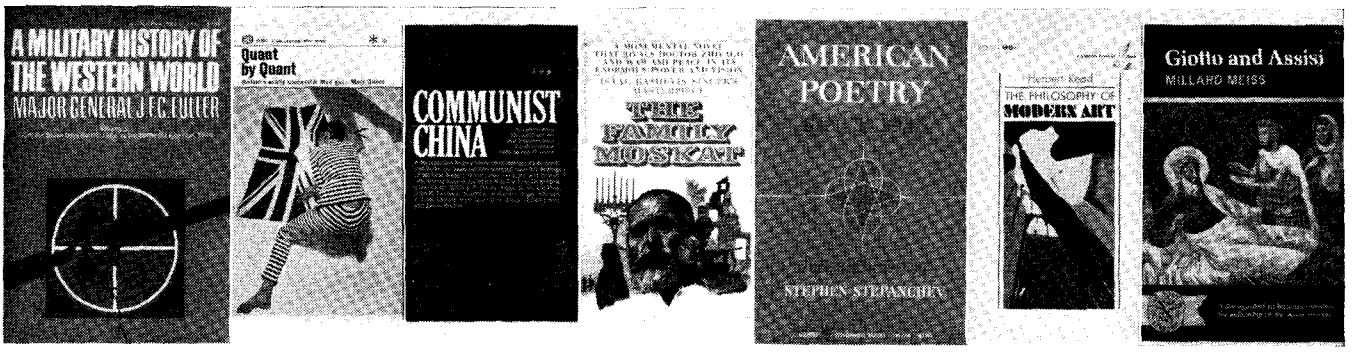
Larger Than Life. *By Dino Buzzati. Translated from the Italian by Henry Reed. Walker.* $3.95. This variation on an ancient mythological theme is a read-at-a-sitting parable with science-fiction overtones, and it is skillfully put together. The setting is the Italian Alps.

The Shelton Conspiracy. *By Rae Foley. Dodd, Mead.* $3.95. When Vietnam hero and his bride are found shot to death in their rural Connecticut home the groom's brother, a famous roving reporter, seeks answers, but townspeople are tight-lipped as all get-out.

Unhallowed Murder. *By Simon Nash. Roy.* $3.50. Inspector Montero, CID, and his donnish friend Adam Ludlow join forces in order to get at why and when aged vicar of London church took bullet in chest; Popish practices are deplored and defended. Highly recommended to clergy of all faiths and to the laity as well.

—Sergeant Cuff.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

In this long tragic summer of violence in the nation's cities, Robert Conot's *Rivers of Blood, Years of Darkness* (Bantam, 95¢) is timely and illuminating (see page 28). *Rivers* is an original paperback, and its subject is the first racially atomic explosion, the Watts riots in Los Angeles in 1965. The thirty-eight-year-old author, who works for a suburban Los Angeles newspaper, started out to write a series of articles on the riots. "But after four or five months," he says, "it got deeper and deeper and wouldn't stop." He became as much the hunted as the hunter while he searched through the National Guard records, stacks of statements by civil rights groups and civic leaders. Most of his research was spent on the Watts streets, using his reporter's ear and eye. "There was really no difficulty in talking to people," says Conot. "They were anxious to talk." He perfected a collective-interview technique, getting a group together, effacing himself, letting them talk until they forgot him in the heat of discussion. "Watts was pivotal," Conot says. "Only after Watts could we really understand Richard Wright and James Baldwin—understand, I mean, the real depth of hostility and anger in the Negro. Nonviolence is merely a stage, now left behind. It had and has little or no effect on the lives of lower-class Negroes." Conot predicted the more intensive violence that erupted this summer. The solutions are implicit in his book: the Negro must have a decent job, a decent place to live, a decent chance to advance himself and to enjoy a decent measure of self-respect. And, Conot says, "it has to start in school at the lowest level. Nine out of ten children growing up in the urban ghettoes will be arrested sometime. It's cheaper to keep them in school than in jail."

There are all kinds of fresh paperback series these days. Ballantine has one called Mod Books, featuring Michael Chaplin's *I Couldn't Smoke the Grass on My Father's Lawn* (60¢) and *Quant by Quant*, in which the queen of mods tells what it's like to be young, merry and Mary. . . . Funk & Wagnalls' new wide-ranging line is called Minerva Press and includes, in three volumes, *A Military History of the Western World* ($3.95 each) and Martin Williams's *Where's the Melody?* (October, $2.50), subtitled "A Listener's Introduction to Jazz." Little Paperback Classics (35¢ each), Pyramid's latest gimmick, include *The Rubaiyat, Sonnets of Shakespeare,* and O. Henry's *The Gift of the Magi and Other Stories.* They are 5¼ by 3⅝ inches in size. The minibook has arrived. . . . Welcome to Pegasus, whose first publication is *Years of Protest* ($2.50), an anthology of stories, songs, poems, and plays of the Thirties. Twenty-nine-year-old editor Jack Salzman, who earned his Ph.D. with a dissertation on Dreiser, admits his own favorites here are Woody Guthrie songs, a Nathanael West sketch that later appeared in *Miss Lonelyhearts*, and—in the light of hindsight—Whittaker Chambers's classic testimonial to Communism. . . . Over at Bantam these days the telephone operators answer the phone with a cheery "Hello, Doll." No, that musical hasn't been turned into a novel. But the novel *Valley of the Dolls,* by Jacqueline Susann ($1.25), has been making music at the cash registers. To date 5,350,000 copies have been printed. It's really a terrible book—but oh you doll-ar.

—Rollene W. Saal.

Fiction

In an era of "small" novels, Isaac Bashevis Singer's *The Family Moskat* (Bantam, $1.25) stands apart as some sort of literary colossus. This big, rich book about the turbulent and changing Warsaw ghetto follows the events in the life of one ample Jewish family and in so doing recreates all Eastern European Jewry, which vanished with the Second World War. An altogether different kind of novel, also interwoven with folklore from a Judaic past, is Elie Wiesel's *The Gates of the Forest* (Avon Library, 95¢). What happens to a young boy who survives the Nazis through supreme resourcefulness is transmuted into a mythic tale about Everyman's endurance.

Often the publication in paperback gives us a chance to rediscover a novel praised by the critics but too quickly gone from the literary scene. Such a book is Charles Simmons's highly individual *Powdered Eggs* (Crest, 60¢), which won the William Faulkner Award for the best first novel of 1964. Unabashedly honest, it is an outrageous story whose free-swinging hero, a renegade Catholic, is the peppery cousin-under-the-skin to that other untameable, Sebastian Dangerfield of *The Ginger Man.* James Purdy's *The Nephew* (Noonday, $1.95) gathers a grotesque assortment of characters when an elderly schoolteacher begins collecting information about her young relative, missing in Korea, to write a memorial about him. Small-town America, at least in Purdy novels, is peopled with the oddest company. William H. Gass's *Omensetter's Luck* (Signet, 95¢) also does some reflecting on rural Americana; here, in the Midwest, the confrontation of evil and good crackles with the authority of Sinclair Lewis's *Elmer Gantry.*

Art

One of the best surveys of British buildings, which is a manner of looking at Great Britain itself, is *A History of English Architecture* (Pelican, $2.45), by Peter Kidson, Peter Murray, and Paul Thompson. This handsomely illustrated handbook reviews England's past from the early crypts and cathedrals of the Anglo-Saxons to the rococo magnificence of Brighton's Pavilion. Another Englishman who has often had the last word on contemporary esthetics is Sir Herbert Read. His thoughtful volume *The Philosophy of Modern Art* (Fawcett/Premier, 95¢) meanders through the major schools of twentieth-century painting, stopping to dwell on the essence of such individual and unique artists as Picasso, Matisse, and Klee. Robert Goldwater's *Primitivism in Mod-*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ern Art (Vintage, $2.45) was a pioneer study when it was first published just before World War II. Perhaps thanks to it today no one questions the kinship between a Picasso face and a jungle mask, for Goldwater's book provides relevant answers to why sophisticated artists have turned to the linear simplicity of pagan culture.

Some artistic mysteries are dispelled only partially by such scholarly researches as that of Peter J. Ucko and Andrée Rosenfeld in *Palaeolithic Cave Art* (McGraw-Hill, $2.45). The Stone Age paintings and low-relief sculpture that decorate the caves of France and Spain have confounded scholars, who are still trying to determine whether the profusion of lions and owls, bisons and hunters represents day-by-day happenings or more mystic and symbolic expressions of primitive life. In any case, the illustrations in this abundant book give a fine sense of the surprising variety and complexity of cave artistry. Also somewhat specialized, but interesting in its reproductions of frescoes, is Millard Meiss's *Giotto and Assisi* (Norton, $1.65), in which the remarkable biblical paintings from the walls of the Church of St. Francis are depicted in glowing entirety.

Poetry

Few things please a lover of poetry so much as a new anthology, and now two more collections have appeared in paperback: *The Wind and the Rain* (Anchor, $1.25), edited by John Hollander and Harold Bloom, and *The Poem Itself* (Schocken, $2.45), which was edited by Stanley Burnshaw with the capable assistance of Dudley Fitts, Henri Peyre, and John F. Nims. The Hollander-Bloom assortment is difficult to define, so personal is the selection. Classified by the temper of the poem for the most appropriate season of the year, it emphasizes romantic verse—Tennyson, Swinburne, Shelley, and especially Thomas Lovell Beddoes ("If there were dreams to sell, what would you buy?"). Rather than attempt to reconstruct their verse into some approximate English rendering, the Burnshaw volume presents forty-five literal translations of modern poets—Rilke, Baudelaire, Antonio Machado, Salvatore Quasimodo—followed by an interpretive essay on each. *SR*'s John Ciardi comments, "An exciting and radical departure in the art of translation. . . . Certainly the best way anyone has yet found to get an English-speaking reader to the poetry of other languages."

In another of Noonday Reader's Guide series, *Six Metaphysical Poets* ($2.25), George Williamson explores both the biographical and poetic values of John Donne, George Herbert, Richard Crashaw, Abraham Cowley, Henry Vaughan, and Andrew Marvell. The preening brilliance and sophisticated metaphor of these highly cerebral poets is displayed against the background of the seventeenth century. A wide selection of the wit, satire, and purest lyricism of that century's genius is contained in an excellent little book, *The Selected Poetry of Marvell* (Signet, 95¢), edited by Frank Kermode, which is well fortified with textual commentary and top-rate notes. More scholarly but of historical interest is Maurice Evans's *English Poetry in the Sixteenth Century* (Norton, $1.45), a new edition of a classic work that surveys first Tudor then Elizabethan poetry with special reference to Spenser before giving way to the intellectual atmosphere in which poet-preacher John Donne thrived.

Byron called George Crabbe "nature's sternest painter yet the best," but this early nineteenth-century poet is little read today. *George Crabbe: Tales, 1812 and Other Selected Poems* (Cambridge, $2.75), edited by Howard Mills, gives a varied representation of his narrative verse, carefully detailed, realistic, sometimes mockingly ironic.

Also noted: *American Poetry Since 1945* (Harper/Colophon, $1.60), by Stephen Stepanchev, will interest anyone who cares about the front-line activity on today's poetry scene. Highlights focus on Robert Lowell, Richard Wilbur, Denise Levertov, Allen Ginsberg.

China

"The great quantity of literature on China is, ironically, one of the main obstacles to understanding," write Franz Schurmann and Orville Schell in *Communist China* (Vintage, $2.45), the third volume in a three-part series entitled "The China Reader" (the first two books deal with Imperial and Republican China). What these well-known sinologists have done then is to present a unified, documentary history compiled from such diverse opinions as those of Mao Tse-tung and James Reston, Dean Rusk and Chou En-lai. One of the men quoted amply is Derk Bodde, familiar with China of the 1930s and on the spot during the 1948-49 revolution. *Peking Diary* (Fawcett/Premier, 95¢), the first in a new Political Perspective series, recalls the events that dramatically and swiftly changed the character of a great city and eventually an entire nation. From even more recent accounts emerges a picture of the vastness and complexity of modern Chinese life and thought. In *Red China Today* (Fawcett/Crest, 75¢) Hugo Portisch, a Viennese journalist, emphasizes the country's isolation from the mainstream of civilization as Westerners know it and explains how the particular brand of Spartan Communism practiced within her borders can be an accepted way of life. Novelist Hans Koningsberger's *Love and Hate in China* (Signet, 75¢) is an intensely personal journal, crammed with word pictures of the populace—drag coolies pulling torturous loads, the population of Nanking turning out en masse for their evening stroll.

John K. Fairbank's *Chinese Thought and Institutions* (University of Chicago/Phoenix, $2.95) underscores the importance of Confucian ideas in modern philosophical ideology. A good accompaniment to the Fairbank book is Henry McAleavy's *The Modern History of China*, which traces political thought from the subtleties of Confucius to Marx's hard-headed pragmatism.

One of the most opulent additions to the Kennedy bookshelf, *John Fitzgerald Kennedy . . . As We Remember Him*, originally $15 in its splendid hardcover edition, has just been published in an unabridged and handsome $2.95 Macmillan paperback. Together the photographs and recollections of family and friends recall a joyous, vibrant life.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Checklist of New Books

Crime, Suspense

MORTISSIMO. By P. E. H. Durston. Random House. $4.95.

SCUTARI. By Mladin Zarubica. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.95.

Current Affairs

THE CIVIL RIGHTS READER: Basic Documents of the Civil Rights Movement. By Leon Friedman. Walker. $6.50.

THE DRAGON'S EMBRACE: The Chinese Communists and Africa. By Emmanuel John Hevi. Praeger. $5.95.

Fiction

AN EXILE. By Madison Jones. Viking. $4.50.

HOMETOWN. By M. J. Meaker. Doubleday. $5.95.

THE IRISH GAME. By J. R. Lowell. Prentice-Hall. $3.95.

THE MOONFLOWER COUPLE. By John Fairchild. Doubleday. $4.95.

THE RAKE AND THE REBEL. By Ira J. Morris. Morrow. $5.95.

THE RAMSDEN CASE. By David Chandler. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

RETURN OF THE SPHINX. By Hugh MacLennan. Scribners. $5.95.

SEVEN DAYS AT THE SILBERSTEINS. By Etienne Leroux. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

SHARK ISLAND. By Maurice Edelman. Random House. $4.95.

A WASTE OF SHAME. By Edward McNamara. Vanguard. $5.95.

History

AGE OF AKHENATEN. By Elinore Bille-de-Mot. McGraw-Hill. $12.

THE BASTARD WAR: The Mesopotamian Campaign of 1914-1918. By A. J. Baker. Dial. $7.50.

THE ENLIGHTENMENT. Edited by Nicholas Capaldi. Putnam. $6.95.

FLORENCE: The Days of the Flood. By Franco Nencini. Stein & Day. $4.95.

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW. By R. F. Delderfield. Atheneum. $5.95.

TIBET: A Political History. By Tsepon W. D. Shakabpa. Yale Univ. Press. $10.

TRADE AND EXPANSION IN HAN CHINA: A Study in the Structure of Sino-Barbarian Economic Relations. By Ying-shih Yü. Univ. of California Press. $6.75.

THE WORKS OF JAMES WILSON. Edited by Robert Green McCloskey. Harvard Univ. Press. Two vols., $17.50.

Literary History, Criticism

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER: A Portrait in Paradox. By Edward Wagenknecht. Oxford Univ. Press. $6.50.

LITERARY CRITICISM AND HISTORICAL UNDERSTANDING. Edited by Phillip Damon. Columbia Univ. Press. $5.50.

A LITERARY HISTORY OF ENGLAND. Edited by Albert C. Baugh. Meredith. $14.95.

Miscellany

CANADA'S NORTH. By R. A. J. Phillips. St. Martin's. $10.

CHAUCER'S WORLD: A Pictorial Companion. By Maurice Hussey. Cambridge Univ. Press. Hardbound, $6.50. Paperback, $2.75.

THE INTERPRETATION OF AGREEMENTS AND WORLD PUBLIC ORDER: Principles of Content and Procedure. By Myres S. McDougal, Harold D. Lasswell, and James C. Miller. Yale Univ. Press. $9.75.

OOPS! OR, LIFE'S AWFUL MOMENTS. By Art Linkletter. Doubleday. $3.95.

RUN TOWARD THE NIGHTLAND: Magic of the Oklahoma Cherokees. By Jack Frederick Kilpatrick and Anna Gritts Kilpatrick. Southern Methodist Univ. Press. $5.

Personal History

DANTON: A Biography. By Robert Christophe. Doubleday. $6.95.

FROZEN SHIPS: The Arctic Diary of Johann Miertsching, 1850-1854. Edited by L. H. Neatby. St. Martin's. $7.95.

JONES VERY: The Effective Years 1833-1840. By Edwin Gittleman. Columbia Univ. Press. $12.50.

NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA. By Robert K. Massie. Atheneum. $10.

THE WAY TO REHEMA'S HOUSE. By Hope Spencer. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

THE WIND AND BEYOND: Theodore von Kármán, Pioneer in Aviation and Pathfinder in Space. By Theodore von Kármán with Lee Edson. Little, Brown. $10.

WITH PREJUDICE: The War Memoirs of Marshal of the Royal Air Force, Lord Tedder, G.C.B. Little, Brown. $10.

Psychology, Sociology

HIDE AND SEEK: The Effect of Mind, Body, and Emotion on Personality and Behavior in Ourselves and Others. By Charles H. Knickerbocker, M.D. Doubleday. $5.95.

ORGANIZING FOR COMMUNITY WELFARE. Edited by Mayer N. Zald. Quadrangle. $7.95.

POVERTY U.S.A. By Thomas Gladwin. Little, Brown. $4.75.

Religion, Philosophy

A CATALOGUE OF SINS: A Contemporary Examination of Christian Conscience. By William F. May. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

FATE, LOGIC, AND TIME. By Steven M. Cahn. Yale Univ. Press. $5.

MERLEAU-PONTY: Existentialist of the Social World. By Albert Rabil, Jr. Columbia Univ. Press. $7.50.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

Echoes

Continued from page 29

side or the other. They have not mastered the art, as have the Israelis, of effectively communicating with those of us whose thought processes and modes of expression are in the Western mold. (Anybody who listened to the Security Council debates in June must have been acutely aware of this.) And the Arabs' constant resort to hyperbole and Semitic absolutisms gives an impression of braggadocio that invites deflation.

There is little doubt that the balance of world public opinion outside Islam supported Israel during the recent war, even in countries such as France and India whose governments took what amounted to pro-Arab stands in the United Nations. In the United States there was near-euphoria at the Israeli victory. Writing in the British weekly *The New Statesman*, the American journalist Andrew Kopkind went so far as to say: "Israel's military 'miracle' has become America's miracle, for some reason." He went on to suggest one reason —vicarious psychological relief after continued frustration in Vietnam.

Be that as it may, few would gainsay that Israel's victory was a brilliant and dramatic feat of arms. William Stevenson—whose name surely should be in heavy type on the cover of *Strike Zion!* instead of Leon Uris's—asserts that the encounter in Sinai was "the greatest tank battle in history, overshadowing El Alamein." Perhaps this is exaggeration; most military observers, however, would probably agree that not only in Sinai but also on the West Bank and the Syrian front the Israelis moved with ruthless and effective precision. Their initial knock-out blow against the Arab air forces gave them unchallengeable advantage on the ground. Above all, they were imbued with the conviction that they were fighting for their lives.

Both Mr. Stevenson and the Associated Press writers of *Lightning Out of Israel* add human interest to their reports by working into the narrative first-person accounts from selected individuals. The AP men, to their credit, have even included some sympathetic vignettes from the Arab side. (To be just to Mr. Stevenson, it should be pointed out that he was commissioned to write a story from the Israeli side.) But recreating direct speech has its pitfalls.

Take, for example, the signal sent by the first Israeli to reach the Suez Canal requesting "permission to wash feet." The AP book reports that when the joke was understood, "permission was quickly granted." In *Six Days in June* the Los Angeles *Times*'s team quotes Israeli General Yoffe as replying, "I said 'no' . . . and he's still unwashed."

All three books deal only superficially with the developments, from the Balfour Declaration onwards, that led up to the emergence of the State of Israel. The Los Angeles *Times*'s book, rather unfairly, quotes only one of the three operative parts of the Declaration. The AP does better, giving two of the three, but has unquestioningly accepted the incorrect version of the events of 1948 which puts the Arab attack on the Hadassah Hospital convoy chronologically ahead of the Zionist attack on Deir Yassin.

It is journalism with a flair—but still not history.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rising Sun in Film's Firmament

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Arthur Knight writes this report both as an SR movie critic and as a member of the Board of Trustees of the American Film Institute.*

IN A RATHER corny Warner Brothers short some years ago, Benjamin Franklin was shown presiding over the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Repeatedly during the reel, his glance fastened on the emblem of a sun carved into the back of one of the chairs. The work concluded, Franklin rose to his feet and said, "Throughout this meeting, I have been wondering if that is a rising sun or a setting sun." Then, voice sinking with emotion, he concluded portentously, "Gentlemen, it is a *rising* sun."

Much the same feeling, although hardly so melodramatically expressed, swept through the room of Washington's Sheraton-Carlton a few weeks ago at the conclusion of the first meeting of the Board of Trustees of the new, controversial American Film Institute. Not that anyone seriously doubted the need for or desirability of such an organization, with its program of advancing American film production, film education, and film archives. Indeed, anyone who was at all aware of the tonic effect of similar institutions abroad was convinced that an American Film Institute was long overdue. The main question, raised in many a querulous editorial and article during the past few months, was: Who would staff and direct its activities? They bespoke an ingrained distaste for the film establishment, and an outright distrust of Hollywood domination.

The Institute's organizational meeting on August 5 not only demonstrated how baseless were such fears, but exposed the parochiality of such thinking. Rarely has a more distinguished group—in the film world, at least—assembled with greater idealism or lack of self-interest. As Board Chairman Gregory Peck emphasized at the opening of the session, the trustees were selected specifically for their ability to see the field as a whole, without commitment to any special segment or approach. "We feel sure," Peck said, "that our strongest critics from the film societies and the so-called Underground will find very quickly that their interests are the concern of us all."

His observation would seem to be amply justified by the program outlined in the all-day inaugural session. Uppermost in the board's planning is developing, and finding outlets for, young American talent in the film field. Arnold Picker, a United Artists executive, spoke of a precedent-shattering plan that would guarantee the production of Institute-sponsored feature films by major companies, the creative control to rest in the hands of those new talents discovered by the Institute. And board member Sherrill Corwin, president of the National Association of Theatre Owners, promised that he would personally "stump the country" to see that these pictures received wide theatrical exposure. In addition, it was emphasized that production money would be sought elsewhere for any worthy project not considered sufficiently commercial by the participating studios.

With the industry committed to the Institute to the tune of a $1,300,000 grant made through the Motion Picture Association of America, the development of new talents becomes a major concern. To date, the biggest barrier to a film career has been the studios themselves. Executives would much rather buy proven talent than find new people, be they writers, directors, or stars—which explains, at least in part, Hollywood's inflated salaries. Until now, the doorway to a film career traditionally has been the theater, TV, or radio. The Institute's plan, if it works, can inject fresh, creative energies directly into the bloodstream of the motion picture industry. "And," as one studio executive observed, "all it would take is the discovery of a single new Elizabeth Taylor to make the whole thing pay for itself." But another Wyler, Trumbo, or James Wong Howe wouldn't be bad, either.

Today, however, only a fraction of the films produced are intended for theatrical distribution; and the Institute's plans—backed by a $1,300,000 Ford Foundation grant earmarked solely for this purpose—include extensive activity in the field of training new filmmakers, be they interested primarily in the documentary, experimental, educational, or dramatic forms. Much of this, it is contemplated, will be channeled through existing facilities now available in colleges and universities across the country; but thought has already been given to the development of a small graduate center where a handful of the most promising and advanced students can make pictures under the immediate guidance of acknowledged masters.

But film-making is only one side of the coin; the audience for films is the other. And in this area, too, the American Film Institute is preparing to take an active role. After all, as Shaw once observed, great audiences make great art. In any case, with a committee headed by Father John Culkin and David Mallery, of the National Association of Independent Schools, efforts will be made to extend the serious study of the medium not only in colleges and universities, but in high schools and elementary schools as well. Supplementing this is a Publications Committee, headed by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., to develop books and pamphlets—perhaps even a magazine—that will advance the levels of film scholarship and appreciation in this country.

And, finally, there is the belated recognition of the fact that the United States, which can legitimately claim the key role in the development of the art of motion pictures, has been shockingly lax in the preservation of that history. At last, funds have been made available to transfer perishable nitrate prints to long-lasting acetate. At last, there is money to search out important films missing from the collections of Eastman House, the Library of Congress, and the Museum of Modern Art. At last, there is the money—and the will—to set up an information-retrieval program that can tell which films are where, who was in them, and what they were all about.

Named as director of the American Film Institute is the dynamic George Stevens, Jr., who transformed the USIA film department from a moribund agency for routine propaganda films into perhaps the most energetic discoverer and developer of documentary film talents in the country. His new role is both important and challenging. But from here, gentlemen, it looks like a rising sun.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

My Horse William

By Carroll Arnett

I HAVE a *real*
horse, said the small
boy as the lady
shut the book
with a final snap.

Oh? said she,
knowing better,
what do you call
your horse? William,
I call him William.

How big, she asked,
having to keep him
ten more minutes,
is your horse William?
Oh *pretty* big.

What, glancing
at her watch, do you feed
William? Buttered
toast, he sneered
and won the joke.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Patterns in Pastel

Los Angeles.

THE ODORI Festival of Japan, on its first American tour, did not get to Broadway, but it enchanted audiences in a three-week engagement, just ended, at the Ahmanson Theater, one of three magnificent theaters in Los Angeles's breathtaking showplace, the Music Center.

With the opening *Flower-Hat Dance and Dance of the Staffs*, it was abundantly clear that the viewer was in for an evening of rich colors, in movement as well as in gorgeous costumes and fanciful props. The hats were not the floppy lawn-party variety; indeed, they were more like canopies of streamered flowers which spiraled out into space as the dancers turned, filling the stage with patterns in pastel. The staffs were used for something rather like baton-twirling and also for those delightful mock duels one finds in almost every dance folklore.

For the Odori Festival is a folk affair. There is nothing of the solemnity of the Noh, nothing of the formality of Gugaku, little of the deliberateness of the Kabuki about it. Rather, it is folk dance and folk music expertly edited and shrewdly theatricalized for the stage. There was variety, of course, for even in the first section of the program (composed of short folk songs and dances), the range of material included not only the flowered hats a-whirl but also *Devil's Sword Dance*; a spellbinding solo on the shamisen (a musical instrument unique to Japan); and one of the loveliest dances I have ever seen, the 300-year-old *Ayako-mai*, danced by three girls who moved with slow and delicate tread as they traced designs in air with the daintiest of gestures, and turned impassive faces to the audience. The accompaniment for this gentle reverie was sweetly vocal rather than instrumental.

The second part of the program was a dance-drama, *The Great Snake of Yamata*, but here again the presentation suggested a street festival with folk players. There were two snakes involved in this version, and they were both fearsome and funny as they tossed their heads and lashed their tails, coiled and uncoiled, and even got tipsy on wine. The costumes and masks for these dragon-like creatures were a show in themselves.

Part Three, *Prayer of Farmers*, was a folk festival of a different sort as the dancers and musicians indicated planting, harvesting, and celebration of yet another cycle in the yield of rice. A decorative bit in this charming suite of dances by the fields and paddies was a dance of two white herons, long of neck, swift and graceful.

The Odori Festival of Japan is another first-rate importation by that indefatigable impresario, S. Hurok, and it is certain that these fine folk artists will return for a more extensive American tour and for a New York season.

* * *

Nearby, in the splendid Dorothy Chandler Pavilion of the Music Center, the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera Association is presenting a new musical (really, an operetta), *Dumas and Son*, a story about Dumas *père* and Dumas *fils*, along with the tale of Camille, set to music of another Camille (Saint-Saëns) as adapted by Robert Wright and George Forrest.

The lavishly produced piece, which is slated for Broadway, has choreography by Tony Charmoli. It is, frankly, incidental dancing, but it is of good quality. One of the short dances, a breezy can-can with just two girls, gets *Dumas and Son* off to a show-stopping start. It isn't merely a sassy choreographic diversion; rather does it define through dance the giddy characteristics of a pair of tarts who play important roles in the narrative itself.

The show as a whole? Well, I think I shall just hold it to what I have said about the agreeable dancing.

Santa Fe.

TWO DAYS before I arrived here, the handsome home of the Santa Fe Opera, set against mountainside and vaulting skies, burned to the ground, leaving nothing but twisted bits of steel. John Crosby, the indomitable and tremendously gifted director of the company, immediately took over the Sweeney gymnasium in a Santa Fe public school and transformed it, almost overnight, into a theater, which the proud folk of Santa Fe renamed "The Sweeney Opera House."

It was here, therefore, that Mr. Crosby presented the American premiere of Hans Werner Henze's *Boulevard Solitude*. (Balletomanes know Henze best for his rather soggy score for Sir Frederick Ashton's three-act *Ondine*, created for Dame Margot Fonteyn.) Just as *Dumas and Son* is a modern (fairly) musical comedy version of *Camille*, *Boulevard Solitude* is an updated version of the opera *Manon* (or, if you prefer, *Manon Lescaut*). There is always something of the tramp about Manon, but

The Odori Festival—"first-rate importation."

in full, elegant skirts it did not show. In post-World War II dress, it does.

The dance public has every reason to be fascinated by this brand-new analysis of Manon, for *Boulevard Solitude* is a choreographed opera. It has no formal dancing in it as such, but Bliss Hebert, the director, has conceived it in choreographic terms and he has had Thatcher Clarke to carry out his ideas in sensual, macabre, decadent movements and rhythms and striking tableaux.

The opening scene is done in slow motion, in changes of position of the characters (we are in a French railroad station), and in those "freezes" which we associate with old, silent movies. Using the slice-of-life technique, one of the scenes shows a man reading a paper, a girl sobbing, and, as a sort of lewd façade, a trio of duos: a sailor embracing a girl, with his hand placed on her buttocks; another sailor being embraced by a girl who caresses him in the same spot; and a third sailor in an identical pose with a boy. Later in the opera, the locale shifts to a library, and here, raffish researchers turn away from their books and, again in slow motion, sink to the floor for an orgy.

This recurring chorus of salacious beings is not real—only Manon, des Grieux, Lescaut, and the chief characters are real—but it mirrors the thoughts, the temptations, the disgusts of the key figures and, in movement, comments upon them. Messrs. Hebert and Clarke have done a stunning job of staging a new and challenging theater work. It will remind you strongly of the Broadway musical *Cabaret*, and of George Balanchine's ballet version of Kurt Weill's *The Seven Deadly Sins*, and very possibly of the Jooss Ballet's old-time favorite, *The Big*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

City; but it will remind you only of the genre, for the choreographic treatment of *Boulevard Solitude* is wholly fresh.

* * *

VICENTE ROMERO is to Santa Fe what José Greco is to Brooklyn—that is, a native son who made good as a Spanish dancer. Romero, who is such a favorite with New Mexico audiences that he can play three of four months annually in his home state alone, was performing at one of Santa Fe's most popular nightclubs, El Nido. He is tall and lanky, rather like a Latin Buddy Ebsen, and highly personable. His supporting ensemble includes not only a Santa Fe girl but also a brilliant guitarist, René Heredia, who played for the late and fabulous Carmen Amaya, and a volcanic Spanish lass (a blonde) named Isabel, who is both a flamenco singer and a gypsy dancer and excels in both areas of endeavor. She is also a winning comedienne—a cutup, a card, a camp.

Romero, who has had Spanish dance training in Santa Fe and ballet studies and intensive coaching in Spain from Pilar Lopez (sister of Argentinita), is not an unforgettable virtuoso (neither is Greco), but he is a good performer. New York has yet to see him, but he is so respected at home that the New Mexico Arts Commission has given him grants which have made possible a tour of twelve universities and theaters in that state. This is logical, for New Mexico has three cultural heritages, that of the American Indian, that of the "Anglo," and that of the Spaniard.

LEE, MASS.

EARLIER this month, the New York City Ballet's Edward Villella, together with his favorite ballerina, Patricia McBride, returned to the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival to perform an ebullient *pas de deux* from Balanchine's delicious evocation of the Commedia dell'Arte, *Harlequinade*, and to dance a new piece, *Pas de Deux*, which he had choreographed himself to music of Louis Gottschalk. The elegant costumes borrowed from Balanchine's *Jewels*, were inappropriate, but the dance itself was totally appropriate to the virtuosic powers of both Villella and Miss McBride. A frothy bit? Yes indeed, but one which showed off the young star's applause-getting skills as a leaper, a turner, and an all-round dancing athlete.

This seventh program in the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival series was not an all-Villella affair. The ravishingly beautiful Carmen de Lavallade was present to dance in John Butler's bitter and beautiful *Portrait of Billie* (Billie Holiday) and in Geoffrey Holder's radiant set of Negro spirituals, *Come Sunday*. To see Miss de Lavallade dance "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands" is to catch a glimpse of heaven itself.

—WALTER TERRY.

Special effects. No special effort.

We designed the KODAK INSTAMATIC M8 Movie Camera for people who want to get special effects into their movies but don't want complicated settings. You load instantly—just drop in the super 8 film cartridge. Never wind—batteries do it for you. And shoot the whole roll without stopping to flip film.

The M8 has four shooting speeds—9, 18, 24 and 32 frames per second—from fast to slow motion. And the power zoom lens lets you go from 9.5mm wide-angle view to 45mm telephoto close-up by touching a button. Manual zoom, too.

Reflex viewing through the lens lets you see exactly what you'll get on the film. The CdS electric eye also operates through the lens for precise exposure accuracy. All this plus the bigger super 8 film format to give you brighter screenings.

The superb KODAK INSTAMATIC M8 Movie Camera is less than $225. See it and the complete line of super 8 KODAK INSTAMATIC Movie Projectors at your Kodak dealer's.

Price subject to change without notice.

Kodak Instamatic® M8
Movie Camera

Kodak

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fresco at Catalonian Museum of Fine Arts—"regal images of the Pantocrator, great staring eyes, oracular hands. . . ."

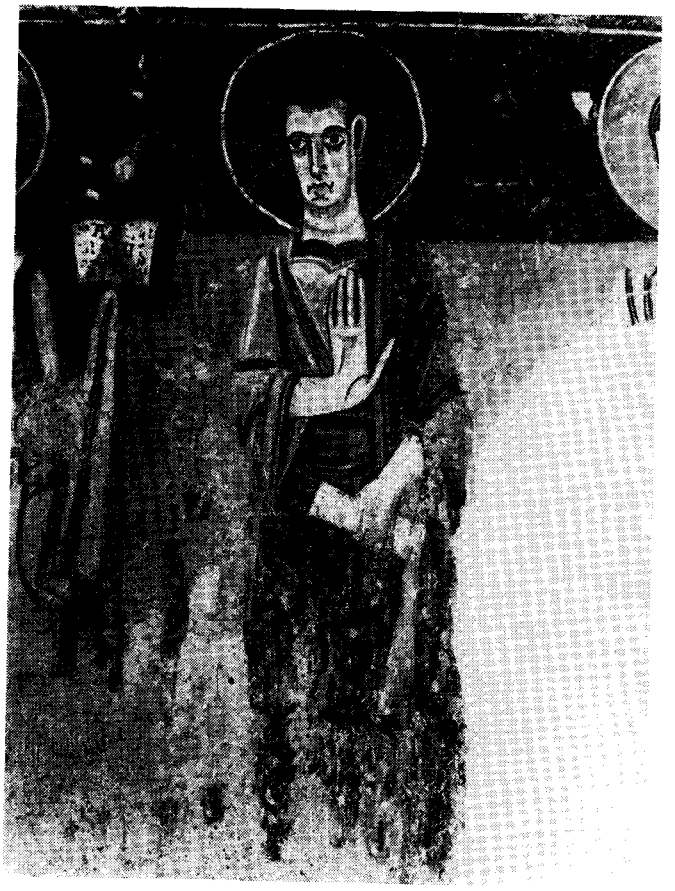


Figure of apostle—"a gutty iconography illuminated by foreboding. . . ."

THE FINE ARTS

Barcelona's Catalonian Treasure House

IN BARCELONA, one rare art experience compensates for several disappointments. I refer to the city's priceless collection of medieval frescoes in the too-little-known Catalonian Museum of Fine Arts.

You can skip the misnamed Modern Art Museum with its motley mess of tedious nineteenth and twentieth-century works, many of them ironically recalling Fascist Spain's archenemy, the Soviet Union. Similar restrictive attitudes toward painting and sculpture characterize both governments. At Barcelona's Modern Museum there are, it is true, several rooms devoted to a kind of stylish international abstraction that, despite bland conformity, would scarcely be acceptable in the U.S.S.R. Yet, in Spain, as in Russia, it is the unpardonable lacunae we most remember. Take Miró, who is present in Barcelona with a print, a beat-up small collage, and an unimportant watercolor sketch; or Dali, with an uninspired trio, the least dull a portrait done when he was sixteen; or Tapies, with a single premature canvas of 1949. One can only ask, where are examples of these artists at their best and where, indeed, are Picasso, Gargallo, Juan Gris, González, and a host of other outstanding Spaniards?

As for the Picasso Museum, this is a snare and delusion. Only recently opened and handsomely housed in a fine, modernized old palace, the much advertised collection includes a few good early works, several desultory later ones, and a plethora of prints familiar to many art-conscious Americans. When the history of Franco is written, his most invidious failure may well be his rejection of Spain's foremost creative minds, notably García Lorca and Picasso. Unless a miracle transpires, the country's greatest twentieth-century artist—perhaps the world's greatest—will be represented in his native land by little more than leftovers.

Even Gaudí, that fascinating darling of the cognoscenti, occasionally disappointed me. Like Barcelona's cavernous but oddly insensitive Gothic cathedral, this architect's late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century buildings are apt to overpower one, not so much by sheer size as by their uncontrolled exuberance. Inventive, if occasionally slightly deranged, these super-Art Nouveau constructions are sometimes successful evocations of nature's abundance, sometimes only fey suggestions of Hänsel and Gretel quaintness. Though Gaudí is a recognized pioneer in the exploration of fluid form and space, the structural clarity of his buildings is too often obscured by idiosyncratic fantasy. His own unbridled imagination seemed to taint the validity of his architectural discoveries. Not so, however, with his masterpiece, the towering, unfinished *Sacra Familia*, which physically and figuratively soars above Barcelona.

All of which finally brings me to the city's unique art experience, its unexcelled

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Catalonian Museum of Fine Arts, sheltering some of the finest Romanesque frescoes in the world. Why these peerless eleventh- and twelfth-century works assembled from nearby churches are so little known to the general public is puzzling, for a like array of medieval painting is a rarity, not to be found in such profusion even in Italy or France. Yet each time I visited this splendid museum it was empty; no tourists; no Barcelonians; only lonely guards.

What makes these frescoes memorable is an unexpected interplay of sober authority with strong individualism. To be sure, they superficially recall Byzantine mosaics, but because they are less hieratic and less rigid, the personal imprint of Catalonian Spain breaks through everywhere, orchestrated in surprising Indian reds and strong, dense blues. Not as linear nor as regimented as Byzantine art, these Catalonian frescoes exude a gusto, verve, and unorthodox vitality which we have come to associate with Etruscan paintings and sculpture. Yet there is no specific reason to believe that twelfth-century Iberians from Catalonia were necessarily familiar with the earlier Italian civilization, though the Mediterranean basin was always a focus for cultural dissemination. In any case, the Catalonians seem to have operated on the same unfettered wavelength as the Etruscans.

The frescoes of these medieval Spaniards were often more painterly and less decorative than those of other Romanesque European artists. Avoiding the then-common use of gold, the Catalonians substituted abstract geometric designs for background emphasis. Everything in their work faintly recalls the Middle East, with memories of heavy-lidded Coptic saints and crisp coloristic ornamentation. Later, when Catalonian art became more Gothic, less engagingly awkward, more cosmopolitan and international, gold was a frequent decorative device. During earlier years, with outside contacts limited, decoration gave way to a gutty iconography illuminated by foreboding but never by brutal symbolism. Austere angels, lithe animals, regal images of the Pantocrator, great staring eyes, oracular hands, and long, solemn faces invest naïve Bible scenes with nobility.

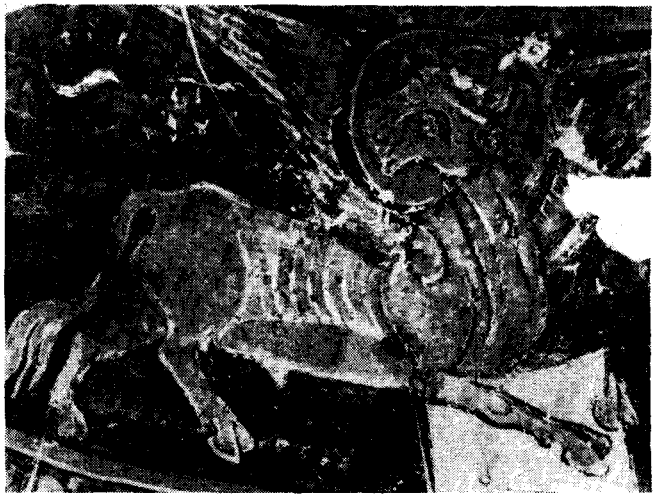
Is it any wonder, then, that these magnetic presences left their mark on such modern Spanish painters as Picasso and Miró? For many years we have been told that Picasso's pre-Cubist paintings of 1908 and 1909 were affected more by Catalonian art than by the African carvings he encountered in Paris. And why not? With Barcelona in his blood, how could he have escaped its influence? His formidable *Demoiselles d'Avignon* walk right out of Catalonia. And Picasso's frequent emphasis on the repetitive, all-seeing eye is also more understandable after a visit to Barcelona's museum, for there, too, multiple orbs gaze out in profusion, now acting as prophetic omens, now substituting for the stigmata. As for the bull—that favorite subject with Picasso—even his harried versions are no more incandescent than their dramatic prototypes created 700 years earlier. If nothing else, the tenacity of Spanish iconography affirms its deep-seated involvement with Spanish life.

Nor has Miró escaped the impact of Catalonian art, for his habit of deploying isolated human parts as representative of the whole parallels the frequent stenographic anatomical contractions found in the frescoes. There is no doubt that the personal imagery of Picasso and Miró owes much to their medieval predecessors. Years of living in France leave both men curiously Spanish. With them, if past religious fervor is gone, still intact is an unlikely mixture of frankness and occultism borrowed directly from the Catalonians.

Though the frescoes are indisputably Barcelona's crowning glory, one should not overlook the collection of Romanesque column tops in the same museum. These are doubly remarkable because, though carved from stone, they retain an intimacy and spontaneity rarely found in this obdurate medium. Entwined human figures, bulbous fruit, animals of untold vigor transform conventional Bible stories into universal mythology. Suprisingly naturalistic and plastic, these capitals are a far cry from the elegant linear stylizations that characterize French Romanesque sculpture of the nearby Midi. The Spanish carvings embody an exhilarating provincial expressionism that has more to do with acute individual observation than with distillations of group interaction. One can readily understand why Gaudí developed his

Detail of fresco—"Multiple orbs gaze out in profusion, acting as prophetic omens. . . ."

Carved double capital—"surprisingly naturalistic and plastic. . . ."



"Even [Picasso's] harried versions are no more incandescent. . . ."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peculiar brand of nature worship in this environment.

Adding to the enjoyment of the Catalonian Museum is an exemplary chronological installation, allowing the frescoes to be viewed in a setting that duplicates the rounded apses and domes they originally decorated. Curving with the architecture, compositions and figures adapt themselves to their structural backgrounds. Another plus—the paintings have not been unduly restored. We see them slightly damaged from age, but undiminished and undiluted by later interpretations.

Catalonian Romanesque art is at once an excellent introduction to Spain's most illustrious modern paintings and a testament to the surging life force of an earlier day. It can still be seen in undisturbed peace. Not a single tour director barks platitudes at visiting hordes, though in nearby Madrid the Prado is so swamped as to make a visit there resemble an obstacle race. The message is: Don't delay. —KATHARINE KUH.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

The blanks should read: Stallion, 9; Phalarope, 15; Dove, 8; Apes, 11; Goat, 16; Eagles, 1; Skylark, 6; Penguin, 3; Dragon, 14; Rhinoceros, 7; Cats, 2; Dogs, 10; Tiger, 5; Phoenix, 4; Deer, 13; Buffaloes, 12.

WIT TWISTER #22

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. A sample, well known among lovers of anagrams:

Good landlord, fill the flowing — — — —
Until their — — — — run over!
Tonight, we'll — — — — upon this — — — —;
Tomorrow, — — — — for Dover!

(Answers: *pots, tops, stop, spot, post.*)

●

Now try this Wit Twister:

Don't blame the poor cowboy, who from the — — — — rides,
If with raw alcohol he — — — — his insides.
For the — — — — that he cooks to fill up his gizzard
Is a mixture of cactus and filet of lizard!

(*Answer on page* 94)

Editorial

Continued from page 22

The present anarchy is not theoretical. It has resulted in large-scale death, dislocation of life, and the diversion of much of the world's resources, energy, and brainpower to destructive ends. In this connection, nothing is more characteristic of the anarchy than the fact that the commodity now in greatest supply on earth is destructive power. Already available is the destructive equivalent of 30,000 pounds of TNT for every person on earth. Yet there are not 30,000 pounds of food in ready reserve for every person on earth. There are not 30,000 pounds of medicines or clothing or books or even building materials in ready reserve for every person on earth. The pattern of reserves tends to lead to a pattern of use.

Federalists believe that a world in a condition of imbalance can function no better than an individual in a state of imbalance. They regard the United Nations as the most logical place to build the essential balances that can provide a reasonable condition of safety and sanity on earth. They recognize, of course, that restructuring of the U.N., taking into account all the ideological, historical, political, and cultural differences within it, may be the most difficult problem yet to be undertaken by the human mind. And they certainly don't think it can be done overnight. But they believe that necessity is a great educator and they see in advocacy a genuine source of essential energy and thrust.

At their biennial congresses in various parts of the world since the founding of their organization twenty years ago, federalists have explored in depth specific problems involved in the full development of the United Nations. At the Oslo meeting, the special theme was the peacekeeping machinery of the U.N. and what was required to make it work. Prominent military figures such as General E.E.M. Burns, Commander of United Nations military operations, Major General I. Rikhye, of Norway, and Major General Torstein Dale, of Norway, alternated with political experts like Professor Robert Buron, of France, and Marion McVitty, of the United States, in examining problems involved in transforming the United Nations peacekeeping process from a purely voluntary undertaking to one having the genuine attributes of a world security authority. Receiving particular attention was the need for earmarked national forces that would be placed at the disposal of the U.N. The Danish Government, through Victor Gram, Minister of Defense, sent a message to the congress pledging its readiness to turn over to the U.N. a force of battalion strength within seventy-two hours once a request for it comes from the U.N.

One of the most stirring presentations to the congress came from Lt. Col. Jones Waern, of Sweden, Commander of United Nations forces in Cyprus. Though little heralded, the operations of the U.N. in Cyprus represent one of the most successful and significant peacekeeping actions since the founding of the world organization. Colonel Waern said that his men received a substantial reward for their efforts. It came in a simple form. "Just to see the change in the faces of the children was enough," he said. "When we arrived, they wore the terrible face of war. They were frightened and hungry. Today they play in the open, they are fed, they go to school, and they are growing again."

The military problems of the U.N. did not exhaust the agenda of world federalists at Oslo. The delegates considered the problems involved in educating people for membership in a world community. They examined school curricula in various countries. They explored the possible creation of a world consensus favoring world law. They examined the need not so much to dissolve differences among nations as to make them less combustible.

ONE of the significant achievements of the congress was the clear recognition by the delegates that their own organization had to be restructured along the general lines they were urging upon the United Nations. They recognized the anomaly represented by the fact that their movement was a loose association of federalist groups in which individual national chapters were often stronger than the main body. And so they have started to rebuild their movement in order to provide for a unified program on a world scale.

World federalists derive little comfort from the fact that their basic analysis of the world situation over the years has been confirmed by events. They draw their encouragement, rather, from the evidence of growing popular support for the idea that the world can be governed. They are heartened, for example, by the increasing attention given their ideas in such countries as Japan, where more than twenty cities have "mundialized," a term used to describe commitment to the cause of world federation. In Denmark, all the political parties have given their support to world federalism. More than 90 per cent of the members of the Danish Parliament are world federalists.

What made the Oslo meeting most meaningful was that is was probably the only meeting of its kind where human beings could refer to one another as world citizens and actually know what was required to bring world citizenship about. —N.C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Folklore, Fakelore

Continued from page 21

melody, rigidly and undemonstrably performed"—was turned into something "charming, sentimental, sweet." To put it more bluntly, the guts were removed from folk music. Alan Lomax, a leading folk song collector, noticed that when Aunt Molly Jackson sang to country folks in Oklahoma, they called it the most beautiful music they had ever heard. When she repeated the program for city children, they compared her singing to a cat's yowling.

To the first audience, the folk "gapped-scale" and modal intervals were still familiar; to the second, raised on mass media kitsch, one had to adjust the intervals, remove the harshness, and electrify the guitar. But the music and lore of the Elvis Presley era dwelt in a strange no-man's-land. It aped and honored the old folk idiom and metaphor, like the "colonial home" in suburbia which had a fireplace, spinning wheel, and picket fence—complete with electric stove, sewing machine, and television. No one summed up this cultural schizophrenia better than Marshall McLuhan:

> The past went that-a-way. When faced with a new situation, we tend always to attach ourselves to the objects, to the flavor of the most recent past. We look at the present through a rear-view mirror. We march backwards into the future. Suburbia lives imaginatively in Bonanzaland.

"Years ago," McLuhan—the most original exponent of the Age of Circuitry—told Gerald E. Stearn in a recent interview, "I abominated machinery, cities, everything except the most Rousseauistic. Gradually I became aware of how useless this was and I discovered the twentieth-century artists had a different approach and I adopted it." What McLuhan had done was study folklore, discern and reject fakelore, then discover poplore. He had, in a single lifetime, gone through the whole cycle I am trying to describe and document.

One should not think that the new poplore is the antithesis of traditional folklore; they are much more alike than either is like fakelore. Pop is not slick but savage; in musical terms it avoids the chromatic scales of the nightclub and uses the old Greek musical modes. Both folklore and poplore avoid sentimentality, reject the "arty" approach for the earthy one, draw from primary materials, colors, and emotions. The line of force connects more with the stomach than the cerebellum. Consider this verse from the folk song about Old Joe Clark:

> Old Joe Clark killed a man
> Killed him with a knife;
> I'm damn glad he killed that man—
> Now I'll have his wife.

Hold it up against these lines from "A Day in the Life," from the Beatles' new album, banned by the BBC:

> Well I just had to laugh
> I saw the photograph.
> He blew his mind out in a car
> He didn't notice that the lights had
> changed . . .
> I'd love to turn you on.

The lights have changed, the world has changed, and the young are moving out into realms their parents will never ever enter. The young have always done this, of course; only to return and occupy the stable, conservative positions they once decried. Here is the big difference: The generation which has just moved out may never come back.

THE folk-fake-pop division I suggest is no neat thing, and many bits of data don't fit into the pattern. Much genuine folklore and folk music remains, for example, in distant valleys. Perhaps factories and computer centers will create a new vigorous folklore of their own; perhaps the notion that folklore is dying out is itself a kind of folklore.

Poplore may lack both the vitality and significance I attribute to it—only time will tell. But from the information and insight available at this moment, I believe that Warhol, Rosenquist, Oldenburg, and Segal *have* changed the course of American art. Men will continue to enjoy Molière, Shakespeare, and Ibsen; but now that we have been a part of "happenings," the theater will never be the same. Playwrights can no longer work in isolation, since they confront a group on either side of their message. Everything is interdependent. Once the audience and performer have been wed, who can put them asunder?

The plastic and performing arts have found a way to be involved in modern life, and to speak its idiom. Having been boxed in by the Shakespeare syndrome for centuries, contemporary theater has broken out of the square, first into the round, now into orbit. Jazz has moved from hot to cool and now to all-encompassing—into the musical melting pot with Dixieland, swing, blues, country, Western, country-Western, mountain, gospel, Nashville, bluegrass, rock'n'roll, folk rock, raga rock, baroque, ballad. From a kaleidoscopic variety of subforms comes the new sound of poplore: a celebration of the new, plugged-in, revved-up psychedelic global village in which we must somehow find our way. What does it celebrate? Oriental painting, African sculpture, cave drawings, computer clicks; firepower, flower power, horsepower? The old traditional lines and barriers are disappearing. Art schools teach electronics, wiring, and glass blowing. "Light artists" use aluminum, polyesters, and motors to create objects that beep, buzz, and pop.

No longer are used-car lots, billboards, and hot dog stands part of the Wasteland. They are raw material for visual involvement—part of the "environment" (a key word in poplore). Environments are not passive wrappings, but active, invisible processes. The entire environment can be seen as a work of art, or as a teaching machine designed to give us maximum perception. Propaganda is the invisible, invading environment of electronic information, swallowing up all ideologies just as a frog swallows flies. The ideologies are not the propaganda; they merely keep it snapping and make it croak.

Just who first used the terms poplore,

"I'll dedicate it to you."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pop art, and pop music isn't clear. The question is academic. New art doesn't come from doctrines but from performances.

Long before and after the Old Testament, folklore allowed us to mythologize our culture. Fakelore destroyed the supernatural and demythologized our lives. The job of poplore is to remythologize them.

Man is the only being who asks questions about being—about the power, surge, logos of reality. Power plus structure equals a life of being. Poplore seems to be searching for a new ontology. In so doing, it becomes both vital and outrageously pertinent. This is not to claim that all of pop culture is defensible, let alone significant. Probably only 5 per cent will survive. But can we ignore gold nuggets because there's lots of fool's gold around?

The point of view of poplore can be expressed theologically. God is neither *in* hand (bumptious assumption of romantic optimists) nor *out* of hand (gloomy contention of romantic pessimists), but *at* hand—nearby, close, now. The most appropriate response is neither to gloat nor despair, but to probe.

How are we to conceive of this new Age of Circuitry? Think of your mind as a telephone switchboard—organized and programed for specific connections. In comes the signal. The mind plugs in the reaction—click. Society has programed you. So has your family, church, school, government—each adding a new set of predictable circuits. How's that for a description of daily routine?

Not so good, say pop-rock singers like Bob Dylan—via disturbing new songs:

> Get born, keep warm
> Short pants, romance, learn to dance
> Get dressed, get blessed, try to be a success—
> Don't want to be a bum, you better chew gum
> The pump don't work cause the vandals took the handle.

Music is crucial to the whole pop revolution. Here, as nowhere else, the kids have succeeded; they write, sing, record, buy, judge, and discard music that's of, by, and for kids. The sound? Lots of lip, lots of bass . . . music not meant to be read, but absorbed.

The old boys are horrified. "Grunts, moans, offbeat slappings, eerie animal whinings," a critic complains. "Squeaks and slurs like a short-wave radio trying to pick up Vladivostok during a sunspot storm." Volume for its own sake; monotonous rhythm; "I am a rock! I am an island!"; "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band"; "Would you love me anyway, would you have my baby?" How much are we expected to put up with?

The teasing reply of Bob Dylan: "Something is happening and you don't know what it is—do you, Mr. Jones?"

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Edited by Horace Sutton

That Summer at Folly Cove

WHEN Grandfather sold the house in Annisquam, Massachusetts, Mother bought one at Folly Cove in half an hour. She had looked around all summer—in Rockport, East Gloucester, Fresh Water Cove. Then someone told her about an old house in Folly Cove that was for sale. Where was Folly Cove? It was beyond Lanesville, and most of the buses stopped at Lanesville, turned around, and went back to Gloucester. It had been only about a year since the road had been paved clear around Cape Ann.

Mother loved old things. The morning she went to look at the house in Folly Cove, the lady who owned it had guests. Being polite, Mother took a quick look around the downstairs and, since she was not invited upstairs, she didn't ask to go. Instead, she went to Gloucester to the bank and got a loan to buy the house. That was in 1929.

The house looked very small and old when we drove up in front of it one limpid summer night. In the darkness, it was almost completely hidden under the great elm trees that guarded the uneven granite steps leading up to the paved terrace. We had stopped in Lanesville to buy candles and matches, as there was no electricity in the house. Mother remembered that much.

We stumbled up the steps from the car in the ghostly light of a quarter moon. We had been driving for twelve hours from New Jersey, and my younger brother, John, had been carsick.

"Did you ever see such a beautiful door?" Mother demanded as she held a flickering candle, and Father fumbled with the key. He muttered something we couldn't hear, and the wide, paneled door swung open. We stood hesitantly in the little hallway where the narrow stairs came down. The air inside was heavy with the many months that the house had been shut up—dampness, mustiness, a pervading chill, and an overwhelming feeling of *time*. Years and years seemed to come crowding at us—more than 200—and the shadowed, empty rooms were filled with the presence of the past.

The rooms were small but there were many of them, all opening one from another. The great central chimney rose through the middle of the house, the four fireplaces built around it. The floorboards were as wide as a child's two footsteps, the hand-hewn nails spaced along them unevenly.

"Look at this lovely paneling in the living room!" Mother called.

"I'm looking to see where these children are going to sleep tonight," responded Father.

In truth, he was right. The sense of being crowded by ghosts was even more real because there was practically no furniture in the house. A few camp chairs and a card table graced the living room. It was a lovely square room with paneled walls and small-paned windows guarded by sliding wooden shutters. Father was alarmed at our exploring with the guttering candles in our hands, but we were shy of going up the narrow stairs alone. It almost seemed as though we must encounter some seafaring captain of the past, peering out toward the waters of the cove, listening for the sound of rigging straining in the night wind. We slept that night on mattresses placed on the damp floor.

The next morning, the sun woke us by poking long fingers of light through the deep casements of the dormer windows. Suddenly, the house was gay and bright, filled with voices and laughter. We had three days to explore our new surroundings while Mother and Father shopped in Gloucester for beds, kitchen utensils, oil lamps, and some rocking chairs.

AT the beginning of the next week, they took my older brother, Frederic, to the Deaconess Hospital in Boston for a radical mastoid operation. From that time on, John and I were essentially on our own and, as we were too new in the neighborhood to have friends, we were perforce together all the time. We were just two years apart in age, and our imaginations were quite sympathetic.

There was a nice lady who lived in the house, and cooked incredibly delicious meals on the kerosene stove, but we were out of the house the live-long day in good weather. Our world was bounded by the broad, sloping fields in back of the house; then the wooded path leading between rough stone walls, up through the tall trees to a narrow country road. This road had once served the granite quarries, but was deserted now. Across it, the moors stretched for miles until they reached the sea, and from the top of their broad plateaus it seemed to us that we were standing on the rim of the world.

This was a wild, deserted place where no one ever came. Narrow paths wound

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

among the bayberry, gorse, and blueberry bushes, and roads overgrown with weeds led to the edges of idle quarries. Cranes and hoists rusted at the sides of these immense holes in the ground that had filled with clear spring water over the years. The sides were sheer slabs of rocks; the depth of the water reportedly bottomless. We dived and swam in those quarries, miles from any houses or people, and Mother would have been frantic if she had known. But the ocean was our favorite place to swim, biting cold though it was.

Halfway down the woodland path, where the sun and shadow made leaf patterns on the ground and the birds sang sweetly-piercing songs high in the trees, we could hear the sound of the Gloucester bus shifting gears at the bus stop in front of our house. Then we raced—through the shifting light of the green woods, out into the wide meadow where the grass grew to our waists. Rabbits ran out from underfoot with a startled air, and a lark flew singing across the golden air, turning it all into a living scene by Van Gogh. We tore down the back path, past the side of the house. John was first to round the corner and see the number of the bus—"3"—and he called to me so we could both wave to our favorite driver before he rounded the curve, out of sight. We collapsed, panting, and sat for several minutes on the stone gateposts to get our breath.

The bus had come down a winding hill from the left, past the house, around a wide, sweeping curve, then on up a bit of straight road above the sea, and that was what comprised Folly Cove. Ours had been the "Woodbury House" for more years than we knew. Beyond it was the Amazeen's barn, which was taken over many years later as a display and sales room for the Folly Cove Designers. Beyond that, another old house with gray clapboards and dormer windows; then the curve in the road; and, directly across the street, the Cove. It was, and still is, a small, perfect jewel set in a half-moon, pebbled beach. Great slabs of smooth granite sloped to the water on both sides. There was a sparkling expanse of blue, blue water, and the long arm of Folly Point jutting out into the sea as though to hold and protect the quiet beauty within.

Here, Ensio Ronka taught us how to swim, and that was also how we came to know all the wonderful Finnish people who lived in Folly Cove. They had come to Cape Ann from Finland when the granite quarries were a flourishing industry, and then stayed on to raise their children and grandchildren after the granite business ceased to be of any consequence. Perhaps the rock-bound coast, the harsh, wind-swept moors, and the point of land reaching out in the lustrous, blue-green ocean reminded them of the land from whence they came. They were splendid people—in looks and in character.

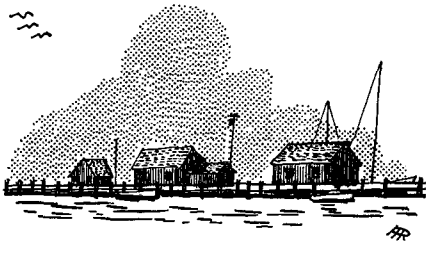
The Seppala family lived across the street from our house. They had a compound, and in it were several houses containing different branches and generations of Seppalas. In the back of the compound were fenced pastures which reached as far as the cove. And best of all, there was the sauna, which they had built exactly like the saunas in Finland. We were among the privileged few allowed to use the sauna long years before the name and idea were commercialized and advertised as "dry heat."

Dry it certainly was not. The sauna itself was a small wooden building consisting of two rooms. The front room was divided by a green cloth curtain; dressing rooms for male and female. The back room had three tiers of wooden benches rising in steps, a stone floor, and, in one corner, a huge "stove" consisting of red-hot rocks heated from underneath by a wood fire. There were wooden buckets of water which was thrown onto the sizzling rocks, creating blinding clouds of hot, wet steam.

I can remember now sitting in the ladies' "dressing room," waiting my turn with the Finnish ladies. We could hear a group of men and boys laughing and talking inside the steam room. Finally, we heard the door on their side of the curtain open and close several times, then one of the ladies called out in Finnish, "Are you all through?"

"Everybody's out!" came the answer, the green curtain swaying as the men crowded about, putting on their bathing trunks. The door to the steam room was opened, and the naked females passed through into the dark, swirling steam. For a minute I could see nothing, my bare feet groping for a foothold on the rough cobbles.

I LOVED the good clean smell of the place—the scent of birch switches, soap, hot water, and burning wood all mingling in the cloudy air. The first time I took a sauna, I sat on the lower bench the entire time, gasping for breath, too scared to move. Eventually, I took my cue from the others, and moved to the upper benches, sitting until the sweat poured from my body. Then, down to hit myself with birch switches to work up the circulation; next, to soap and wash myself from buckets of hot water.



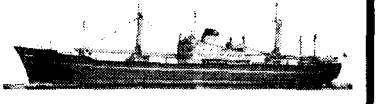
As soon as I came out, I put on my bathing suit, and ran down the pasture path to the cove, slipping over the pebbly beach until I reached the rocks and dived into the cold, cold water. The shock of it served only to exhilarate me. All the Finnish people went from that hot, tiny room to the waters of the ocean. Someone told us that in winter they plunged directly into the snow.

To all children, time is eternity. In some ways, that summer must have seemed an endless one, with our mother gone to Boston, our brother in the hospital, and our father working in New Jersey. But in other ways the days sped by because there was always so much to do and to discover. We had no one to whom we could turn and say, "What shall we do *now*?" There was no one to entertain us, nor to drive us places. We created our own lively world from our immediate surroundings—the old house, the meadows, woods, and moors; the ocean, the whole wondrous world of which was just across the street.

It was John's job to empty the pan underneath the icebox every morning. When he forgot, it ran over, and then he had to mop the kitchen floor. It was my job to fill the kerosene lamps from

(*Continued on page* 94)

TRAMP TRIPS



The 67th edition of our perennially popular 44-page TRIP LOG, priced at one dollar, details 60 exciting Freighter Trips, plus 30 Cargo or Passenger Liner Cruises; also Sea-Air combinations. These "Tramp Trips" all over and around the world, 6 to 145 days, are fabulous bargains in leisure for discerning travelers.

For your copy of the TRIP LOG mail this coupon with one dollar (no stamps please) to

TRAMP TRIPS, INC.

Dept. SR, 353 W. 57th St., New York 10019

(Name—Please print clearly)

(Address)

(City) (State) (Zip)

get along anywhere with

After 34 years use abroad, first U. S. edition at stores now. $3.95

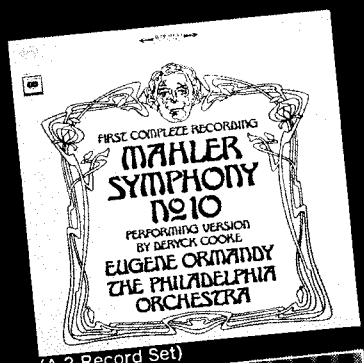
LYALL'S GUIDE to 25 LANGUAGES of EUROPE

Albanian, Arabic, Bulgarian, Czech, Danish, Dutch, Esperanto, Estonian, Finnish, French, German, Greek, Hungarian, Italian, Lettish, Lithuanian, Norwegian, Polish, Portuguese, Rumanian, Russian, Serbo-Croat, Spanish, Swedish, Turkish.

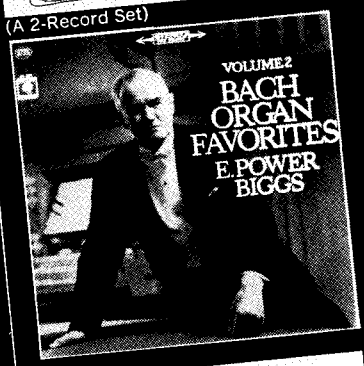
STACKPOLE BOOKS
Harrisburg, Pa. 17105

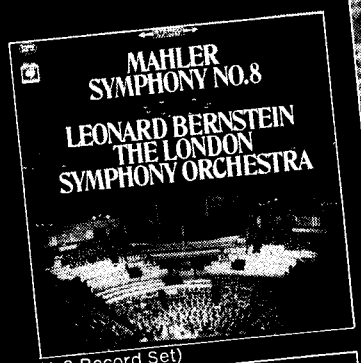
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ten Milestones of the Stereo Sound Decade.

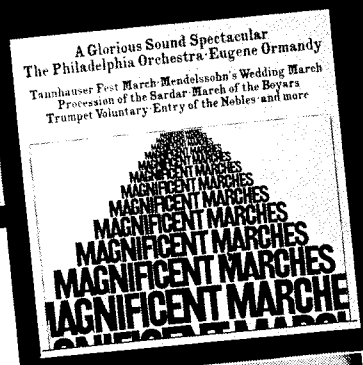


(A 2-Record Set)

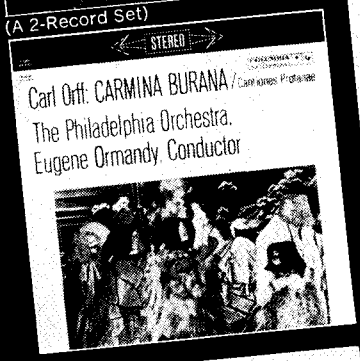


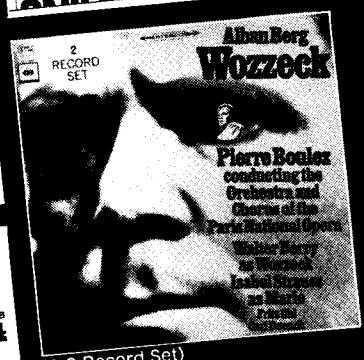


(A 2-Record Set)

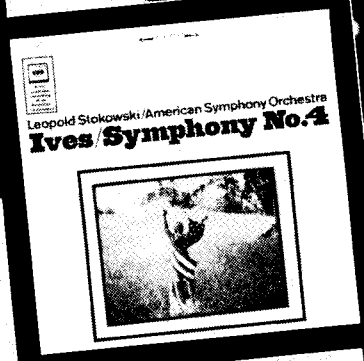

A Glorious Sound Spectacular
The Philadelphia Orchestra · Eugene Ormandy
Tannhauser Fest March · Mendelssohn's Wedding March
Procession of the Sardar · March of the Boyars
Trumpet Voluntary · Entry of the Nobles · and more
MAGNIFICENT MARCHES

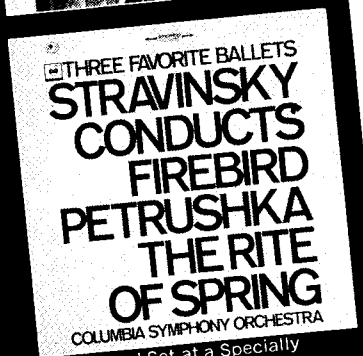
William Tell
And Other Favorite Overtures
Leonard Bernstein
New York Philharmonic
Wilson / Poet & Peasant / Raymond / William Tell / Zampa



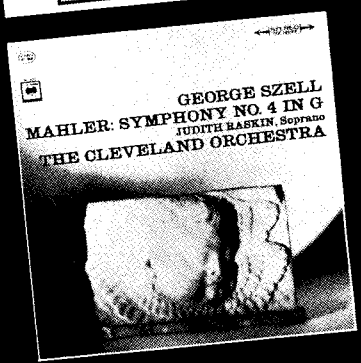


(A 2-Record Set)
A CBS Records Release





(A 3-Record Set at a Specially Reduced Price)



The Sound of Genius On COLUMBIA RECORDS®
Where LP records began.

© "COLUMBIA," ® MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TWENTY YEARS OF RECORDINGS

THE STEREO EVOLUTION
By Irving Kolodin **47**

TEN YEARS OF RECORDINGS
By George Jellinek **50**

WHAT HAPPENED SINCE LP
By Goddard Lieberson **61**

RECORDS, CIRCA 1987
By George R. Marek **64**

THE NEW RUSSIAN HIT PARADE
By Stanley Green **66**

THE RECORD MAKERS
By Robert Jacobson **67**

WILD BILL
By Richard Gehman **69**

YEARS OF STEREO AND SOLID STATE
By Ivan Berger **70**

PROJECT OF THE DECADE, SINGER OF THE CENTURY
By John Culshaw **72**

OF TIMES THAT ARE A-CHANGIN'
By Burt Korall **76**

RECORDINGS IN REVIEW
By the Editor **78**

RECORDINGS REPORTS I:
Orchestral LPs **80**

WORDS FOR SARAH VAUGHAN
By Martin Williams **81**

RECORDINGS REPORTS II:
Miscellaneous LPs **82**

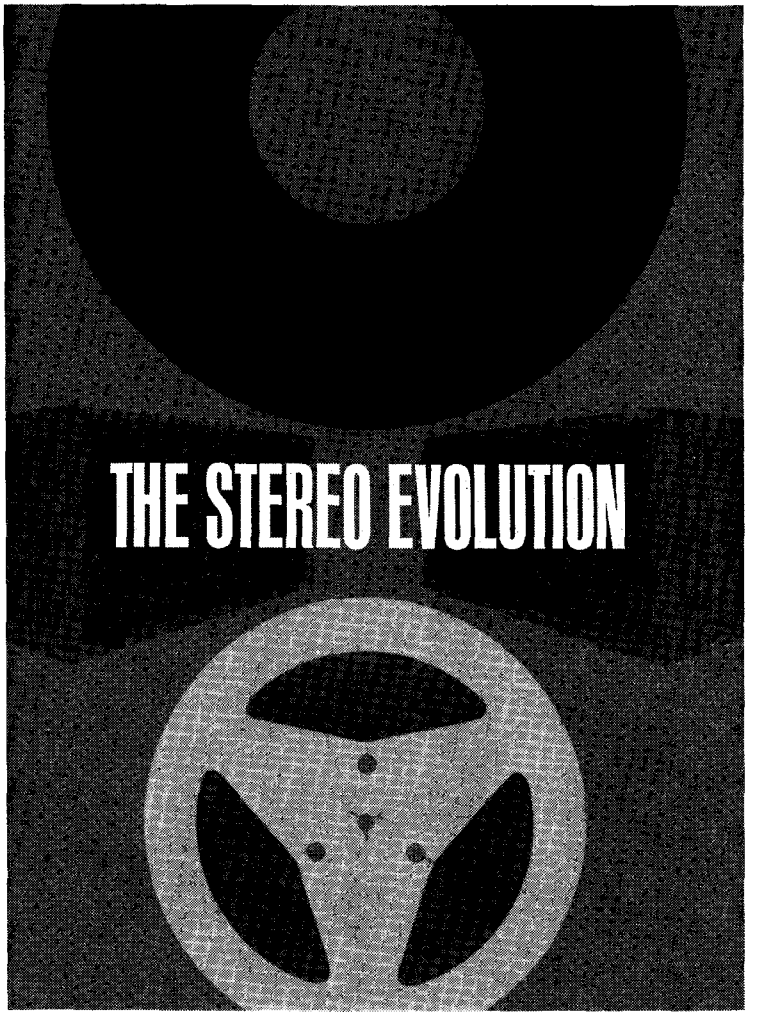
RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs
By Stanley Dance **84**

THE OTHER SIDE
By Thomas Heinitz **86**

SIX BY CHAVEZ
By Oliver Daniel **89**

FILED BUT NOT FORGOTTEN **91**

LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR **92**



By IRVING KOLODIN

LOOKING BACK to September 1957 when RECORDINGS took stock of its first ten years, a reasonable query might be: "What's new?" To this a proper reply could be: "Nothing—and everything." The primary concerns are still the needle and groove, the chain from input to output, and what is conveyed to the ultimate objective of it all, the listening ear.

There, of course, is the answer to "What's new?" The "listening ear" is a convenient formulation, like the "observant eye." But, as the Creator endowed us all with inalienable rights (such as liking or not liking music), he also endowed us with two eyes and two ears. Subtract one eye, and the effect on what is seen is profound. Add one channel to what reaches the listening ears, and the improvement can be no less profound. It is the recognition of that fundamental physical fact and the utilization of it that have given this ten-year period its particular place in the still-youthful science of sound reproduction.

Of itself, this is still not new, for there was, in the September 28, 1957, issue of RECORDINGS, a section devoted to stereo. LP was in, stereo was in, tape was in. But LP was exclusively mono, stereo was exclu-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Is yours a super-system?

If so, you above all will apprecia the excellence of the fifteen Ang stereo recordings listed below.

Angel has maintained its eminence musically-honest, gimmick-free stere engineering for nearly a decade—fro Beecham's "Scheherazade" (still or of the glories of the catalog) to Ba birolli's lush-sounding new "Madam Butterfly."

Should your present playback equi ment fall short of professional quality the superior natural detail of Ange stereo will still bring out its best pe formance.

"The Angel Library of Fine Recor ings," a new and complete catalog, list 676 recordings—512 of them in Ange stereo. Ask our local record dealer for a copy, or write to Angel Records, P.O. Box 105, Dept. H, Los Angeles, Calif. 90028.

Angel

OPERA

Puccini: Madame Butterfly * Scotto, Bergonzi; Barbirolli * SCL 3702
Donizetti: The Elixir of Love * Freni, Gedda; Molinari-Pradelli * SBL 3701
Puccini: Turandot * Nilsson, Corelli, Scotto; Molinari-Pradelli * SCL 3671

CHORAL

Beethoven: Missa solemnis * New Philharmonia Chorus, Klemperer * SB 3679
Orff: Carmina burana * New Philharmonia Chorus, Frühbeck de Burgos * S 36333
"On Parade" * The Soviet Army Chorus and Band * SR 40018

VOCAL

Mahler: The Song of the Earth * Ludwig, Wunderlich; Klemperer * SB 3704
Richard Strauss: Four Last Songs (and others) * Schwarzkopf, Szell * S 36347

ORCHESTRAL

Stravinsky: Rite of Spring / Prokofiev: Classical Symphony * Frühbeck de Burgos * S 36427
Prokofiev: Cinderella (complete ballet) * Rozhdestvensky * SRB 4102
Holst: The Planets * New Philharmonia, Ambrosian Singers; Boult * S 36420
Mahler: Symphony No. 9 in D * New Philharmonia, Klemperer * SB 3708

INSTRUMENTAL

Rachmaninoff: Piano Concerto No. 3 * Malcuzynski; Warsaw Philharmonic, Rowicki * S 36197
Mozart: Serenade in B flat for thirteen winds * Klemperer * S 36247
"West Meets East" * Yehudi & Hephzibah Menuhin, Ravi Shankar * S 36418

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sively tape, and tape was, almost exclusively, a short-playing "side-to-side" equivalent of disc, with the refinement of a second channel for those who wanted it. Most of those who wanted it were in the bracket marked "hobbyist," meaning they cared more for the means that were exploited than the ends that were achieved.

Ten years later, the trend has been all in the direction of conciliation, consolidation, and convenience. The handwriting is clear that the addition of a second channel to the LP disc without a reduction of playing time has made stereo king and deposed mono for all practical purposes where classical music is concerned. Within the predictable future—which, for some manufacturers, means day after tomorrow—new mono records of classical music will no longer be processed. Already, the market for classical music is 90 per cent stereo, which means that the cycle of obsolescence and replacement of home reproducing units over a ten-year period has seen the conversion, in most households, to the newer mode. In addition, it is technical gospel that most mono units manufactured in the last five or six years are equipped with pickups compliant enough to track the stereo groove and produce a decent result. In lay language, this means that even the newer mono units will give acceptable, if not top quality, results with a stereo recording.

To some, this may represent a triumph of the two-directional means of recording over the old one-channel manner—that the multidirectional result is the all-important improvement. For me, it is important, but not all-important. In common with other two-eared listeners who long ago made the discovery that even a mono record sounds better when heard from dispersed sources, I find it is the plural sources of *reproduction* rather than the plural sources of *recording* that are all-important.

Needless to say, relatively few listeners to classical music would have gotten away from the old "hole-in-the-wall" effect of the single sound source without *force majeure* to compel a change. It wasn't great, but it was good enough. Stereo recording has been the *force majeure* that has compelled the general switchover to dual reproduction. As a result, the two ears are engaged with something approaching the way they should be: listening to a totality of sound, mixed and diffused and with at least a token amount of reconstitution, as an entity of sound is mixed, diffused, and reconstituted in the concert hall or opera house.

What the stereo evolution has made possible for home consumption is the mixture as before: before it was reduced, compressed, and packaged. The directional factor adds something in some situations, particularly to convey an illusion of reality for opera and other theatrical material where an alteration of position, vis-à-vis the microphones, adds something to dramatic credibility. But, in most situations, what is right about it is what is left: a total impression giving the listener a broader, deeper kind of sound experience than was previously possible.

The temptation to describe it as the stereo revolution is, of course, inescapable; but it is, basically, an evolution from a principle known to recording science for several decades, to laboratory investigations after the war on behalf of film-track usage, to the production of a formula in which the "difference" (the matter additional to the straight signal which produces the second channel) could be cut into something like the conventional groove.

EVEN for home use it has a history of a dozen years, for those who were enterprising enough to invest in the tapes that were being produced after 1954. The reason for this is simple: Tape lent itself almost effortlessly to this result, and the transformation of the laboratory result to the prerecorded home derivative was relatively easy. The simple line of division is the Toscanini career. There are no Toscanini records in true stereo because his recording work ended in the spring of 1954, and it was not until later in the year that major companies began to "cover" their sessions in stereo as well as mono.

It took approximately four years to develop the technology to produce a practicable stereo disc for home use. Whether there was merit in the original argument for a "compatible" system (one in which the same disc could be played on either a stereo or a mono unit) no one will ever know. Indeed, after a ten-year period, the effect has been achieved in the inverse way. The boons of stereo exist in their most technically advanced form for those with dual-channel units, and the same record can be played, to lesser advantage, on present-day monophonic reproducers.

It was inevitable that there would be limitations, diversions, and digressions in the early products and what they conveyed. As Gustav Mahler has said of composing: "Interesting is easy; beautiful is hard." It was relatively simple to promote the directional factor to give an interesting result; it was difficult to produce a more beautiful sound than had hitherto been customary. Eventually, by the use of the "fill" microphone, or overlap of material on parts of both channels, the "hole-in-the-middle" effect was overcome, the wanted result of a broad panorama of sound extending laterally, in a nearly lifelike way, from speaker to speaker, achieved.

If stereo was a revolutionary rather than an evolutionary phenomenon, its invasion of the record market and, in a ten-year period, virtual conquest of that part of it concerned with classical music, should have left for obsolete the prior means of its promotion. To the contrary, tape is flourishing today as never before, and in steady conjunction with the stereo principle.

For, among other boons, stereo has brought about the infusion of a modest amount of logic into what has been, for most prior decades, the most illogical of man-made enterprises. There has never been any sound, technical reason why a single record offering four minutes of Jascha Heifetz should cost as much as a single record offering four minutes of the Philadelphia Orchestra. It just did, and there was no point in asking questions. Everything about the orchestral record, from the rehearsal of the material to the duplication of it on a disc, was more difficult, time-consuming, and costly—but the price was the same. Of course, when you had four stars—Gigli, de Luca, Galli-Curci, and Homer, singing the quartet from *Rigoletto*—the price did go up, but Stokowski and his legions remained the same.

The illogic extended to the early use of tape in a confining, "side-to-side" relationship to the equivalent disc. That is, though a tape could easily accommodate more than a single Beethoven symphony, it was restricted to whatever was offered on the disc which contained the same performance of the Beethoven symphony—"Contracts, you know," or something. Doubtless it was the advent of newcomers in the field, from Europe and Germany in particular, who decided that singularity was more salable than similarity (an elementary principle which should have made its appearance in this field long before). The happy effect of this evolutionary process has been to render unto tape what is tape's, and leave to disc what it can do best in its own way.

With its in-built limitation (at a speed

(*Continued on page* 85)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

10 YEARS OF RECORDINGS

1957 **SEVERAL OUTSTANDING** opera recordings are released during the closing months of the year, notably *Pelléas et Mélisande* and *Der Rosenkavalier* (Angel) and the first complete version of *Die Frau ohne Schatten* (London). The last named leaves "an immediate impression of dazzlement that there should be so much beautiful operatic music in the world that one has not heard before." . . . As the pianistic titan Josef Hofmann passes from the scene, his art and legacy are evaluated by Jan Holcman in a detailed study entitled "In Quest of Hofmann." The same author also examines the art of Moriz Rosenthal as that famous Liszt pupil's recordings are reissued by Camden. Another Camden reissue, devoted to Rosa Ponselle, is reviewed side by side with the great soprano's new recital LP, her art praised in the two programs separated by a thirty-year span.

Eduard Van Beinum.

Charles A. Jahant illuminates the scarcely documented life of another brilliant soprano, Claudia Muzio . . . It was a very good year for Igor Stravinsky, with two recorded editions of *Perséphone* and the first recordings of both *Agon* and *Canticum Sacrum,* "neither a work that one can take or leave after a single hearing." In a two-part article entitled "A Schoenberg Disc-Course," Kurt List notes that more than half of the composer's available works have already been released by Columbia Records. This includes recent recordings of *Moses und Aron,* the complete piano music, and the Quintet for Wind Instruments, Op. 26.

Echoes from abroad: André Hodeir notes the emergence of a group of French composers committed to "total serial music" and headed by Pierre Boulez. The career of Eduard Van Beinum is explored by Alexander Ringer on the occasion of the noted conductor's 25th anniversary (assistant, associate, and principal conductor) with the Amsterdam Concertgebouw. The 100th anniversary of the Hallé Orchestra receives a double-barreled salute from Neville Cardus and Bernard Herrmann, with the latter's special bow to Sir John Barbirolli's "volcanic art of imaginative orchestral playing." The Bolshoi Theatre's production of Tchaikovsky's *Eugen Onegin* with Galina Vishnevskaya is released in the United States by Westminster.

New and vital: A new English LP called *At the Drop of a Hat* "perpetuates one of the most successful theatrical entertainments of the current London season . . . It would surprise me [Thomas Heinitz] greatly if this refreshing disc should fail to provoke admirable mirth across the Atlantic." Also in England, EMI releases the first disc of *Hoffnung Festivals*—a "huge enjoyment."

Shop talk: *SR* continues its separate tape reviews begun earlier in the year, with stereophonic tapes receiving increased attention. Marshall W. Stearns comments on a new synthesis by which Latin elements are infused into the jazz stream, also on a series of recordings starring drummer Art Blakey in which high fidelity is employed in the service of art.

1958 **A STRONG YEAR** for Bach and Berlioz: The *Christmas Oratorio* (Archive) rates high praise; Helmut Walcha's series of Bach organ music (Archive) "leave[s] the listener with few, if any, unfulfilled wishes," and there are two new complete editions of the *Brandenburg* Concertos (Kurt Redel's version on Westminster rates the critical preference). There are also two new versions of the monumental Berlioz Requiem, with Scherchen's (Westminster) judged superior despite some eccentricities. In the same composer's *L'Enfance du Christ,* Charles Munch (RCA) heads the list . . . Angel's new *Turandot* (Callas, Serafin), "one of the best operatic recordings ever from any source," suggests the desirability of a staged performance, and Rossini's *Le Comte Ory* (Angel) "joyfully widens the horizons of operatic familiarity."

The first stereo discs appear, among them some excerpts from Acts II and III of *Die Walküre* with Flagstad, offering "a complete sense of communion with a sizable musical experience." Flagstad also excels in Brahms and Mahler songs (London) . . . With the Chicago Symphony Orchestra in its full glory, Fritz Reiner's Prokofiev/Stravinsky disc (*Lieutenant Kije* Suite and *Song of the Nightingale*) is "equal to any Grand Prix disc ever heard," and Reiner's *New World* Symphony is up to the Toscanini standard. Angel launches its "Great Recordings of the Century" series with discs devoted to Chaliapin, Schumann, Muzio, and Prokofiev "with a promise of a scope and permanence beyond anything yet offered to the record-buying public." Serafin and Callas in *Medea* initiate a new and lamentably short-lived collaboration with G. Ricordi & Company. *Arabella* (London), "in sumptuous sound . . . should win many new friends," and Moore's *The Devil and Daniel Webster* "is a work of decided flavor and originality."

Renata Tebaldi excels with Jussi Bjoerling in RCA's new *Cavalleria Rusticana* and with Mario del Monaco in London's *Andrea Chénier.* Angel releases an outstanding new *Die Meistersinger* under Rudolf Kempe's direction . . . Eileen Farrell begins a new recording career with a release of opera arias on Angel, and Paul Robeson returns to the recording scene (Vanguard) in a program projected in robust voice and with a commanding presence. Ralph Ellison pays tribute to Mahalia Jackson, whose art "touches us as a rich abundance of human warmth and sympathy." Coinciding with the Met's 75th anniversary, *SR* publishes a listing of the operas and casts of all seventy-five opening nights.

New and vital. Ralph Gleason finds Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* a novel expressing "the explicit, vivid vocabulary of jazz." Reviewing the Met premiere of Barber's *Vanessa,* Irving Kolodin has serious reservations about Menotti's book, finds much to praise about Barber's music, and holds that "*Vanessa* moves the course of American opera ahead more than a little." The same plus and minus factors are noted in the RCA Victor recording which follows later in the year, with the observation that the recording "flatters the best qualities of the score." Van Cliburn's first recording (the Tchaikovsky First Piano Concerto) is released by RCA within two months after the pianist's triumphant return from Moscow.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Birgit Nilsson's LP debut (Angel 35540) leaves the impression that "her career from here on will be closely documented." Among the year's major recorded accomplishments: *The Organ,* "a handsome, well-conceived, and thoroughly executed project" under the guidance of E. Power Biggs (Columbia), and an album of all of Mussorgsky's songs (Angel) with Boris Christoff, a product born of an "almost fanatic love" on the artist's part . . . Danny Kaye's multifold musical activities—singer, dancer, and illustrious guest conductor—are singled out for an *SR* tribute by Abram Chasins and Mr. Kolodin. Joan Sutherland wins praise in her North American debut at Vancouver, British Columbia, as Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni.*

Echoes from abroad: Stereo discs reach England in time for the Third London Audio Fair. Rudolf Laban, pioneer of the dance, and Sir Louis Sterling, of early recording fame, pass on in England; the latter is remembered in *SR* by his one-time colleague, General David Sarnoff. Covent Garden's 100th birthday is celebrated with an illustrious "Royal Gala." *Vanessa,* with its Metropolitan cast virtually intact, gets a chilly reception from the critics at Salzburg. In anticipation of their American debuts, Jan Holcman reviews some new recordings by pianists Vladimir Ashkenazy and György Cziffra. Everett Helm reports from Donaueschingen on the avant-garde concern with *Musik im Raum.* Ernest Newman, doyen of music critics, is saluted on his ninetieth birthday. George R. Marek comments on the musical tastes and habits of Tokyo. The hilarious Hoffnung concerts entertain London's musical sophisticates. Reminiscences on Richard Strauss are related by the composer's sister, Johanna.

Shop talk: A sampling of new stereo discs convinces the Editor that the medium is on the right road, presuming that "its novelty appeal will soon depart, leaving the requirement for something more enduring and substantial." . . . Norman Eisenberg offers a primer on matched speakers for stereo. Lorin Maazel, an erstwhile child prodigy, reappears as a "mature" conductor at twenty-eight in a Tchaikovsky/Prokofiev program (Decca). Oliver Daniel notes the emergence of Alan Hovhaness as one of "the most performed and recorded of American composers." . . . With the constant growth of summertime tent productions, a record-breaking twenty-seven canvas-top theaters are expected to entertain 3,000,000 Americans in 1958. Insisting that "good rock and roll does exist," Marshall W. Stearns urges a "discriminating understanding" of the medium . . . Noting a new trend to display the female anatomy and other appealing vistas on LPs, Frederic Ramsey, Jr., does a review of album *covers.*

SR INITIATES its "Great Artists of our Time," a "series of indefinite duration and unpredictable frequency." Teodoro Celli's penetrating portrait of Maria Callas is the first entry, to be followed by the Editor's appraisal of Giulietta Simionato . . . William Primrose and Charles Munch collaborate in "the best-rounded treatment yet" on discs of Berlioz's *Harold in Italy.* Munch rates further accolades for his reading of Franck's D-minor Symphony. Kirsten Flagstad is still "inimitable" in the first act of *Die Walküre* and in a Sibelius song recital (London). Glenn Gould's Berg-Schoenberg-Křenek program (Columbia) proves him "an alert and sympathetic friend of contemporary music." Decca releases a Golden Jubilee album for Andres Segovia, reviewed in *SR* by Fernando Valenti . . . London's new versions of *La Fanciulla del West* and *Mefistofele* (both with Tebaldi and Del Monaco) establish current peaks for these operas. Among the historical reissues: a Camden treasury of Rachmaninoff with seventeen items, a Galli-Curci recital (Camden), and two Angel discs featuring Melchior, Leider, and Schorr in Wagner on one; Casals, Thibaud, and Cortot in Beethoven on the other . . . Poulenc's *Dialogues of the Carmelites* (Angel) and Menotti's *Maria Golovin* (RCA) boost the ranks of contemporary operas on records.

Vladimir Ashkenazy (left) with Malcolm Frager.

A wealth of Handel recordings marks the 200th anniversary of the composer's death. Honoring the impending visit of the Bolshoi Ballet, RECORDINGS devotes a lead article to impresario S. Hurok . . . Richard Freed begins a series of retrospective reports on worthwhile recordings which have been removed from the catalogue. There are a number of important Prokofiev releases: the operas *Fiery Angel* (Westminster) and *War and Peace* (MGM), the Fifth and Seventh Symphonies (RCA), and the *Sinfonia Concertante* (Capitol). The Callas art shines in a new Verdi recital disc of arias from *Macbeth, Don Carlos, Nabucco,* and *Ernani* (Angel). There are two new versions of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*—on DGG-Archive under Karl Richter and on Vanguard under Wöldike. Critic Michael Steinberg prefers the former, but misses "the heart and blood of this great drama" in both editions. Important recording debuts are made by Joan Sutherland (London), pianist John Browning (Capitol), guitarist John Williams (Washington), and violinist Jaime Laredo (RCA).

The bell tolls for Wanda Landowska, whose career is remembered by Jan Holcman, and for Billie Holliday, whose passing is noted by Richard Gehman. RCA Victor releases two major operatic productions under Erich Leinsdorf's direction. The Vienna-originated *Le Nozze di Figaro* is found to be "truly Mozartian," while *Macbeth* displays a "somewhat non-Italian" strain despite the excellent singing. Haydn's *The Seasons* appears in an English-language edition (Capitol) which is not one of Beecham's memorable accomplishments . . . *SR* carries Igor Stravinsky's reminiscences "Apropos *Le Sacre du Printemps,*" and Stravinsky's *Threni* is released on Columbia, a "milestone" in the composer's serialist phase.

New and vital: *SR*'s February lead article notes, "The Metropolitan comes to *Wozzeck.*" The first complete stereo edition of the Bartók quartets is "truly sensational." With *Das Rheingold,* London begins the recording of the complete *Ring* cycle. The first installment is hailed as "a masterpiece of craftsmanship" with a "nearly flawless cast." The nine Beethoven symphonies appear in stereo for the first time (Columbia, under Bruno Walter) . . . Everett Helm notes the rediscovery of tonality in the expressive and dramatic work of Hans Werner Henze . . . A French Pathé album documents the artistry of the finalists in the 1955 Warsaw Chopin contest—winner Adam Harasiewicz and runners-up Vladimir Ashkenazy and Fou Ts'ong . . . On the London scene, Thomas Heinitz hails the exhilarating art of Teresa Berganza, while the untimely death of musical humorist Hoffnung, at thirty-four, removes "a corrective influence in an age where so many are inclined to take their musical pleasures too seriously." Irving Kolodin submits a report on Spoleto's "Festival of Two Worlds." Recordings of *Don Giovanni* and *Le Nozze di Figaro,* taped at the Aix Festival, are released by Vox . . . Blomdahl's space-age opera, *Aniara,* is launched at Edinburgh . . . *SR* reports on the New York Philharmonic's tour of England and Russia . . . Gail Kubik comments on the 22nd Venice International Festival of Contemporary Music, while Herbert Weinstock, attending a performance of Berg's *Lulu* in Rome, finds it "less prevailingly dissonant than *Wozzeck.*"

Shop talk: The increasing popularity of automobile racing prompts a flood of record releases related to this sport's sounds and personalities. In "Zero Hour for Lincoln Center," RECORDINGS surveys the plans for the emerging complex as May 14 is designated for ground-breaking ceremonies . . . Record executives are confident about the growth of stereo,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and predict the new medium will capture 30 to 50 per cent of the market by the end of 1959 . . . Command Records does its part to swell that total with its *Persuasive Percussion* stereorama . . . London Records initiates its low price Richmond label . . . *SR* previews Ira Gershwin's book, *Lyrics on Several Occasions*. Jan Holcman presents a detailed survey of Western vs. Soviet pianism . . . In an article "Lincoln Center States Its Case," Reginald Allen answers criticism of its plans.

"ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS after his birth, Chopin remains the most modern-sounding composer of his century with a remarkable sense of harmonic color," observes Artur Rubinstein prior to his departure for Poland for the celebrations. Jan Holcman commemorates the anniversary with a historical discography of outstanding Chopin interpretations and with an article on the composer's newly published and revealing correspondence with Countess Delphine Potocka . . . Rubinstein's recorded contribution to the Chopin year is a new version of the Ballades (RCA Victor), which are also recorded by Philippe Entremont on Columbia . . . The year also marks the 100th anniversary of Mahler's birth, an occasion noted by the Editor with a complete listing of operatic and symphonic performances conducted by Mahler during his American seasons (1907-1911) and with a "Centennial Balance Sheet" of Mahler recordings prepared by Alexander Ringer. Notable among new Mahler recordings is the Fourth Symphony (RCA Victor) in which Fritz Reiner "combines meticulous workmanship with a deep penetration of substance." And Angel's *Das Lied von der Erde*, under Paul Kletzki, presents, for the first time, a baritone (Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau) in collaboration with the tenor.

Sir Thomas Beecham is featured in several major recordings: in Liszt's *A Faust Symphony;* in a *Carmen* which is judged to be an artistic conception, but a "frustratingly imperfect one"; and in a highly controversial edition of *Messiah*, in which Irving Kolodin finds that "there is far more that is stimulating than is disturbing." An equally productive series for Bruno Walter includes his first recording of Bruckner's Ninth Symphony, a new version of the Brahms Double Concerto (with Francescatti and Fournier), and a collection of Wagner overtures, all of which prompts the grateful comment that "the line of communication is still open to a higher source of knowledge and experience than almost any other still accessible." Josef Krips joins the rarefied list of conductors who have recorded the Beethoven nine. The Beethoven Ninth Symphony is released on a single disc by London under Ernest Ansermet, an achievement not without some damage to musical fidelity. While these veterans of the baton continue with undiminished vigor, thirty-year-old Lorin Maazel impresses as "one prodigy of the baton who has grown up to its responsibilities," and Bernard Haitink is heard for the first time heading the Concertgebouw in a recording of Dvořák's Second Symphony (Epic.)

Pianistically, it is very much a Richter year. In a group of concerto recordings issued by DGG and made in Germany (Schumann, Prokofiev No. 5, Mozart No. 20), he is revealed as "deserving the accolade of poet." *SR* honors the Russian pianist by an article in the "Great Artists of Our Time" series, written by Jan Holcman on the occasion of Richter's first American tour. Prior to his series of five clamorously received New York recitals, Richter appeared with the Chicago Symphony in Brahms's Concerto No. 2, Leinsdorf conducting. Other pianists in the limelight are Rudolf Firkusny, whose recording of Chopin's B-minor Sonata is praised for "individual accent and poetic sensitivity," and Rudolf Serkin, who records, under Eugene Ormandy's direction, the Concertos No. 1 and 2 of Felix Mendelssohn . . . Glenn Gould also debuts as a composer (Quartet, Op. 1, on Columbia) and joins *SR*'s list of reviewers in commenting on Erwin Bodky's work, *The Interpretation of Bach's Keyboard Works.*

In the violin realm, it is a year for the veterans. Joseph Szigeti, at sixty-eight, is heard in a new version of the Brahms Concerto, "equal in many respects to the one made twenty-five years ago." Mischa Elman's recital disc (Vanguard) is a fitting celebration of *Fifty Years of Violinistic Triumph.* David Oistrakh and Jascha Heifetz are both heard in new versions of the Sibelius Concerto. Henryk Szeryng and Artur Rubinstein initiate their sonata series with a pairing of Beethoven's *Spring* and *Kreutzer.*

As the New York City Opera embarks on a Ford Foundation-sponsored tour covering twenty-one communities, *SR* salutes the company where "the director must not only conceive policy but participate in the execution of it." . . . Among opera recordings, the critics poll favored RCA Victor's *Turandot*, starring Nilsson, Tebaldi, and Bjoerling. *SR* notes "the almost visual clarity . . . of Puccini's massive undertaking." In Angel's new *La Gioconda*, Maria Callas again reveals, in Herbert Weinstock's observation, "that unwavering comprehension of the relationship between text and music which always has marked great operatic performers." Among operatic esoterica, the year brings Rameau's ballet opera *Platée* on the Pathé label, Dvořák's *The Devil and Kate* (Artia), and two operas by Leoš Janáček. There are also two new versions of *Don Giovanni*: on RCA Victor under Leinsdorf and on Angel under Giulini, both splendidly cast, and both highly praised. Joan Sutherland makes a brilliant impression in Handel's *Acis and Galatea* (L'Oiseau-Lyre), as does Teresa Berganza in her first solo recital disc of Rossini arias (London).

The new Berlioz Requiem under Charles Munch (RCA) is a "respectful and idiomatic performance"; not so the same composer's *Damnation of Faust* under Igor Markevitch (DGG). The Wolf centennial brings outstanding performances of the composer's songs by Erna Berger, Hermann Prey, Fischer-Dieskau, Irmgard Seefried, and Eberhard Wächter . . . Peter Pears and Benjamin Britten are heard in Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin*. . . . Furtwängler, the Busch-Serkin Trio, Eva Turner, Lotte Lehmann, and Conchita Supervia are remembered in historic reissues on Angel . . . Pianist Edward Steuermann devotes a recital to the works of Ferruccio Busoni, and Mel Powell notes the seventy-fifth birthday of Edgard Varèse. . . . Richard Freed deplores the decreasing catalogue representation of the "vanishing Dane," Carl Nielsen . . . Brendan Behan's *Irish Folk Songs and Ballads*, a Chekhov miscellany featuring actors of the Moscow Art Theatre, and Lotte Lenya's *Invitation to German Poetry* offer listening experiences of an unconventional kind.

On the eve of the Presidential election, *SR* prints the views of candidates Richard M. Nixon and John F. Kennedy on the relationship of the federal government and the arts, using a ten-point questionnaire submitted by Irving Kolodin . . . Dimitri Mitropoulos, Leonard Warren, and Jussi Bjoerling all die suddenly in 1960.

New and vital: The eighth volume in the monumental "New Oxford History of Music" recorded series is released by RCA Victor. Entitled *The Age of Beethoven* (1790-1830), the three-disc set offers a group of rarely heard excerpts by Spohr, Weber, and Cherubini, among others . . . Five LP volumes documenting the career of Aksel Schiøtz, issued by Danish Odeon, are reviewed in *SR* by Jean Bowen . . . The Mercury-Ricordi association results in the first recording of Paisiello's *The Barber of Seville* . . . Alan Jay Lerner's career as a librettist is evaluated by David Dachs as *Camelot* is being readied for its Broadway opening.

Echoes from abroad: "The amazingly frank and outspoken contents" of Arnold Schoenberg's letters, published by B. Schott's Söhne, Mainz, are reviewed by Robert Breuer . . . Joseph Wechsberg finds the newly completed Salzburg Festspielhaus "an astonishing monument to the Austrian artistic genius and financial recklessness." Jan Holcman files reports

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on his meetings with Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli in Bolzano and Alexis (Sigi) Weissenberg in Paris, two pianists of greater significance than their relatively small recorded output might indicate . . . Rising opera star Franco Corelli, interviewed in Milan, expresses hope that he would some day record the tenor leads of *William Tell*, *Les Huguenots*, and *L'Africaine* . . . Anja Silja (Senta), Franz Crass (Holländer), and Thomas Stewart (Amfortas) are among the new personalities noted in Bayreuth by Martin Bernheimer . . . Thomas Heinitz comments on the Glyndebourne triumphs of Joan Sutherland in *I Puritani* and *Don Giovanni*.

Shop talk: The reviewing of stereo discs becomes the norm with *SR* . . . A series of racing car sounds (Riverside Records) adds a new variant to audiomania . . . "The decade of the Fifties will be regarded as the one in which foundations became the great patrons of American music, the Medici, Lobkowitz, and Ludwig of Bavaria of our time," writes Oliver Daniel in an article dealing with the beneficial activities of the Rockefeller, Ford, Naumburg, and other foundations . . . In his fifth year of absence from active concertizing, Vladimir Horowitz discusses composition, recordings, technique, rubato, and a variety of related subjects with Jan Holcman.

1961 "A YEAR OF OVERLAPPINGS and duplications, even among the things that were outstanding"—thus the year-end summary. Two grand old batoneers give competing versions of the four Brahms symphonies. The sets are reviewed by Robert Lawrence, who finds Klemperer's renditions imposing but "unduly austere" (Angel). He finds Walter's readings "uneven, marked by greatness." . . . Klemperer, who celebrates his seventy-fifth birthday this year, is also heard in a two-disc set of Wagneriana, exhibiting "a sense of spaciousness completely Central European." Walter shines in Bruckner's Fourth Symphony, uncovering "a rhythmic vigor and a sense of structural unity where others plod from chord to chord." Death comes to Sir Thomas Beecham at eighty-one, but the flow of his recordings continues, notably a fine *Ein Heldenleben*. "To say that Beecham lived a full life would be a gross understatement," understates Irving Kolodin in his commemorative "The Measure of Beecham."

Elliott Carter.

Other major symphonic sets include a Tchaikovsky threesome with the Leningrad Symphony, Mravinsky conducting (DGG); and the Schumann four, with the Piano Concerto and the *Manfred* Overture as addenda (Epic) under George Szell's leadership. "Exhilarating in both content and performance" is Robert Lawrence's verdict of the latter. Van Cliburn undertakes the *Emperor* Concerto (under Fritz Reiner, RCA Victor), and his effort is characterized by "infinite facility, youthful enthusiasm, and a decidedly superficial appreciation." Several Mozart piano concertos receive exemplary treatments: Rubinstein and Krips collaborate in No. 24, Casadesus and Szell in Nos. 22 and 23 (Columbia), Clara Haskil and Igor Markevitch in Nos. 20 and 24 (DGG). The release is a posthumous one for Miss Haskil, a casualty of the year.

Other multiple sets include the four Bach suites with Yehudi Menuhin conducting the Bath Festival Orchestra, distinguished by "drive, aliveness, the keen pleasure of music making." Pianist Carl Seemann and violinist Wolfgang Schneiderhan, "an ensemble of exceptional skill and interest," are responsible for an outstanding collection of the ten violin-piano sonatas of Beethoven (DGG), while "two equally capable and musically compatible performers," Erica Morini and Rudolf Firkusny, are paired for the first time on a disc of Mozart and Franck sonatas (Decca). Heifetz and Piatigorsky join forces in the Double Concerto both of them had previously recorded with different partners. This time, under Alfred Wallenstein, they achieve a "concerted effort as propounded by Brahms."

On the esoteric side, there is a six-record set released by Supraphon, called *Musica Antiqua Bohemica*, offering the best of Benda, Stamitz, Kozeluch, and even lesser known symphonists . . . William Walton is honored by his *Belshazzar's Feast* (Angel) and Violin Concerto (Columbia, with Zino Francescatti as soloist). Igor Stravinsky conducts his *Petrouchka* and *Sacre du Printemps* on Columbia . . . Elliot Carter's Quartet No. 2, winner of the Pulitzer Prize and the Music Critics Circle of New York award, receives a spectacular performance by the Juilliard Quartet (RCA Victor), and Gunther Schuller's "Seven Studies on Themes of Paul Klee" exhibits the composer's "rare sense of orchestral timbres and combinations" (Mercury). A more far-out entry on Time Records, featuring works by Stockhausen and Kagel, strikes Irving Kolodin as "stabilized noise."

In the concert hall, Leonard Bernstein impresses with his *Missa Solemnis* and an outstanding *Sacred Service* (Bloch) with the same conductor and Robert Merrill as soloist. The first recording of Poulenc's *Gloria* (Angel) demonstrates that the "joy of singing . . . is inherent in the work." In Berlioz's *L'Enfance du Christ*, Colin Davis begins his series of distinguished explorations on behalf of that composer. Davis is a new name on records this year, as are pianist Fou Ts'ong (Chopin and Mozart concertos on Westminster) and violinist Erick Friedman.

Duplications are the order of the day in opera as well. There are two very good editions of Wagner's *The Flying Dutchman*, both rating high with the nation's critics. *SR* favors the RCA edition slightly (George London in the title role, Antal Dorati conducting). In the competitive Angel version, overshadowed by more eminent performers, "the uncommonly fine-sounding Steersman" of young Fritz Wunderlich portends future glory. There are also two *Otellos*, with preference firmly stated in London's favor (Tebaldi and Del Monaco, under Karajan), though RCA Victor offers an outstanding Iago by Tito Gobbi and wise leadership by Tullio Serafin. For Verdi's Requiem, the word is quadruplication: Reiner (RCA), Serafin (Capitol), Markevitch (Parliament), and Serafin (Angel). The Angel set, a classic reissue, sounds better than ever; the interesting Markevitch version, recorded in Moscow, offers a superb soprano performance by Galina Vishnevskaya; Reiner has Bjoerling and Price in top form. Against such competition the Capitol version fades from view.

There are many good elements in London's new *Tristan und Isolde*, particularly Birgit Nilsson, "but the totality that Solti plainly has in mind eludes his realization." This is the year, too, for London's new *Lucia di Lammermoor*, whose main ornament, Joan Sutherland, makes her Met debut on November 26. There is also a virtually all-American *Il Trovatore* from RCA Victor (Tucker-Price-Warren-Elias-Tozzi). Imported Russian discs (MK) bring complete versions of *Pique Dame*, *Tsar Saltan*, and *The Invisible City of Kitezh*, and an "operatic gem" is discovered in the form of the Hungarian national opera, *Bánk bán*, by Erkel. The playing of the Virtuosi di Roma in *La Cambiale di Matrimonio* is "the foremost delight of this most welcome reminder of Rossini's early-flowering genius." The year is also notable for modern opera: Blomdahl's space opera *Aniara* is released by Columbia, and Hindemith's *News of the Day*, as heard at Santa Fe under the composer's leadership, shows a "production all color and youthful vigor."

Coinciding with her Metropolitan debut, Galina Vishnevskaya is starred in an RCA recital disc, "a musical experience full of revelations." The compelling art of Boris Christoff

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

glows in a disc of Tchaikovsky songs (Capitol), but the no-less-exciting interpretive gifts of a heretofore unknown Russian bass, Boris Gmirya, also win praise . . . Netania Davrath begins her Vanguard series of Canteloube's Auvergne songs . . . Berganza, Stich-Randall, and Victoria de los Angeles excel in classic aria and song recitals . . . Schnabel (The Trout Quintet) and Landowska (Scarlatti sonatas) are featured in Angel reissues; Battistini, Schipa, and the young Caruso (1902-1904) are among the vocal reissues in the "Great Recordings of the Century" series. The same series also includes three discs documenting the art of Jussi Bjoerling, while some unusual Lauritz Melchior selections are collated in a two-disc Asco set. Commemorating the 150th anniversary of Franz Liszt's birth, *SR* runs an exhaustive selective discography of outstanding recordings ranging over a sixty-year span, compiled by the indefatigable Jan Holcman, and an article, "Liszt and Piano Technique," by Harry L. Anderson.

New and vital: Coinciding with the world premiere of Stravinsky's *The Flood* (on television), *SR* publishes the composer's view of his score . . . Angel disc 35283, with commentary by Yehudi Menuhin, augurs what is about to develop into a growing interest in "Classical Indian Music." . . . Douglas Moore's new opera, *The Wings of the Dove*, is treated in a feature article in conjunction with its first presentation by the New York City Opera . . . A new record label, Spoken Arts Records, initiates a worthy series of recordings featuring the spoken art of W. H. Auden, Ruth Draper, and Richard Burton, among others.

Echoes from abroad: The heroic achievements of British pianist Cyril Smith, who has developed a new career playing duets for three hands with his wife, Phyllis Sellick, after the loss of his left hand, are related in detail . . . Thomas Heinitz reports from Britain on *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Benjamin Britten's new opera and the first new production of Georg Solti's regime at Covent Garden . . . In April, Ralph Parker presents a lively account from Moscow on "Moiseyev at Work"; in September, the same writer previews the Kirov Ballet of Leningrad prior to its first American tour . . . Martin Bernheimer reports from the Holland Festival (Hindemith's *Cardillac*, Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini*), and from Bayreuth, where Grace Bumbry's Venus is the big sensation, and Jess Thomas (Parsifal), Irene Dalis (Kundry), and Régine Crespin (Sieglinde) are also in the news . . . Henze's *Elegy for Young Lovers* is introduced in Munich. In common with many operas new and old, it has libretto troubles . . . The Berlin Philharmonic and Herbert von Karajan are the subjects of a study by H. C. Pendergast on the occasion of their American tour (October-November).

Shop talk: *SR* initiates its yearly listing, "Guide to European Music Festivals." . . . Redefining his own term "Third Stream," composer Gunther Schuller states his conviction that the "symphonic" and "jazz" idioms may be fused and that "both musics can benefit from this kind of cross-fertilization." . . . Multiplex adapters for home reception of stereo broadcasts enter into local technology as a result of an FCC ruling. After "Three Years of Stereo," the new medium claims a 30 per cent to 50 per cent share of the disc market, despite the industry's failure to acquaint the general public with some basic facts about stereo, notes Irving Kolodin. He also observes that too many good records are ruthlessly discontinued, "replaced by current production whose only plus is technological."

The Met's traditional labor crisis seems more critical than usual this year. At the height of the labor-management confrontation, the Editor predicts that "cooler heads will eventually prevail, and the working arrangements restored, even if it is not quite a love match on either side." The "cancelled" season opens as *SR* predicted it would, on October 23, with Leontyne Price and Richard Tucker in Puccini's *Fanciulla del West* . . . Acoustician Leo L. Beranek contributes an article on hall acoustics.

THANKS TO the "heroic contribution" of Labor Secretary Arthur Goldberg, the Metropolitan Opera and the Musicians' Union have re-established their working relationship—for the time being. . . .To celebrate Igor Stravinsky's eightieth birthday, Columbia issues six discs devoted to his music. Stravinsky is "the composer with the largest number of self-conducted recordings in history," observes Irving Kolodin. . . .Stravinsky's Violin Concerto, part of the aforementioned collection, is performed by Isaac Stern, who, during this year, is also soloist in concertos of Alban Berg and Béla Bartók; the latter is the first recording of a score that lay dormant for decades. . . Stern's collaborator in the "ravishing performance" of the early Bartók work is Eugene Ormandy, whose other credits this year include the first recording of Tchaikovsky's semi-official Seventh Symphony . . . Mahler's Third Symphony under Leonard Bernstein is termed "a superb brief for that great but problematic work." . . . Sviatoslav Richter's first New York recital gets its belated phonographic counterpart on a two-disc set and a single LP . . . All of the foregoing are Columbia releases, this being an exceptional year for that company. Out of retirement at last, Vladimir Horowitz also joins the Columbia roster, changing several decades of affiliation. His new disc of Chopin and Schumann affirms that he "remains vital, full of impulse and an urge to communicate" . . . A two-disc volume of *The Music of Alban Berg* and a chamber-music program recorded at the White House with Casals, Schneider, and Horszowski are other memorable Columbia releases of the year.

Musical giants pass from the scene: Fritz Kreisler at eighty-seven, whose death prompts affectionate tributes from colleagues Elman, Francescatti, Menuhin, Milstein, Szigeti, and Stern in *SR;* Alfred Cortot at eighty-five, who is remembered less fondly; Bruno Walter at eighty-six, whose recordings of Dvořák's Fourth and Mahler's Ninth Symphonies are issued posthumously . . . This is another prolific year for Otto Klemperer, with an outstanding Bruckner Seventh among his many entries . . .George Szell and Fritz Reiner are heard in Beethoven's Ninth. Irving Kolodin ranks the latter "the noblest, the best sounding, and the most far reaching in its musical distinctions" among Reiner's achievements. Other outstanding Reiner releases of the year are *Also sprach Zarathustra* and a diverting collection of Johann Strauss favorites.

The evergreen art of Artur Rubinstein is scrutinized by Jan Holcman following the artist's ten-concert series in Carnegie Hall. . . . Moscow-made recordings feature Richter (the two Liszt concertos on Philips) and Byron Janis (Prokofiev No. 3 and Rachmaninoff No. 1 on Mercury) . . . Paul Hume reports on Fort Worth's Van Cliburn Piano Competition, won by Ralph Votapek. . . . Wilhelm Kempff's performances in his album of *Five Beethoven Concertos* (DGG) are "well-proportioned, unaggressive, but vital." RCA Victor's chamber music collections of the Heifetz-Piatigorsky concerts are "in the nature of an all-star cast predominating, in importance, over what they are performing." . . . Joseph Szigeti in the Bach sonatas and partitas (Vanguard) is "intensely personal and . . . invigorating."

In a generous outpouring of Baroque recordings, there are nine LP discs issued by a new organization, Library of Recorded Masterpieces (LRM), all devoted to Vivaldi, conducted by Max Goberman. Reviewer Michael Steinberg welcomes the good works but questions the desirability of recording quite so much of this composer's enormous output . . . The growing representation of another prodigious master, Georg Philipp Telemann, is documented by Richard Freed. . . . There are two versions of the *Saint Matthew Passion*. The Bach masterwork with its all-star cast "amply justifies the generous don't-count-the-cost attitude of its sponsors" (Angel). The lesser known *Passion* by Schütz, a "glorious monument" in Baroque music, is released by Archive. The

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"grandly sculptured phrases" of Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau are ornaments of both *Passions* . . . RCA Victor releases an integral recording of Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet* under Munch with excellent soloists and "sound of almost ideal quality." Remembering the Debussy centennial, Jan Holcman contributes a discography in depth and comments that the total output of Debussy discs shows some 1,200 readings by more than 100 pianists . . . Conductor István Kertész and pianist John Ogdon are the most impressive new names on records, and Alan Civil, inheritor of the Philharmonia's first-horn chair from the late Dennis Brain, is heard in the Mozart concertos under Klemperer.

Operatically, it is a good year for Wagner: RCA's complete *Die Walküre*, "one of the finest opera records in years," rates high . . . There is also a new *Tannhäuser* (the Dresden version) on Angel. The *Wesendonck* Songs are recorded by Eileen Farrell (Columbia) and Régine Crespin (Angel). DGG releases a "regal" *Don Carlos* with the La Scala ensemble under Santini, and Angel's *Fidelio*, Klemperer conducting, is "the best recorded *Fidelio* ever, and on the level of the best 'live' ones" . . . The Fricsay-led *Nozze di Figaro* (DGG) strikes Irving Kolodin as being the "best balanced" in the crowded catalogue . . . London Records' busy schedule offers an excellent *Adriana Lecouvreur* with Tebaldi, and two sets with Joan Sutherland: the worthy *Alcina* and a "disappointing" *Rigoletto*. Nilsson's glorious singing is welcomed in London's *Salome* . . . On the more unusual side, there is a new *Dido and Aeneas* (L'Oiseau-Lyre) which "combines scholarship with vitality," a newly discovered and "splendidly accomplished" Dvořák cantata entitled *The Specter's Bride*, and a fine version of Robert Ward's new opera, *The Crucible* (CRI).

Maria Callas is represented by a new recital of French arias . . . There are no reservations about Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's *Die schöne Müllerin* (Angel), "the ultimate of what may be expected from any one individual." *SR* introduces Gerald Moore's portrait of the illustrious baritone, dealing with his art as well as his personality. . . . Also on Angel is an "absorbing duet recital" featuring Fischer-Dieskau, Victoria de los Angeles, and Gerald Moore, and a beautiful anthology of Spanish Renaissance music starring Miss de los Angeles.

Among reissues are a five-disc set from RCA Victor called *Ten Great Singers* (Caruso, Gigli, Flagstad, Pinza, etc.) and a two-disc Fritz Kreisler memorial from the same source . . . Melissa Hayden gives a dancer's view of Stravinsky's balletic creations . . . Novelist Ralph Ellison contributes an essay on jazzman Charlie Parker, entitled "Bird, Bird-Watching, and Jazz."

New and vital: Lincoln Center opens and the recording of the initial Philharmonic Hall concert is released on Columbia . . . The Hall "remains a joy for those who come only to watch, an enigma to many of those who perform, a source of conversation, comparison, and some complaint among those whose business it is to listen and report." . . . Frank Walker's *The Man Verdi* is hailed by Herbert Weinstock as an indispensable book to all scholars . . . New comedy voices are Allen Sherman, "whose target is folk song and whose aim is almost unerring," and Vaughn Meader, whose lampoon, *The First Family*, is "a virtuoso performance mingling affection with insight." Robert Ferris Thompson describes the Brazilian *bossa nova* as "a new genre bearing the marks of careful development and refinement," and calls it "perhaps the most promising popular phenomenon of the decade thus far."

Echoes from abroad: "Avant-garde music has become a surprisingly booming *business* in Europe, especially in Germany, through the subsidization of the radio," writes Gunther Schuller . . . Robert Breuer reports on "Karajan and the Opera Dilemma in Vienna"; Richard Freed on the Osaka Festival and Japanese musical life . . . RCA Victor opens its sumptuous new recording studio near Rome . . . John Christie's death marks a turning point in the Glyndebourne Festival seasons . . . Teodoro Celli's report of La Scala's gala *Les Huguenots* (Sutherland, Simionato, Corelli, Gavazzeni cond.) affirms that this "is an opera that seizes upon the audience and rouses it to enthusiasm." . . . Shostakovich's personal appearance provides the central interest at the Edinburgh Festival where several of the Russian composer's works are presented.

Shop talk: Folk music is established as a powerful phase of the popular music business, and *SR*'s growing review coverage reflects this fact . . .The twist, analyzed by Robert Ferris Thompson, is found to be a social as well as musical phenomenon . . ."Miles Davis can apparently have it both ways," writes Martin Williams. "His records seem to please those who want their music to be only a kind of fairly lively background sound issuing from their phonographs, and he also pleases those who expect the strongest kind of emotional statements from jazz." . . . Stereo headphones emerge for the benefit of audiophiles who desire privacy . . . Smaller speakers, shaped with a special eye to apartment living, are the main attraction of the 1962 New York Audio Fair.

1963

THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY of the births of both Wagner and Verdi find both composers well treated by record companies: The year brings the first recording of *Siegfried* uncut (London) and new versions of the much-recorded *Il Trovatore* (DGG, under Tullio Serafin) and *La Traviata* (London). Conductor Solti's *Siegfried* is highly praised; the enterprise termed "one of the richest additions to the recorded literature in years" . . . The year unquestionably belongs to London, for, in addition to *Siegfried*, this company is also responsible for the most commented-upon musical creation in many years, Britten's *War Requiem*, a work which receives its American premiere at Tanglewood on July 27 . . . Also for London, Joan Sutherland dominates *La Sonnambula* and *La Traviata*, and Renata Tebaldi lends her artistry to the Puccini *Trittico*, the first complete edition of the three operas . . . There are two new editions of Mozart's *Così fan tutte*. The Angel version under Böhm is considered "an approach that is too thoughtful and serious for so lighthearted a work," but Jochum's treatment (DGG) of the orchestra and ensembles sets a remarkable standard which is "almost unfailingly sustained by the cast." . . . There is a very fine *Samson and Delilah* from Angel, conducted by Prêtre, and a colorful new *Boris Godounov* from the same source, in which the conducting of André Cluytens is "reliable but unexciting," but Christoff in his bravura triple interpretation is found "overwhelming" . . . Christoff adds a recital of Glinka songs to his growing discography . . . Other noteworthy vocal recitals are offered by Maria Callas (French arias, Volume II), Christa Ludwig (*Alto Rhapsody* and *Wesendonck* Songs), Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (*Schwanengesang*), Régine Crespin (two aria recitals offering "rewardingly high-class singing") . . . Jan Peerce's recital of Handel arias (Westminster) is "one of those indispensable issues that appear only a few times a year" . . . Two new recordings deepen appreciation for Bartók's rarely staged masterpiece, *Bluebeard's Castle*. The conductors are Bartók's compatriots; Antal Dorati's version (Mercury) uses the original Hungarian; Eugene Ormandy's (Columbia), a good English translation. Bruno Walter's last recordings are released by Columbia; another titan of the baton, Fritz Reiner, passes on at seventy-five while preparing for his return to the Metropolitan in a revival of *Götterdämmerung* . . . "One of the most able and sympathetic Berlioz interpreters of our time" is hailed in Colin Davis, who scores impressively first with *Béatrice et Bénédict* (L'Oiseau-Lyre), then with *Harold in Italy* (Angel), where Yehudi Menuhin appears as solo violist . . . Combining

Renata Tebaldi.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Berlioz's rarely heard *Cléopâtre* with Ravel's *Shéhérazade* strikes I.K. as a "beautiful idea," splendidly executed by Jennie Tourel and Leonard Bernstein. The Ravel cycle later appears in another context as interpreted by Victoria de los Angeles . . . Otto Klemperer adds a masterly Strauss disc to his list (*Tod und Verklärung* and *Metamorphosen*). The thorny requirements of the latter are "superbly fulfilled." As for the conductor's new edition of the *Brandenburg* Concertos, critic Michael Steinberg admires the clarity and discipline revealed, but he finds the interpretations lacking in "passion and charm" . . . Herbert von Karajan is very much in the news. His new *Tosca* (with Price, Di Stefano, and Taddei) is intermittently brilliant but somewhat unidiomatic; his Beethoven symphonies are praised by *SR*'s Robert Lawrence. There is also a conversation with Karajan in which Herbert Pendergast presents his views on modern music, opera in the vernacular, Bach transcriptions, other conductors, etc. . . . Jascha Heifetz returns to the microphone with new recordings of the Bruch and Mozart's D-major Concerto. His Beethoven sonata recordings are also reissued in album format, as is his 1955 performance of the Brahms Concerto which is reviewed in *SR* simultaneously with Zino Francescatti's new version . . . Paul Kletzki and Erich Leinsdorf offer competing versions of Mahler's First Symphony, while Eugene Ormandy revitalizes two seldom heard symphonies of Russian composers: Shostakovich's No. 4 and Prokofiev's No. 6 . . . Glenn Gould undertakes the first volume of his projected series of the Bach "48" and Guiomar Novaes reappears on the Decca label with a Chopin recital revealing that her "art remains enduring and satisfying" . . . Pianists André Watts and Ivan Moravec are new names on discs . . . Horowitz and Schnabel (complete Beethoven sonatas), and Heifetz, Feuermann, and Rubinstein (their trio recordings) are featured on important reissues. Among vocal reissues, there is Columbia's famed 1903 "Grand Opera Series," as well as commemorations of Lotte Lehmann's seventy-fifth birthday and the 50th anniversary of Giovanni Martinelli's Metropolitan debut. Lauritz Melchior shares one reissue disc with Frida Leider (Angel), another with Kirsten Flagstad (RCA Victor). Death claims the great Flagstad this year, also Francis Poulenc, and *SR*'s gifted and dedicated piano specialist Jan Holcman, whose last article on these pages was "Petri in Retrospect."

An excellent series with the participation of the Utah Symphony Orchestra under Maurice Abravanel (Vanguard) is initiated with a recording of Honegger's *Le Roi David* . . . Biber's Fifteen Sonatas for Scordatura (Cambridge Records) enlivens the recorded violin literature, as does Decca's artistic presentation of *The Glory of Cremona* with Ruggiero Ricci, in which instance "for once a grandiose title does not overstate the content of a record album."

Columbia issues a three-disc set entitled *The Ellington Era*, an important documentation of jazz history.

New and vital: "Revolutionaries are never very popular people," remarks Don Heckman, applying his observation to alto saxophonist Ornette Coleman, whom he considers "one of the great natural geniuses in jazz history." In subsequent portraits, *SR*'s contributors analyze the creative efforts of Cecil Taylor ("who plays some of the most complex and unrelentingly powerful music that jazz has ever known") and Thelonious Monk ("a major jazz composer, the first since Duke Ellington") . . . Broadway's sensation, the Albee play *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*, "does not fail to project the soul and substance of the play" in its transfer to LP . . . On the occasion of the great March on Washington, Robert Sherman writes about freedom songs and traces the history of "We Shall Overcome."

Echoes from abroad: In his article "Soviet Music Since Stalin," Boris Schwarz concludes that "the battle for complete freedom of artistic and individual expression" is still to be won under the Soviet regime . . . Commenting upon the high quality of performances at the Sadler's Wells, Thomas Heinitz writes: "Since Colin Davis became its musical director, Sadler's Wells no longer seems content to play the role of a mere Volksoper." . . . On the announced resignation of Ninette de Valois as director of the Royal Ballet, John Martin remarks: "She has been in office far longer than most Prime Ministers, and who can say that she has done less?" The same writer reports that on her third visit to England Martha Graham "made a profound impression upon a hitherto indifferent public and . . . a previously hostile press."

Shop talk: The increasing success of regional FM networks is noted and discussed by *SR*'s Martin Williams . . . RCA Victor enters the arena of technical innovations and sloganeering with its "dynagroove" product. Irving Kolodin finds the technical achievement impressive, but its benefits overstated in the company's publicity.

TO MARK the 100th anniversary of the birth of Richard Strauss, RECORDINGS offers a discography, a bibliography, articles by Glenn Gould, Robert Breuer, and a lead article by Irving Kolodin, who finds that those least appreciative of Strauss's gifts are contemporary composers. In their world, Strauss is "not even 'out,' he is 'un.'" Eugene Ormandy's "magnificent" recording of *Also sprach Zarathustra* is "a standard by which anything else of this Strauss year may be measured." The year also brings "the best *Symphonia Domestica* for the phonograph" under George Szell, a recital of seventeen songs by Lisa Della Casa, and a recorded souvenir of the Munich Opera's performance of *Die Frau ohne Schatten* . . . Leonard Bernstein announces that he will take a sabbatical from Philharmonic chores. Looking back on the conductor's achievements with the orchestra, I. K. notes that his impact "spread wider but it has not penetrated more deeply." The year is very productive for recordings by Bernstein of works by Bartók, Rossini, Schumann, and Haydn . . . The death of Max Goberman halts a major project of recording Haydn's entire symphonic output in authenticated editions, but not before committing forty-four symphonies to tape (for L.R.M.) . . . Richard Freed's current discography shows eighty-two different Haydn symphonies in Schwann . . . Without the benefit of an anniversary, the year is phonographically significant for Mahler, also. A new *Das Lied von der Erde* from Amsterdam (Merriman and Häfliger, Jochum cond.) is judged "the preferred version now available." Also by the Concertgebouw is a new Mahler First Symphony, "a happy augury for the future" of conductor Bernard Haitink. There are two versions of the Fifth Symphony (Leinsdorf and Bernstein conducting), and a version of the gigantic Eighth from Utah, Maurice Abravanel conducting.

A Mozart disc offering Symphony No. 33 and the Divertimento, K.131, by the Cleveland Orchestra under Szell elicits the observation that "the playing is sheer perfection—a category beyond which there is no other." In another (*Sinfonia Concertante*, K.364), the orchestra is called "the best Mozart orchestra in America." Further eloquent statements this year include the *Jupiter* Symphony, two violin concertos with Isaac Stern (Nos. 1 and 5), and two piano concertos with Rudolf Serkin (Nos. 19 and 20) . . . The astonishing Artur Rubinstein duplicates Mozart's No. 20, offering "a magnificent equipoise between dramatic and lyric." He also offers new versions of the *Emperor* Concerto and the waltzes of Chopin . . . An impressive recording debut is made by André Previn in Britten's *Sinfonia da Requiem* . . . Pierre Monteux dies; István Kertész succeeds him as principal conductor of the London Symphony. Recordings of Dvořák's Seventh and Schubert's Ninth Symphonies add to Kertész's growing stature . . . Menuhin excels in a new version of the Bloch Violin Concerto . . . John Browning's recording leads I.K. to observe that "familiarity with Samuel Barber's Piano

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Concerto breeds esteem." Vanguard's low-priced Everyman series issues "personal and penetrating" Barbirolli interpretations of the Sibelius and Tchaikovsky Fifth Symphonies . . . A new version of Brahms's Piano Concerto No. 1 is Van Cliburn's "most satisfactory recording . . . since the early days of his celebrity." . . . Wilhelm Kempff's edition of the complete piano sonatas of Beethoven is "a study in contrasts." The piano-cello sonatas as recorded by Richter and Rostropovich (Philips) gather unreserved praise in *SR* and go on to be singled out for more recognition in the annual poll . . . Jean Cocteau, Peter Ustinov, and conductor Igor Markewitch lend distinction to the first stereo recording of Stravinsky's *L'Histoire du Soldat* (Philips). Charles Ives's String Quartets Nos. 1 and 2 are released on Vox with the Kohon Quartet . . . The New York Pro Musica group performs *The Play of Herod* "with style and authority" (Decca) . . . The world of jazz loses trombonist Jack Teagarden and critic Wilder Hobson, who has written on the subject for *SR* since the first issue of RECORDINGS.

No opera recording clearly dominates the field in 1964, but there are many strong entries. RCA Victor's *Carmen* has the strong "generalship" of Karajan to support the vocal efforts of Price, Corelli, and Merrill. The same company's new *Falstaff*, with Solti conducting and Geraint Evans in the title role, "brings to the ear any number of tonal combinations not offered in any other source, live or recorded." Angel's *The Bartered Bride*, under Kempe, is "a specific for complaints of the mind and spirit," and the same company's new *Lohengrin* is also "worthy of attention." Russian opera enjoys prominence with a Bolshoi-originated *Boris Godounov* starring George London (Columbia) and Ultraphone providing Dargomizhsky's *Russalka* and *The Stone Guest*, Tchaikovsky's *Cherevichki* and *Iolantha*, and Rubinstein's *Demon*—all heretofore unavailable in the United States . . . London Records features Joan Sutherland in *I Puritani* and Birgit Nilsson in *Fidelio*. The critical comment relating to the latter—"valued in terms of superior components rather than as a successful totality" is applicable to both undertakings . . . Basso Nicolai Ghiaurov makes a powerful impression with a solo recital on London, later contributing much to Angel's version of the Verdi Requiem under Giulini. Angel and Giulini are also responsible for Verdi's little known *Quattro Pezzi Sacri*, while Columbia offers an outstanding Verdi Requiem under Ormandy and a Canadian-American quartet of soloists: Amara, Tucker, Forrester, and London.

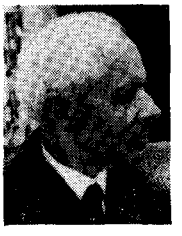
There are two Handel operas among the new arrivals: *Israel in Egypt* (Decca) is a "welcome reduction from superhuman to merely human dimensions," and *Rodelinda* (Westminster), well sung but conceived in an oratorio-like fashion . . . Hans Werner Henze's *Elegy for Young Lovers* reveals the German composer as a "lyricist of high gifts and considerable originality . . . A Verdi aria recital by Maria Callas holds "appeal not only to the Callas enthusiast but also to the devoted Verdian." A reissue of excerpts from *Die Meistersinger* built around the late Friedrich Schorr is nothing less than "a glorification of Wagner."

New and vital: The New York State Theater opens at Lincoln Center (April 20) . . . Eurodisc, a division of Germany's Ariola Records, is introduced in the United States with a list of releases including a complete *Tiefland* . . . Two "superb" Hamlets appear: Richard Burton (Columbia) and Paul Scofield (Caedmon), and John Gielgud's outstanding direction of the former version is singled out for special praise. Later in the year, the Shakespeare catalogue is enhanced by the "supreme" *Othello* of Laurence Olivier. Hermann Scherchen's belated conducting debut in the United States is commemorated in *SR* by a cover photo, discography, and an article by the conductor himself on "The Musical Past and the Electronic Future." . . . The inauguration of the Los Angeles Pavilion is commented upon by Arthur Knight in an article titled "Bloom in the Cultural Desert."

Echoes from abroad: From London, Thomas Heinitz describes a new cultural phenomenon: "It is barely possible of late to escape from the raucous din created by the Beatles, a quartet of strangely attired young men from Liverpool, whose phenomenal popularity with Britain's female teen-age population must have delighted EMI's stockholders, while parents vainly protest at so violent an assault upon their sensibilities" . . . Further news from London relates to the return of Maria Callas to Covent Garden (in *Tosca*) and to the disbandment of the Philharmonia Orchestra and the separation of Walter Legge from EMI. The orchestra persists as "New Philharmonia" . . . An article by Oscar Hendlund on Ingmar Bergman reveals the Swedish film director as passionately musical, with a wife who is a concert pianist (Käbi Laretei) . . . Reporting on the "festival season in Denmark," John Martin finds the Royal Danish Ballet "the most endearing of all ballet companies of our day." . . . At the International Congress of Contemporary Music Theater in Hamburg, the productions of the local company under its new director Rolf Liebermann are the greatest attractions.

Shop talk: Contemplating the rising steel structure which will eventually house the new Met, I.K. looks for "a new mood for the new Met." . . . "What we need, really, is a man of boldness and vision . . . the Rudolf Bing of 1950. Can he do it again? Only if he cares enough." Using his prerogative for "equal time," Bing requests "a new mood on the part of the press—one that examines our efforts with good will in the light of all the facts." . . . "Far and away the best thing that has ever happened to the dance in this country is the recent complex of grants totaling $7,756,000 by the Ford Foundation" (John Martin) . . . On the technical front, there is a flood of battery-operated tape recorders and growing interest in tape cartridges. Ivan Berger observes that "the switch to four-track recordings, with a consequent doubling of recorded content per tape, is less important than the general improvement in technique that has brought about a gradual lowering of tape speed."

OTTO KLEMPERER, of the vanishing race of master conductors, is described, at eighty, by Neville Cardus as a man of "inconquerable spirit" in spite of superhuman physical suffering. Klemperer himself observes the occasion by what seems to be a stepped-up production—the late Mozart symphonies, Bruckner's Fourth, Dvořák's Fifth, Stravinsky's Symphony in Three Movements, etc. . . . There is also a new *Magic Flute* with Klemperer (Angel), in which the score's "lighthearted humor and heady Viennese charm . . . are muted." Another version conducted by Karl Böhm (DGG), includes the spoken dialogues and offers the superior art of Wunderlich and Fischer-Dieskau . . . A Scarlatti-Telemann recital by Fischer-Dieskau evokes the comment that he "has no rivals among male singers of the present time for diversity, thoroughness, and enterprise."



Béla Bartók.

A year unusually rich and diversified in operatic releases ranging over the entire literature. An abridged edition of Monteverdi's *L'Incoronazione di Poppea* yields "a vivid, at times magnificent, performance." There is a Rossini harvest: a new *Barbiere* (London) with Berganza and Ghiaurov, a new *Stabat Mater* conducted by Schippers (Columbia), and a collection of rare Rossiniana under the heading of *Sins of My Old Age* (Nonesuch). Joan Sutherland appears in the title role of *Norma* (RCA Victor) opposite the Adalgisa of Marilyn Horne . . . *Luisa Miller* and *Macbeth* are added to the recorded Verdi catalogue, in good but not exceptional new editions. There is also a new *Parsifal*, taped at Bayreuth by Philips, with its share of aural limitations and distractions, but retaining "the sovereign imagery of the score." The long

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

awaited Callas *Carmen* strikes Irving Kolodin as "a brilliant sketch for a characterization, rather than a finished characterization itself."

A new *Daphne* from Munich (DGG) "enjoys all the advantages of a live performance." In a luminous new *Pelléas et Mélisande*, Ansermet creates "an atmosphere on which we can build visions." Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress* is released for the first time in stereo (Columbia) under the composer's own baton, and it "should be, for a long time to come, the definitive one for this work." Finally, DGG's new *Wozzeck*, under Böhm, is "the strongest, most concentrated contact with Berg that anybody has yet had."

Unusual and outstanding vocal recitals: Tebaldi's first in two years, displaying a less voluptuous but still alluring voice; Callas in a Rossini-Donizetti program; Evelyn Lear in Strauss songs. Two new divas enter the scene: Montserrat Caballé, with two discs after a spectacularly successful April debut in New York, and Mirella Freni, virtually coinciding with her Metropolitan debut. Bruno Prevedi is introduced on London, and Richard Tucker is heard in a program of Italian *bel canto* songs and arias (Columbia). Judith Raskin makes her lieder recital debut in a program of Mahler and Mendelssohn songs, and the Mussorgsky song cycle, *Songs and Dances of Death*, is interpreted by Galina Vishnevskaya (Philips) and George London (Columbia).

Two German-language editions appear of Handel's *Messiah*, under Karl Richter (DGG) and Karl Forster (Eurodisc), both strong, musicianly, and excellently recorded. Richter also conducts a new *St. John Passion* which is "authentic, but spirited . . . the finest on LP." . . . Several discs featuring flutist Jean-Pierre Rampal present "a concentration of merit that is rarely encountered in a repertory so seldom performed" . . . No less rare is Emanuel Vardi's feat of performing the twenty-four Paganini caprices on the viola (Epic) . . . A DGG disc devoted to the artistry of trumpeter Adolf Scherbaum "is not likely to be duplicated soon, least of all with the striking purity of sound that illuminates every measure" . . . Vladimir Horowitz is heard in two releases, one devoted to Scarlatti sonatas, another—"an hour and half of stunning piano playing"—perpetuating his Carnegie Hall recital of May 9 . . . Other pianists: Emil Gilels with the Philadelphians, playing Chopin's E minor Concerto—"superbly calculated execution, glistening articulation, and a quality of piano sound rarely reproduced with such fidelity"; Clifford Curzon with "an understanding and complete exposition of Schubert's purpose" in a program of sonatas and impromptus; Robert Casadesus with George Szell in Mozart Concertos Nos. 21 and 27, which are "in terms of musicality, refinement of detail . . . in the realm of the ultimate."

"Kubelik is moving on a steadily upward course again," is the judgment of his new DGG recordings of Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder* and Schumann's Second Symphony. In the former work, "justice is done to the music at last." Both Kubelik and Bernstein are heard in excellent versions of Janáček's *Glagolitic Mass*, a startling work "with uninhibited outbursts of exuberance." Leonard Bernstein is also heard in Nielsen's Third Symphony, recorded in Denmark.

Among the reissues: A Szigeti-Bartók sonata recital (Beethoven-Debussy-Bartók) from the archives of the Library of Congress, "lovingly processed" and issued by Vanguard; an operatic miscellany honoring the Old Boston Opera Company; and the original 1937 production of Blitzstein's *The Cradle Will Rock*, "a historic piece of Americana." And, despite sonic limitations, Arturo Toscanini's version of Berlioz's *Roméo et Juliette*, issued for the first time, "takes place among the very best of Toscanini re-creations."

A strong year for Sibelius, with new versions of his Symphony No. 2 (Maazel), Symphony No. 5 (Karajan), and two releases of the Violin Concerto (Ferras and Francescatti). The record buyer is also faced with the difficult choice between two outstanding new editions of Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 4—Rubinstein-Leinsdorf (RCA Victor) vs. Serkin-Ormandy (Columbia). Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli makes one of his rare appearances in a program of Beethoven-Galuppi-Scarlatti (London).

The gigantic Berlioz Requiem under Ormandy is "in many ways the most nearly definitive yet." Composers conduct their own works: Benjamin Britten his new Symphony for Cello and Orchestra; Igor Stravinsky, his *Orpheus* and *Apollo*. Pierre Boulez, on the other hand, offers a "graphic, explicit statement" of Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps*. The hair-raisingly complex Fourth Symphony of Charles Ives is heard under the direction of Leopold Stokowski—an impressive enterprise which, nevertheless, seems to suggest that "the music of Ives is just not phonogenic."

New and vital: Zoltán Kodály visits the United States to participate in Dartmouth's "Congregation of the Arts." Ernst Křenek and Ross Lee Finney are other composers whose works are featured . . . Paul Scofield "plays Lear for everything Shakespeare put into the part" (Caedmon). . . . The New York Philharmonic initiates a series of free summer concerts which are attended by an audience of astounding size, "an unprecedented, unbelievable, and remarkable sight—also unforgettable" . . . Duke Ellington presents a concert of *his* sacred music in San Francisco's Grace Cathedral, proceeding therefrom to the Monterey Jazz Festival. In the words of Stanley Dance: "Northern California, many claimed, had never had it so good." Ex-prodigy Yehudi Menuhin founds a music school for gifted children in Surrey, England, aiming to develop "rounded musicians as well as well-adjusted members of society" . . . "The Kennedy memorabilia industry continues unabated," with *John Fitzgerald Kennedy . . . As We Remember Him*, described by Henry Brandon as a "testament to an unforgettable man" . . . The *Baroque Beatle Book* is born.

Echoes from abroad: British composer Wilfred Josephs's Requiem, winner of the Milan competition of 1963, is premiered at La Scala, and found to be "a work of striking impact" . . . An impressive anthology of discs representing 140 works by more than 100 Swiss composers proves that "music is now a Swiss commodity of growing importance."

Shop talk: The 25th anniversary of the American Ballet Theatre is discussed by Emily Coleman, who hopes that the company's present potential will "restore much of its old luster" . . . *SR* publishes some newly discovered letters between Arnold Schoenberg and Hans Nachod, spanning forty years and containing much revealing detail . . . The Reverend Norman O'Connor welcomes music from jazz and folk sources which "help a man to pray that he might be a better man to the world that God put him in" whether or not such music is liturgically acceptable . . . On the book scene, an excellent *Concise Oxford Dictionary of Opera* and Edwin McArthur's *Flagstad: A Personal Memoir* . . . "The industry is pregnant with change, and pay television promises to be very much alive in the public consciousness," writes Robert Lewis Shayon. Its current fate, however, is an "uphill fight." . . . Deutsche Grammophon (DGG) makes a strong effort to increase its hold on the American record market . . . Video tape is the major new trend at the Audio Show.

BIRGIT NILSSON is nominated for inclusion in *SR*'s "Great Artists of Our Time" series with the description: "the strongest link to that heroic breed of singer who gave this particular Hall of Song its hallmark." The reference, of course, is to the old Metropolitan Opera House, where on March 19 of its final season Miss Nilsson accomplishes the feat of appearing both as Elisabeth and Venus in Wagner's *Tannhäuser* . . . She is also the prime attraction in London's *Die Walküre*, the final installment in this company's gigantic project of recording the complete tetralogy, an achievement "recorded with the finest possible casts, on a level of work-intensity commen-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

surate with the building of Bayreuth itself" . . . Other operatic projects of the year include a new *Don Carlos* on London (with Tebaldi, Bumbry, Ghiaurov; Solti conducting) which Irving Kolodin judges to be "one of the most powerfully persuasive examples of operatic recording yet accomplished" and the same company's *Nabucco*, "a predominantly living likeness of a score composed in hot blood." Tito Gobbi is Nabucco, and the "astonishing" Elena Suliotis makes her debut as Abigaille . . . RCA Victor performs strong service on behalf of Donizetti: a *Lucia di Lammermoor* with Anna Moffo, conducted by Prêtre, and the first complete *Lucrezia Borgia*, which includes some fine singing from Montserrat Caballé and Alfredo Kraus. RCA Victor's *Lohengrin* fails to match the promise of Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony and of Kónya as Lohengrin . . . A dedicated effort involving conductor István Kertész and the team of Christa Ludwig and Walter Berry has brought forth a Hungarian-language performance of Bartók's *Bluebeard's Castle*, the most totally satisfying version yet achieved of that strangely moving work.

Two Schubert recital discs by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau elicit the customary superlatives, while the first lieder discs with Fritz Wunderlich reveal "a voice of rare purity and freshness, and a technique . . . superior to most tenors prominent today." The year's end brings two fine versions of Handel's *Messiah*, conducted by Robert Shaw (RCA Victor) and Colin Davis (Philips), both offering authentic Baroque performance characteristics. Herbert Weinstock finds the Philips version "the most faithful likeness of *Messiah* that the gramophone has been afforded to date."

In the symphonic realm, Ives, Nielsen, and Bruckner have their strongest year ever. New recordings of Ives's First Symphony (Morton Gould with the Chicago Symphony) and Third Symphony (Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic) have a joint feature in that both discs include the provocative *The Unanswered Question*. The Ives Trio (1904) is issued on Decca, and a collection of the composer's vocal music is released by Columbia. Another noted American iconoclast, Carl Ruggles, is honored by Columbia's recording of his *The Sun-Treader*, and there are also two recordings devoted to the baffling talents of John Cage.

The Bruckner activity is virtually encyclopedic—a "powerful, beautifully controlled performance" of Symphony No. 1 under Jochum, an excellent version of No. 3 under Szell, two rival editions of No. 7 with Schuricht (Nonesuch) and Solti (London), respectively, and a new version of No. 9, which enhances the growing stature of Zubin Mehta. As for Carl Nielsen, the abundantly melodious Violin Concerto (Nonesuch) is hailed as a major discovery, with new recordings of Symphony No. 4 (Rudolf) and No. 6 (Ormandy) and a reissue of No. 2 (Garaguly) also warmly received.

A "provocative and inquisitive" statement of Mahler's Fourth, embellished by the singing of Judith Raskin, under Szell's baton, and the first recording of the composer's unfinished Symphony No. 10 in the realization of Deryck Cooke are also major events. The latter work gets a performance from Ormandy and the Philadelphians that is of "conviction as well as eloquence," but in a succeeding article called "The Art of the Second Guess," musicologist Paul Henry Lang exposes a dim view of this and similar re-creations . . . A remarkable young cellist, Jacqueline Du Pré, makes a fine impression in the Delius Concerto (Angel), and a twenty-year-old "firebrand," Radu Lupu of Rumania, wins the Second Cliburn International Piano Competition . . . The Guarneri Quartet, a new group of four young Americans, gets off to an auspicious start in a pair of RCA Victor releases featuring quartets by Dvořák, Smetana, and Mozart.

A fervent voice (that of Renee B. Fisher) is raised on the eve of July 4 on behalf of a new National Anthem . . . Noah Greenberg, founder of the New York Pro Musica and champion of old music and long-forgotten traditions, dies at forty-six . . . Another major loss to music is conductor Hermann Scherchen, an artist who possessed "a capacity to combine scholarship with verve." His life was rich in achievement; that of prodigious jazz pianist Bud Powell, also lost this year, full of tragedy and frustrations . . . Burt Korall reviews the career of Frank Sinatra and notes that two new collections on Reprise, entitled *Sinatra, a Man and His Music* and *The September of My Years*, give the measure of the man.

Lili Kraus begins her project of recording all of the Mozart piano concertos with conductor Stephen Simon (Epic) . . . Lorin Maazel presides over the *Brandenburg* Concertos and the Bach B-minor Mass for Philips . . . Colin Davis offers a "simple, eloquent, unaffected" reading of Berlioz's *Symphonie fantastique* . . . An album containing all seven Sibelius symphonies is released by Epic with the Japan Philharmonic Orchestra under Akeo Watanabe.

Joan Sutherland.

SR offers several articles from a new book called *Anton von Webern: Perspectives* . . . Igor Stravinsky conducts new versions of his *Pulcinella* and *Perséphone*, the former appearing for the first time in complete form. He is also honored by a recording of *Les Noces*, Pierre Boulez conducting.

Deutsche Grammophon releases a volume containing the five symphonies of Hans Werner Henze, and the prominent German composer is revealed as "a sure craftsman, a master of his materials, and completely in control of whatever patterns he sets in motion," Henze's "symbol-laden" opera, *The Bassarids*, is introduced in Salzburg . . . Columbia issues a disc devoted to the piano music of Schoenberg, played by Glenn Gould.

Among noteworthy reissues: the in-again, out-again *Songs of the Auvergne* with Madeleine Grey, this time on Angel; a number of Koussevitzky/Boston Symphony performances on RCA Victor . . . A proliferation of "budget" (low-price) recordings ($1.98 to $2.98) inject a fresh vigor into the industry. The expansion of the repertory results in new labels (Seraphim, Crossroads, etc.), interesting new recordings, and worthy reissues, among them the four immortal Mozart opera recordings conducted by Busch and Beecham . . . Pablo Casals at ninety is honored as "a living symbol that a righteous example may be a mighty force."

New and vital: The Rodgers and Hammerstein Archives of Recorded Sound is established at Lincoln Center, housing an enormous collection of historical recordings. In connection with this event, David Dachs notes that 4,000 public libraries throughout the nation include recordings in their service, and their number is growing . . . Ramirez's *Misa Criolla* (Philips) represents an imaginative and exciting departure from the ecclesiastical form . . . The opening of the Saratoga Performing Arts Center "is worth traveling miles and spending days to enjoy." *The Irish Uprising* and *Edward R. Murrow, A Reporter Remembers* are added to Columbia's distinguished list of documentaries . . . The new Metropolitan Opera House is opened with Barber's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Echoes from abroad: Hanne-Lore Kuhse, East Germany's leading dramatic soprano, but little known elsewhere, is heard in an imported disc recital of Strauss and Wagner, her good reputation sustained . . . A newly published volume on the ancestry of Johann Strauss conclusively establishes a Jewish strain among the Waltz King's forebears, which the Nazi regime suppressed when first documented . . . Yehudi Menuhin's fiftieth birthday is celebrated in England, where he has been "an integral part of British musical life for many years now" while retaining his American citizenship . . . In Donizetti's *La fille du régiment* with Joan Sutherland, Covent Garden "reached its nadir of recent years," in the opinion of Thomas Heinitz . . . Thanks partly to the annual Warsaw Autumn Festival, the music of contemporary Poland—Luto-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

slawski, Penderecki, Baird, et al.—is beginning to be heard on programs far and away from Poland . . . Morton Seif reports on "London's World of Dance," including Kenneth MacMillan's choreography of the Mahler *Song of the Earth,* "universally acclaimed one of the greatest created in our time." . . . Gunther Schuller's new opera, *The Visitation*, commissioned by Rolf Liebermann, triumphs in Hamburg. ***Shop talk:*** Use of technologically sophisticated portable equipment has made piracy of "live" performances common, an article by Richard Freed discloses . . . "The art I practice is in the process of being dismantled, broken down into its component parts, and put together in ways we never dreamed of . . . There is a sense of adventure in the new music . . . Good luck to them." (Aaron Copland) . . . A new world is reached by the tape industry, with simple-to-use tape cartridges assuming a growing role. The joint Lear-RCA development of eight-track cartridge opens up a vast new field of automobile application . . . On the book front, Paul Henry Lang's massive and masterly *George Frideric Handel* gladdens the scholars, and there is a growing interest in operatic history as shown by the published chronicles of the Chicago and Manhattan Opera Houses, followed by the new edition of Irving Kolodin's *The Metropolitan Opera.*

"I NEVER KNEW AN ARTIST who was not thrilled to work with Wieland Wagner or who was not happy in the Festspielhaus," writes George London in an affectionate recollection of his friend and Bayreuth mentor, dead at forty-nine, in the first RECORDINGS issue of the year . . .Two major Wagner releases follow: an admirable and vital *Tristan und Isolde* with Windgassen and Nilsson under Karl Böhm, and an individual *Die Walküre* "long on musical values" under Karajan—both on DGG . . . Columbia launches its low-price Odyssey label, announcing, among other things, the reissue of the Haydn symphony series conducted by the late Max Goberman . . . "The Many Lives of Lukas Foss" are analyzed by Eric Salzman.

Rodion Shchedrin.

"The First Hundred Years of Arturo Toscanini" are explored in a series of articles by George Szell, Milton Katims, Nan Merriman, Robert C. Marsh, John W. Freeman, and Irving Kolodin, illuminating many sides of that volcanic phenomenon based on personal observation. In the words of George Szell, the birthday celebration is for "the immortality of an attitude in the never-ending search for solution of the problem of interpretation." RCA Victor issues an album entitled *A Toscanini Treasury of Historic Broadcasts,* a collection of uneven value, but of great interest to the connoisseur. Another reissue follows on Seraphim, consisting mainly of Beethoven symphonies.

David Oistrakh emerges as a conductor on two discs (Berlioz and Prokofiev) in the Russian Melodiya series released here by Angel. The same label also reveals the fresh sound of contemporary Russian composer Rodion Shchedrin in a subsequent release . . . "The creative and re-creative process are almost one" in the Pears-Britten collaboration of Schubert's *Die Winterreise* and Schumann's *Dichterliebe.* Another unusual song collection is the two-disc set devoted to Franz Liszt, recorded in Hungary (Qualiton).

A rush of major Mahler: Bernstein's recording of the majestic Symphony No. 8 is "without question the finest recording yet made of this enormously complicated work and the highest achievement to Bernstein's credit as a performer for the phonograph." Georg Solti offers a superbly recorded version of the Symphony No. 2 (London), and Bernard Haitink an "enormously appealing" Symphony No. 3 (Philips). There are three almost simultaneous releases of *Das Lied von der Erde,* all with very good soloists; in the Editor's judgment, Ormandy is the winner over his competitors (Bernstein and Klemperer) . . . In support of Menuhin's third version of the Beethoven Violin Concerto, Klemperer presides over a "measured, thoughtful" performance . . . Two young artists, cellist Jacqueline Du Pré and pianist Stephen Bishop, collaborate in Beethoven sonatas.

There is a new *Faust,* uncut, on London, with stellar artists (Corelli, Sutherland, Ghiaurov) . . . Also, another excellent *Messiah* on Angel, Mackerras conducting. The celebration of Monteverdi's 400th birthday (May 15) results in two recordings of *Vespro della Beata Vergine* (Telefunken and Columbia), the former using ancient instruments, in an attempt to capture authentic style and spirit.

The Nielsen catalogue grows with the addition of the Clarinet Concerto (Benny Goodman, soloist) and the Second Symphony, both conducted by Morton Gould (RCA Victor) . . . London Records releases the complete edition of all Dvořák symphonies under one conductor, István Kertész, "who has a singular disposition to the nuances and the refinements of Dvořák's style." Igor Stravinsky records his Symphony in E flat, Op. 1, for Columbia; his *L'Histoire du Soldat* appears on Vanguard in a twin English-French edition, Stokowski conducting . . . Pierre Boulez's *Le Marteau sans Maître* "has added something essentially Gallic to the largely Germanic experience to which he was exposed." Stockhausen's *Momente* strikes I. K. as "more a glossary of sonorities than the arrangement of them into a consequential whole." Artur Rubinstein records his second complete edition of the Chopin mazurkas. William Masselos presents a new version of Ives's Piano Sonata No. 1 (RCA Victor) which is released coincidentally with the reissue of the fifteen-year-old first recording by the same artist.

In a limited-edition release of the Chopin F-minor Concerto with pianist Josef Hofmann, there is revealed "Chopin of such freedom, poetry, and beauty of sound as only Hofmann could realize." Other important reissues feature hornist Dennis Brain and sopranos Maria Kurenko and Ljuba Welitsch. ***New and vital:*** The Jan Holcman collection of rare piano recordings, acquired by the Rodgers and Hammerstein Archives of Recorded Sound, is "a dynamic record of a great musical tradition and an enduring memorial to the man who built it." . . . Ginastera's new opera *Bomarzo,* premiered in Washington, provides "a beautiful and stimulating evening," says Robert Jacobson.

Echoes from abroad: British violist Lionel Tertis is honored on his ninetieth birthday . . . The "state of healthy rebellion" noted among young Czech people appears to have infiltrated the works of new Czech composers, as observed by Oliver Daniel. A seventeen-disc series called "Music and Musicians of Canada," Centennial Edition, gives evidence that "musical Canada has come of age." Bernard Herrmann's opera, *Wuthering Heights*—completed ten years ago, but never staged—is recorded on England's Pye label . . . Veteran accompanist Gerald Moore retires from public concertizing after a farewell recital in Festival Hall . . . Antony Tudor's *Shadowplay* is the first assignment the famous British choreographer has done for an English company since 1938, the first ever for the Royal Ballet . . . Irving Kolodin offers an on-the-spot report on the Snape Concert Hall, new home of the Aldeburgh Festival concerts.

Shop talk: Two new big bands are formed. The Jazz Orchestra, led by Thad Jones and Mel Lewis, "has pumped much-needed life into the big-band fold." Buddy Rich's new band "hits hard, with an inner excitement provided by its leader." . . . The Dolby Stretcher, a new device to reduce noise in recordings, is hailed as "the biggest revolution in recording since tape itself." . . . The Cetra operas are reissued on the low-price Everest label. . . . George R. Marek's *Richard Strauss, the Life of a Non-Hero* and Henry Pleasants's *The Great Singers* are added to the bookshelf.

—COMPILED BY GEORGE JELLINEK.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT HAPPENED SINCE LP

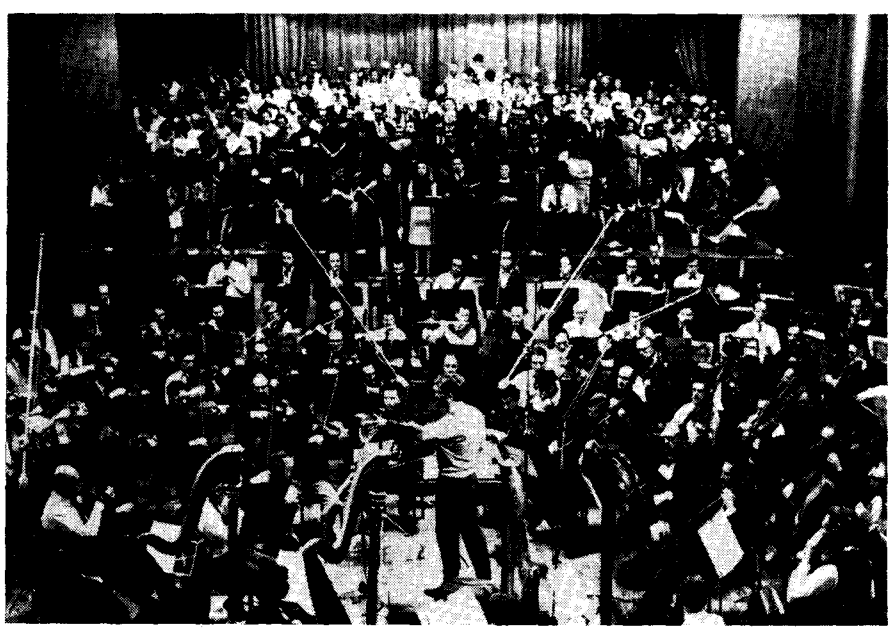
By GODDARD LIEBERSON

A COUPLE I know with an insatiable appetite for being "in" on everything were once described as "always the first to be second." This also describes a large part of the record industry, and in this respect, I suppose, recording companies are no different from those in any other field in which there is a bonus for originality. Some changes and "firsts" are revolutionary, while others are, inevitably, only momentary fancies, and certainly there is no particular virtue in being first with anything unless, at the same time, a concept is introduced which leads toward some basic value beyond the mere fact of innovation.

The introduction of the long-playing record did just this, and the ensuing changes were profound, not only for the record listener at home but, I believe, for our listening habits in general. Some of these changes were so radical that they can best be measured by the fact that most of us have forgotten what they were. Let me remind you of a few. There were obvious ones. More music was put on a 12-inch record—up from four minutes a side to between twenty-five and thirty minutes. The price of the same piece of music was cut almost in half. Later, the further refinement of stereophony was developed. Then there was the much more subtle change in repertoire. In classical music there was the overnight disappearance of the single record, the "O sole mio" hit, the violin single of *Humoresque* by Dvořák, the piano solo of Paderewski's Minuet in G. There are some who might say, with justice, that we are well rid of this cliché. On the other hand, there are those who felt that these single records were instrumental in leading a large public into the armchairs of the concert hall. I don't think that was the case, but it did have this significance for the classical performing artist: The disappearance of the "single" made it more difficult to be a "hit" artist.

With the LP, a change took place in recording technique, as tape became the basic medium in the first step of making a record. It seems inconceivable now that at one time the record-maker had to shoot for a perfect, or at least good, four minutes and twenty seconds of music. Only a few of us remember the groans of despair when, in the last twenty seconds, a trombone player would knock over an ashtray with a (well aimed?) blow of the slide; or the holding of breath in a *pianissimo* passage; or the horse-race excitement of watching the second hand of the stopwatch move perilously close to the time signaling the physical limits of the record, while the conductor, blissfully unaware, took a barely perceptible slower tempo than the one he had used in rehearsal; or the anxiety of the alert conductor who looked into the control room only to see the frantic A&R producer waving his arms and pointing a finger at the clock with a gesture like that of the desperate man in the Peter Arno cartoon who is stuck in the shower. In any case, tape finished all that with its splicing, cutting, and scissoring, even though there is much less of this than most people think. Many artists are sensible enough to see that an inspired performance with mistakes is preferable to a no-error performance when the consequence is no hits and no runs.

But the greatest change—at least in its philosophical consequence for the art of music—has been in the concert repertoire, because here, I think, the phonograph record has been an influence that has altered, in a fundamental way, the whole of our musical experience. I have already indicated one change in speaking of the disappearance of the single classical "hit," but as the long-playing record came into its own, with its ease of recording larger works and the inevitable "eating-up" of standard repertoire, another change—a profound change, I believe—took place. For the first time, it became feasible (if not in all cases economically viable) for the record companies to record complete operas, complete Broadway shows, the complete works of a single composer, or all of his works in one form.

Until the introduction of the long-playing record, it had been necessary to form a Society for the purpose of viewing through records something like the song literature of Hugo Wolf, or to find an eccentric rich man to underwrite the recordings of a more-or-less obscure Russian composer, or, as in the case of the Weingartner recordings of the complete Beethoven symphonies, to involve a commitment from an entire nation of music lovers—Japan. With the advent of the long-playing record it became almost commonplace to do the complete symphonies of Beethoven, or Brahms, the complete *concerti grossi* of Handel, the complete *Well-Tempered Clavier* of Bach; and, as a measure of how far we

—*Photos by Columbia Records.*

Leonard Bernstein recording Mahler's massive Eighth Symphony in Walthamsthow Town Hall (near London)— "The greatest change has been in the concert repertoire. . . ."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have come, this fall Columbia will bring out the complete symphonies of Gustav Mahler. How old it makes me feel to say that I remember the time when the recording of one complete symphony of Mahler seemed to be the triumph of art over commerce!

Not that I'm of the opinion that completeness is necessarily a desirable condition, even though its historical purpose is unassailable. Not all composers can survive this microscopic inspection. I expect hundreds of outraged letters, but I must admit that I have watched with a kind of fascinated horror the sudden interest of young people (following God knows what perversity) in the music of the Baroque. I have long felt that a good deal of this seventeenth- and eighteenth-century music was the Muzak of the time, and that to hear one Vivaldi concerto is to hear them all. I do not, of course, wish to denigrate completely the whole of this music, but the Baroque period up to Bach does not suggest complete recordings to me.

There is no doubt that the conventional outlook on symphonic repertoire (and perhaps in operas, as well) has been seriously changed by the introduction of the LP record and the consequent general availability of nearly every great work in the standard repertoire. In what follows, I can speak only of the experiences at Columbia Records throughout this period—avoiding, I should add, the question of popular music, whose repertoire has also gone through a remarkable change, but for quite a different set of reasons.

IN thinking back over the past history, one doesn't need the guidance of semantic philosophers to realize how meaningless are such words as "modern" or "contemporary." That these words signify different things to different groups of people and different people within those groups is easily demonstrated. When I began at Columbia Records in 1939, for instance, and from then until the introduction of the LP record, the large general public quite clearly considered the late works of Debussy, and those by Ravel and Stravinsky (even those pieces we now think of as his early, very easily digestible music), as thorny modern music. Indeed, certain works of Ravel and Debussy and Stravinsky (although he was writing them as we moved along) were then being recorded for the first time. And if some of them were not receiving first recorded performances, they were receiving second performances—as is the case with much of the performing of modern music, there had been a first performance followed by a profound silence for many years. Even in those days, however, Columbia had in its catalogue records of music by Roy Harris, Aaron Copland, Hindemith, Poulenc, Prokofiev, Bartók, and Roussel, which had been recorded in the period between 1925 and 1939. Much of the music was new and some of it was old but unheard, which amounted to the same thing as being new. As we went on with our recording program, this second phenomenon—the older but unheard music—came to play an even larger part in the recorded repertoire, culminating in the recent programs of recording of old but unrecorded works by Ives, Nielsen, and Mahler.

By the time LP records came along in 1948, we were ready to transfer to this new technique not only most of the standard symphonic repertoire, but a great number of records of contemporary compositions, particularly those in which the composer-as-performer was involved. This meant Bartók, Stravinsky, Poulenc, Copland, Piston, Schoenberg, Villa-Lobos. There was also a growing number of recordings made by the great American orchestras of heretofore unrecorded contemporary works, including, in 1947, excerpts from *Wozzeck*. I'm speaking here of contemporary music because it soon became evident that the new technique of the LP record had an enormous appetite, and, where previously three or four works a month may have been released, it now became possible, and even necessary, to release a great many more records with an ever increasing repetition of the "famous" works. It is boring to repeat once again how many recorded versions there are of all of the Beethoven symphonies, all of the Brahms symphonies, and those of Tchaikovsky—and those recordings still go on. But it was nevertheless true that despite the need for new repertoire, we were motivated by a pioneering spirit at Columbia when we were recording contemporary music. In most cases, we have had to wait until the 1960s for some of it to reach a public of any worthwhile size.

Indeed, some dates of these early recordings of modern music may be of interest. In 1949 we recorded the complete string quartets of Béla Bartók, and the year before that we had done two operas by a new, young composer named Gian Carlo Menotti—*The Medium* and *The Telephone*. Another young composer recorded in 1950 was Leonard Bernstein, who conducted his *The Age of Anxiety*. In the same year, we released Charles Ives's Violin Sonata No. 2; symphonic and chamber music by Roger Sessions, Messiaen, Poulenc, Honegger; Edith Sitwell reciting her own *Façade* to William Walton's music; and Alban Berg's *Lyric Suite*. This last may have been the focal point of the invasion—if it should be called that—of the Viennese twelve-tone school, even though as early as 1941 we had recorded both the Berg Violin Concerto and Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire*, both of which, at the time, fell on mostly deaf ears. It wasn't until ten years later, in the beginning of the Fifties, that the impact of recording this school of music really began to be felt.

Still staying with twelve-tone, here are some other examples: In 1951, we issued the complete *Wozzeck* of Berg; in 1952, Schoenberg's Violin Concerto and Berg's *Lulu;* in the late Fifties, we brought out the complete works of Webern, the complete piano music of Schoenberg, *Moses und Aron* of Schoenberg, and works by Boulez and others who were working under the influence of that school; in 1963, Schoenberg's Fourth String Quartet and his *Survivor from Warsaw*. In addition to serial music, we also issued during the Fifties works by Honegger (*Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher*), Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress* (as part of a program to record the entire works of this composer), and works by Kirchner, Foss, Carter, Chávez, and more.

THE above list has a special significance to us at Columbia Records because we have always felt a particular obligation to present, as far as we could, the music of our times. But one of the reasons I speak of these works now is to indicate that through the LP record and the availability of this repertoire, the total listening habits of a generation may very well have been formed, or, at any rate, the collective musical conscience been made aware of the existence of a new music. In many cases, the fact that these recordings existed gave performers the courage to present the new music in the concert hall.

At the same time, it has been interesting to see how the availability of certain music through records, and possibly through subsequent broadcasting, has changed the whole character of the symphony concert program. I'm sure many can think of more interesting examples than I can give, but, just from memory, it seems to me that Sibelius has all but disappeared from symphonic programs, certainly when measured against the regularity with which his music was once played. This is also true of the symphonic music of Franz Liszt, whose symphonic poems were frequently heard, as were those of Saint-Saëns. And what happened to the music of César Franck? No season seemed complete some fifteen years ago without three or four performances of his Symphony. This was also the case with Rimsky-Korsakov's *Scheherazade* and other of his orchestral works. Certain lesser composers seem to have disappeared altogether, perhaps to reappear in some other age, or, perhaps, to be gone forever. Realizing this makes one a little less sanguine about predicting the future of some of the present-day enthusiasms—perhaps the LP record has yet another important func-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Igor Stravinsky in the studio— "part of a program to record the entire works of this composer. . . ."

tion: that of clearing the air of musical smog.

Yet, I've learned to hesitate or to be cautious in making claims for the influence of recorded music, because, more often than not, changes of any significance in our musical culture are the result of a complex and highly variegated series of events, many of them quite outside the world of music. But one thing is clear: The enormous amount of musical repertoire that is now available for listening (and the advent of record libraries, which has removed economic barriers) has, with very few exceptions, made it possible for anyone to acquaint himself with almost every facet of our musical history. Of course, there are exceptions—dead spots—but these are rapidly decreasing.

What of the future? It may very well be that the phonograph record will be the *only future* of the composers. I say "may be," because a great deal will depend on what happens to so-called serious music vis-à-vis its public. As it now stands, it is becoming increasingly apparent that the composer wants less and less to depend upon an intermediary—that is, a performer, particularly the performer in the organized form of a large orchestra. Perhaps he has become disillusioned through the difficulties of having music performed by large organizations and is striving for a kind of self-sufficiency. At the same time, the composer seems more willing to abdicate some of his prerogatives and leave more of music-creating to the performer, which is quite the opposite of the role played heretofore by the composer. With the growth of either of these two factors, the only permanency that a composer may hope for must obviously come through recordings, either those of his own electronic music (in itself a recording) or, in the case of aleatory music, in the recordings of concerts of improvisation.

This is not my vision of the future, but for many it seems to be. For me, the word "record" still has its original meaning: the more or less permanent availability of an aural event in time.

Richard Rodgers (center) with Mary Martin and Ezio Pinza during the recording of *South Pacific*.

Ljuba Welitsch, with Fritz Reiner conducting, recording the closing scene of *Salome*, which has just been reissued (twenty years later) on the "budget" label, Odyssey.

'Enry 'Iggins (Rex Harrison) with Robert Coote (left) and Julie Andrews during the sessions that produced *My Fair Lady*.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RECORDS, CIRCA 1987

By GEORGE R. MAREK

"THE WISEST prophets make sure of the event first," said Horace Walpole to a friend. He was paraphrased a century later by James Russell Lowell, who wrote, "Don't never prophesy—unless ye know." In attempting to imagine what recorded music will be like twenty years from now, I show myself as an unwise prophet. I have not made sure of the event. I do not know. But neither do ye —so I'll chance some speculations.

First, I'll put forth a prediction which I must admit I do not fully believe: *There may be no record business in the year 1987.* It could happen that, sitting in all the homes of America, there will be an electronic "entertainment center," hooked up to a central computer serving the whole country. This entertainment center will supply not only television or radio programs but also will spew forth a fresh copy of the daily newspaper, printed on the spot with color pictures. When you feel like hearing music, you will be able to dial a number, choosing any piece of music—the newest hit or the oldest plainsong—performed by any artist you want. Perhaps you will not only be able to hear the music, you'll be able to *watch* the performer or the orchestra or the opera or the musical comedy on "Sight-and-Sound" tape. The "manufacturer of music," hitherto known as the record manufacturer, will derive his income from a licensing arrangement.

Well, it may happen. Yet, even if it does happen I do not believe that the record and tape business as we know it today will disappear. I believe that people will still want to own the music that they love, that a pride of possession exists which will continue to make music-lovers want to clutch their favorite recordings of the Ninth or of *Otello* or of *Die Fledermaus* to their bosom.

Whatever changes may occur, one thing is certain. Then, as now, as always, the artist will remain the salient messenger, the life-giving catalyst of music. Written music means little to most of us; it is only a series of curious-looking flyspecks on a sheet of ruled paper, until an artist comes along and kisses the notes to life. Tomorrow, as today, most people will respond to music in proportion to the number, the greatness, the glamour, and the vitality of the artists who will be around. We who listen, we who make music, we who bring music to the public, all of us are dependent on the Rubinsteins, the Horowitzes, the Heifetzes, the Tebaldis, and the Toscaninis of the 1980s.

What kind of music will find favor? Obviously, the immortal masterpieces will endure. Yet immortality is a relative term. A great work of art, an "immortal work," may mean more to one generation than to another. Sometimes the statues in the museum walk off their pedestals, walk into the house where we live; we welcome them and form a friendship with them. At other times they remain statues to respect but not to live with. They wait—the time for the next visit will come.

As to new music—we cannot forever draw from the bank of the past—I hope and pray that composers will return to romantic writing in whatever new garment it will be clothed. Unless music sings and soars and speaks of love and human suffering in a voice which comes from the heart as well as the brain, unless it is born of emotion, how can it engage our emotions? How can it reveal ourselves to ourselves? Beethoven said that "music is a higher revelation than philosophy." We need revelation. I have no belief in electronic music or in the fractionalized grunts and babblings of our so-called avant-garde. That way lies impotence, not revelation. Obviously, this does not mean that the Stravinskys of the 1980s will write like Schubert. But the strong composers of the future will, so to speak, clothe old melodies in new harmonic garments.

I believe that some of the most vital music created today comes from the popular field. Much of it may be junk, but some of it is fresh and strong and may in time influence the thinking of serious composers who even now are listening to "A Day in the Life" or "White Rabbit." Composers experimented with "psychedelic" music long before the dubious word was coined. What else are Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire* and Boulez's *Le Marteau sans Maître* than attempts to slide into a dream stage?

"Nancy Sinatra [in 1987] may be singing at the Metropolitan Opera."

New old composers will be discovered, as we in the Sixties have discovered Nielsen and Ives and the peri-wigged Baroque boys and, to an unforeseen extent, Mahler. I should like to put forth two candidates for rediscovery: Haydn and Rossini, only a tiny part of whose music has currency today. Who knows much of Haydn's nonsymphonic music, and who knows anything of Rossini's serious works such as *Armida* or *The Siege of Corinth* and *Otello*?

RECORDING techniques will be altered. Microphones will become smaller, more sensitive, and will not be bound by a cable. New microphones will be able to discriminate as the ear does, picking out certain details of sound, those details which the artist and the recording director wish to hear. But microphones may disappear altogether; it may be possible to make the ceiling and walls of a recording studio so sound-sensitive that they will pick up the sound of an orchestra in its totality. Today we record on magnetic tape, sound impulses rearranging the molecules of iron oxide which are spread on the tape. That needn't always continue. We may someday record on tape which is activated by heat or the light of laser beams.

Tape in a convenient cartridge will, I believe, obtain a larger portion of the home-music business. Significant improvements will be made not only in the tape itself but in the cartridge. Tape must be made stronger so that it cannot break or be snarled; hiss, already very low, will be further decreased; its sensitivity—meaning the amount of information that a tape can absorb—will rise; and there will be new methods found to duplicate tape. At present, tapes are duplicated by running them through a "slave" unit; but this is a costly and time-consuming process. A way will be found of "photographing" a tape so that it can be instantly duplicated and "printed" in large quantities. Tapes may be played back with slower and slower speeds. So far we have come

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from 15 inches per second to 7½, to 3¾, and to 1⅞. The tape of the future may turn at $1\frac{5}{16}$ revolutions and may be offered in a spool the size of a silver dollar, its playing time several hours.

All this does not, in my opinion, mean that records will disappear. Though my knowledge here is limited – I am far from a technical expert—I can see no way in which a tape in a cartridge can be produced as inexpensively as an LP. Besides, records are so convenient a carrier of music—we are so accustomed to that black disc—that I should be surprised if people will want to give them up. Records as well as tape will be improved. It is obvious that the monaural record will have died—and good riddance, too—long before twenty years have passed. It is probable that next we will have four-channel stereo recordings, two channels for left and right and two for left and right background overtones. That is how much recording is done today, on four-track tape; so why should we not have four-track records? This will more than double fidelity of sound. It won't stop there. It may go to fifteen- or sixteen-track recording, necessitating new types of phonographs capable of playing such a record. You will sit anyplace in your room and be surrounded with music. "Hi" though the "fi" may be today, and will be tomorrow, there will always be room for improvement. I haven't yet heard perfect reproduction. In twenty years, I would guess, the sound we capture today will strike our ears as imperfect as the sound of 1947.

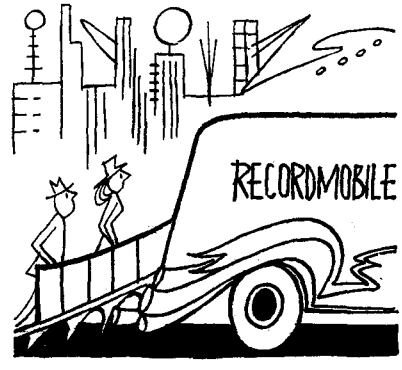
THE physical characteristics of a record may be further improved. It may be possible to stamp them from material which cannot be scratched or warped. An electronic device or a laser beam may scan the grooves to assure listeners of getting records without any "typographical errors," meaning ticks and pops. Records, too, may be played on phonographs which turn at slower speeds. Perhaps there will be no needle, no mechanical contact of any kind, the sound being picked up by a light beam. Speaking of phonographs, in 1947 there were fewer than 17,000,000 phonographs in American homes. Today there are slightly more than 48,000,000 in active use. I am no great believer in statistical forecasts, but they do say that a reasonable projection of the in-use phonographs in 1987 is 100 million.

We know too little yet about "Sight-and-Sound." We know the scientific principle and we have several brands of reproducing machines on the market. These machines are still expensive, as is the videotape with which they operate. Many years may pass before an invention moves out of the laboratory, steps down from the luxury market, and arrives at democratic usage. What is equally important, we have to learn new skills, not only technically but artistically. Will you want to see a performance of a Mozart symphony as well as hear it? Is there anything attractive about the sight of people making music? How do we make sight interesting in an aural art? No doubt you will want to see an *Aïda*, a new Belafonte at Carnegie Hall, a new *Fiddler on the Roof*. If these are to come to the home in satisfactory form we will have to combine the skill of the motion picture director with the skill of the recording director. It won't do to transport "just-as-it-is" an art from the medium for which it was conceived to another medium. A straight translation of *La Bohème* from the opera house to the motion picture theater, a straight photographing of a theater performance of *Hamlet* is likely to be boring—we have found that out already!—because it fails to take advantage of the fluidity of a technique meant for motion and does not take into account the demands of the eye, which is more restless than the ear.

We are learning how to rehabilitate old sound. Some fine work has been done blowing the dust off the old masters. I have recently heard some remarkable experiments with music recorded in the 1940s. Syracuse University is working on the problem. So are other laboratories. Methods of enhancing will become more sophisticated within the next ten years.

How will we bring our little piggy—be it a record or a tape—to market? New methods of distribution will have to be found. It is to be hoped that more new record stores will be opened, particularly those offering good assortments to their customers. Indeed, we need record stores of all kinds. The expansion of the record business in the last twenty years is largely due to the increased availability of records. Department stores, discount stores, drugstores, supermarkets, and shopping centers daily visited are now stocking records. I am all for putting records in with the eggs and aspirin. Yet a failure in distribution exists. This failure militates particularly against so-called "classical" music, the music which represents about only 2 per cent of the industry's dollar volume and which therefore cannot be ubiquitously available. With about 500 new records of serious music being produced every year and with the vast catalogues already in existence, no retailer could possibly have a copy of every classical record in stock. The Schwann Catalog is, to some extent, a book of fiction. I think —and here I may be guilty of wishful thinking—that many more people would be tempted to listen to good music were it more easily available.

It may be possible eventually to set up a system by which a dealer could get a copy of any record he wanted within a few hours. The computer could make this possible. But even that would only



be a partial solution to the problem. New ways of reaching consumers must be found, methods more accurately beamed at finding the people who are interested. There may spring into existence new forms of lending libraries or renting services. If we rent automobiles, why shouldn't we rent records?

If civilization continues, music will continue. If music continues, then the whole world will be drawn closer into its orbit. I hope that some day music can realize Schiller's (and Beethoven's) dream of *Diesen Kuss der ganzen Welt*. A new recording could be made available simultaneously to every country. Tapes could be duplicated, perhaps via satellite, instantly, and production of new records could begin in Milan or Bangkok on the same day as in Indianapolis.

In 1947, the record industry sold fewer than 500 million popular and classical discs. But it wasn't a bad year. Sales reached a peak of $224 million at retail. (This was the highest since 1921 and was not destined to be surpassed until 1955. The low point, sales of $6,000,000, occurred in the depression year of 1933.) This year the industry

(*Continued on page* 88)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Russian Hit Parade

By STANLEY GREEN

NO ONE could expect American eyebrows to be raised over the intelligence that songs bearing such titles as "Tvoy Vzglyad," "Vremya i ty," or "Ya vsë zhe privyk k yeyë" are familiar to a vast number of citizens of the Soviet Union. Render them in the form familiar to all of us, and some surprise might be in order. They are, in order of quotation: "All the Things You Are," "Time on My Hands," and "I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face"—three among sixty-five American show tunes currently being heard over the air throughout the U.S.S.R.

The translations of all the lyrics are the work of Vernon Duke, the Russian-born American composer of such acknowledged standards of the Broadway musical theater as "April in Paris," "Autumn in New York," "I Like the Likes of You," "I Can't Get Started With You," and "Suddenly," as well as the score for the classic *Cabin in the Sky*. Duke, whose real name is Vladimir Dukelsky, has devoted himself to rewriting the American lyrics for a series of thirty-two broadcasts on the evolution of musical comedy, which Radio Liberty has been beaming to the Soviet Union. Duke narrates the programs, offers musical illustrations at the keyboard, and accompanies a Los Angeles-based, ex-Russian pop singer, Vladimir Malinin, who croons the numbers with appropriate Slavic fervor.

Translating lyrics written in the American idiom so that they not only scan properly but make sense and have artistic value of their own was a challenge Duke was unable to turn down. "Many songs written for the Broadway stage," he maintains, "are just as valid as art songs as anything by Moussorgsky or my old teacher, Glière. What's more, they have a verve and freshness that speak directly to contemporary Russian youth. This is true no matter how old the song might be. All you really need is one song—one melody—that hits a responsive chord to help bridge the cultural gap. I was a seventeen-year-old boy living in Constantinople when I first heard Gershwin's 'Swanee' played in a café. That was enough for me. It opened a whole new musical world, and I was determined, from then on, to become a part of that world."

In refashioning the lyrics, Duke was careful to preserve the spirit of the original while also making the themes comprehensible to Russian ears. "You can't translate word for word," he says. "There just aren't exact translations for every word, even if it would be artistically feasible. And there are other problems. One of the songs I did was Irving Berlin's 'Alexander's Ragtime Band.' Who was Alexander? Would the Russians think I had turned one of the Czars into a bandleader? Since Berlin used the name merely because he liked the sound, I didn't feel guilty at all about calling it 'Dixielendsky Regtaym Marsch.' The words fit, and the Russians are completely familiar with the terms 'dixieland' and 'ragtime.' And since the song is really written in march tempo with just a hint of ragtime in it, I thought I'd get that point across, too."

Vernon Duke—"a challenge Duke was unable to turn down."

Another difficult assignment was "Fascinating Rhythm." "George Gershwin's complicated tune was challenge enough for brother Ira to fit lyrics to," Duke says, "let alone working out their Russian equivalent. To begin with, there's no Russian word meaning 'fascinating.' So I settled for the word '*neponyatny*,' which means 'not understandable,' since the whole point of the song is that the singer has no idea why the infectious rhythm has such an effect upon him."

Duke even had problems with one of his own songs, "April in Paris." Gender problems. It seems that, grammatically at least, April just could not be spent in Paris without upsetting the meter. So the song became "Lyetom v Parizhe," or "Summer in Paris." "It really makes more sense this way," Duke says. "April in Paris is much too cold and rainy."

Apart from acquainting his Soviet audience with a form of American culture that they know little about, Duke also hopes that his broadcasts will have some effect, however small, upon forcing the Russian government to agree to ratify the Berne pact regarding copyrights. Almost all the non-Communist countries have agreed to the provisions which guarantee royalty payments for copyrighted material for citizens of all the participating nations. What is especially galling to Duke is that Russian composers and lyricists whose works are performed in non-Communist Europe and the United States do receive royalties based on sheet music sales, recordings, and the number of public performances. As Duke puts it, "What's good for the composer of 'Moscow Nights' should also be good for the composer of 'Night and Day.' There is such a great reservoir of interest in American culture throughout the U.S.S.R., and it's high time that the Soviet leaders began to encourage that interest. The way to do it is not to pirate copyrighted works but to treat our composers and writers with the same kind of financial consideration that they are given almost everywhere else in the world."

Recent events have certainly borne out this interest. In the mid-Fifties, an American touring company scored a resounding success in Leningrad and Moscow with an English-language production of *Porgy and Bess*. An American company of *My Fair Lady* visited four Russian cities, played to standing room—and may now be seen in a pirated edition known as *Maya Prekrasnaya Ledy*. Not a ruble was paid anyone connected with the original dramatic work. The same condition exists in the Russian-appropriated *West Side Story*, which keeps packing them in as *Vest Sideskaya Istoria*. Early this year, the Estonia Opera and Ballet Theater dusted off *Porgy and Bess*, and doubtlessly there'll be an unauthorized *Khallo, Dolli!* before long.

The Vernon Duke series on the American musical theater is indicative of the imaginative programing that has long marked the operation of Radio Liberty. Established in 1953, it is the only privately-owned broadcasting service devoted to beaming shortwave programs throughout the Soviet Union. Its purpose is to give the Russian citizens factual news that they otherwise would not get. The main headquarters of Radio Liberty are in Munich, from which it controls a truly world-wide operation. Fourteen transmitters in Germany and in Spain beam programs all over European Russia as well as to western Siberia; three in Taiwan cover the rest of Soviet Asia. All broadcasts are made by former Russian citizens, who staff an operation that programs 280 transmitter-hours daily in the seventeen languages that are spoken within the U.S.S.R.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE RECORD MAKERS

NO RECORD can be better than the man who marshals the music from the microphone to the reproduction of it on tape. The stereo evolution has brought with it a corpus of specialists, mostly young, with a wide variety of backgrounds. All, however, have a degree of musical competence that preceded development of the engineering skills required to deal with contemporary sound resources. The cross-section herewith presented does not by any means include all those whose activities are identified on record jackets as "producers." Some did not respond to questionnaires, others replied too late to be included. They will be surveyed in a supplementary listing during the fall.

MARK ABRAMSON
(Elektra)

AFTER receiving his BFA at Carnegie Institute of Technology in theatrical direction, Mark Abramson was stage manager for a number of off-Broadway plays and directed several workshop and off-Broadway projects. He has produced a number of short films and is currently at work on the script of a feature film. For Elektra he has produced records for several artists including Josh White, Theodore Bikel, and Judy Collins.

ROBERT BYRNE
(Command)

VICE PRESIDENT of and producer for Command Records, Robert Byrne was born in Columbus, Ohio, where he learned to play a variety of instruments. At Cass Technical High School he played for many of the great orchestra leaders, and at sixteen he was playing trombone with Jimmy Dorsey's band on Bing Crosby's *Kraft Music Hall*. At twenty-one he started his own band, which he kept together until 1950. Since then he has worked on many television shows.

JOHN CULSHAW
(Decca/London)

BORN in Southport, Lancashire, England, John Culshaw joined Decca/London in 1946, after military service. He has also lectured at London and Oxford Universities, written a critical study of Rachmaninoff and two other books on music, and contributed to most magazines on music. In the past ten years he has been in charge of many large-scale projects, having produced the first recorded *Ring* cycle with Georg Solti, *Tristan und Isolde*, and Britten's *War Requiem*. In 1959 he and his Vienna crew (all from England) were awarded the Nicolai Medal by the Vienna Philharmonic, an honor hitherto reserved for composers or performing artists. Culshaw has recently resigned from Decca/London to become director of music for the BBC.

PETER DELLHEIM
(RCA Victor)

AFTER attending the University of Rochester as a music major, Peter Dellheim studied conducting at the Berkshire Music Center. Before joining RCA Victor in 1953 as a splicer for tape recordings, he was assistant to the artists and repertoire director of American Decca classical division. After becoming recording coordinator, he was named musical director in 1957 and artists and repertoire producer in 1963.

THOMAS FROST
(Columbia)

EXECUTIVE producer Thomas Frost was born in Vienna and sang with the Vienna Choir Boys before coming to America in 1938. He attended Yale University, where he studied theory and composition with Paul Hindemith. Six years with Decca Records as music editor and recording director was followed by a year of conducting study at the Accademia Chigiana in Siena. He then became director of artists and repertoire at Urania Records, after which he came to Columbia in 1960. In 1961 he was promoted to producer and, in 1966, to executive producer.

ISRAEL HOROWITZ
(Decca)

ISRAEL HOROWITZ joined Decca Records as director of classical artists and repertoire in 1956. Prior to that time he was a record reviewer, reporter, and music-news editor for *Billboard*. He attended the Institute of Musical Art in New York City and studied violin privately with Chester La Follette. Among the artists he has recorded for Decca are Segovia, Ricci, Morini, Firkusny, Marlowe, Tourel, Novaes, New York Pro Musica, Musica Aeterna, Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, and Bach Aria Group.

RICHARD C. JONES
(Capitol-Angel)

EXECUTIVE producer for artists and repertoire of American Angel and Seraphim, Richard C. Jones has been a pianist since the age of five and a professional musician since the age of seventeen. He has been pianist and/or arranger with Tommy Dorsey, Glen Gray, Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, and Frank Sinatra. He produced the Lucky Strike radio program with Sinatra for two years and joined Capitol Records in 1948, after which he was instrumental in launching Capitol's Classical Division. In addition to classical production, he has produced Broadway show cast albums and Jackie Gleason albums since 1952.

(Continued on page 68)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANDREW KAZDIN
(Columbia)

BORN in New York City and graduated from the New England Conservatory of Music with a Bachelor's degree in composition, Andrew Kazdin received the degree of Master of Science in Industrial Management with concentration in acoustics from MIT in 1963. He was appointed conductor of the MIT Brass Choir and assistant conductor of the MIT Symphony Orchestra and Concert Band for two years. He joined Columbia in 1964 and became associate producer the following year.

RICHARD KILLOUGH
(Columbia)

A GRADUATE of Princeton's Woodrow Wilson School of International Affairs, Richard Killough was an infantry officer in the Marines, in advertising, and with *Life* magazine before he received his musical training at Juilliard, where he earned a diploma in orchestral conducting. He joined Columbia and the Masterworks Department in 1963, first as editor, then, associate producer and producer. Last summer he supervised recording of the complete symphonies of Carlos Chávez in Mexico City.

HAROLD LAWRENCE
(Mercury)

DIRECTOR of the Classical Division of Mercury, Harold Lawrence majored in music and psychology at New York City College and first worked with records at The Gramophone Shop. After becoming manager of the imported record department at Liberty Music Shops, he became director of recorded music for station WQXR and went to Mercury as music director in 1956. Lawrence has also composed, lectured, and written on music for various periodicals. He has produced numerous recordings for Mercury and Philips.

JOHN MC CLURE
(Columbia)

JOHN MCCLURE was born in Colonia, New Jersey, studied the piano and harpsichord, attended Oberlin, New York University, and the New School. After joining Columbia in 1952 as a tape editor in Recording Operations, McClure was transferred to the Masterworks Department as assistant to the director in 1957. He was promoted to music director in 1960 and to director, Masterworks, in 1964. McClure was responsible for organizing the project that culminated in the Bruno Walter stereo recordings and is currently implementing a program designed to record the complete works of Igor Stravinsky.

RAY MINSHULL
(Decca/London)

BORN in England in 1934, Ray Minshull was graduated from Sheffield University with a Bachelor of Music and a B.A. in languages. After Army service, he came to Decca in the autumn of 1957; and since the late Fifties he has worked on many major projects for the company, including the complete Dvořák symphonies with István Kertész, Bach's *St. Matthew Passion,* Handel's *Alcina,* and the first complete recording of Gounod's *Faust.*

RICHARD MOHR
(RCA Victor)

A GRADUATE of Wittenberg College, Richard Mohr began his career as radio and art editor of the Columbus *Dispatch.* In 1944 he came to RCA as editor of *The RCA Victor Record Review.* He joined Red Seal Recordings in 1950 and became a musical director in 1953. He was appointed artists and repertoire producer in 1963 and produces the bulk of RCA's operas, as well as the Boston Symphony recordings.

TOM MOWREY
(Vox)

A GRADUATE of the Eastman School of Music with a theory major and piano minor, Tom Mowrey has been director of classical production for the Vox and Turnabout labels since October 1965. Before coming to Vox in 1964, he was station manager of WBBF-FM in Rochester, New York. A native of Corry, Pennsylvania, he has produced recordings by the Dallas Symphony and Kohon Quartet.

PAUL MYERS
(Columbia)

PAUL MYERS was born and raised in England, graduated from Bradford College, and attended London University. He spent some years in Africa, where he worked in radio and government and directed repertory theater. There he was author and narrator of hundreds of "subject" programs on music. In New York he has appeared on WQXR in several program series since 1960 and has also been heard on WBAI, WRVR, WKCL, and WNCN. He joined Columbia in 1962 as associate producer and is currently a producer in the Masterworks Department.

JOHN F. PFEIFFER
(RCA Victor)

JOHN F. PFEIFFER, who on August 1, 1967, was named executive producer of Red Seal Artists and Repertoire, was educated at Bethany College and at the University of Arizona, where he received his degree in electrical engineering. He joined RCA at Camden in 1949 as a design and development engineer, and moved to RCA Victor in 1950 as a quality control engineer. He then joined the Artist and Repertoire Department as a producer, and in 1962 he was appointed audio administrator. He is a composer of electronic music for films, ballet, and television, as well as being a pianist, oboist, and organist.

PAUL ROTHCHILD
(Elektra)

PAUL ROTHCHILD attended Bethany College and Columbia University, majoring in psychology, before he was involved in record retail sales and wholesale distribution. He formed his own label, Mount Auburn Records, and then became recording director for Prestige. He has been a producer with Elektra since 1963.

HOWARD SCOTT
(RCA Victor)

HOWARD SCOTT, a graduate of the Eastman School of Music, later attended the Juilliard School. He joined RCA Victor in 1965 as an artists and repertoire producer, after having been associate music director of the Ted Bates Company. Previous to that he had spent fifteen years with Columbia Records, seven of which were as recording director of Masterworks. He was also a producer in the Columbia popular records area and for Epic Records. Among his artists are the Chicago Symphony, Verrett, Hollander, Frank, and Gould.

THOMAS SHEPARD
(Columbia)

PRODUCER Thomas Shepard studied piano and music theory at Juilliard before going on to get his Bachelor of Arts from Oberlin College. He then studied at Yale Graduate School, majoring in composition with Quincy Porter. He joined Columbia in 1960 and was soon promoted to associate producer and then producer for the Budapest String Quartet and Richard Tucker. He has also composed, arranged, and conducted on various Columbia projects.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ERIK SMITH
(Decca/London)

SON of the German conductor Hans Schmidt - Isserstedt, Erik Smith was born in Rostock in Mecklenburg in 1931, but was brought up and educated in England. He attended the choir school of King's College and Cambridge, where he majored in modern languages. After graduating, he worked in Vienna with Universal Edition before coming to Decca/London in 1957. He has since devised, planned, and supervised the company's series of complete wind music and marches and dances by Mozart, and produced nearly all Decca's chamber music recordings since 1959. Smith now is producing all the Beethoven symphonies conducted by his father.

MAYNARD SOLOMON
(Vanguard)

CO-FOUNDER and co-owner of Vanguard, Maynard Solomon is also director of artists and repertoire of the folk and popular wing. Since 1950, when he was graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Brooklyn College and started Vanguard with his brother, he has worked in every area of administrative and creative aspects, including sales management. He is doing research on the life and work of Beethoven for a book, and has published articles on American literature.

SEYMOUR SOLOMON
(Vanguard)

AFTER completing his undergraduate studies at New York University, New York-born Seymour Solomon studied violin under Eduard Dethier at the Juilliard School. He also did graduate work in musicology at New York University, after which he worked as a music critic and record reviewer for *Musical America*. In 1950, along with his brother Maynard, he organized the Bach Guild. Shortly thereafter, the Vanguard Recording Society was organized with Solomon as president and classical music director.

MAX WILCOX
(RCA Victor)

ARTISTS and repertoire producer Max Wilcox received a Bachelor of Music from Western Michigan University and a Master of Music from Columbia University. He studied piano with Eduard Steuermann, Frida Snow Wall, and Leo Podolsky, as well as chamber music with Julius Stulberg. He joined RCA Victor in 1958 and has produced records for Rubinstein, Cliburn, Peter Serkin, and the Guarneri Quartet.

—ROBERT JACOBSON.

Wild Bill

THERE HAVE BEEN more horn players in my life than I could mention—trumpeters who have made me exhilarated, trumpeters who have made me sad, trumpeters who have made me wish I had taken the lessons my father offered to pay for me. Dizzy, Harry, Bunny, Doc, Clark, Bobby. In order: Gillespie, James, Berigan, Severinson, Terry, and Hackett. There also have been the incomparable Rex Stewart, the antic and occasionally frantic Jimmy McPartland, the shy but ambitious Max Kaminsky, the audacious yet humble Herman Autrey, and there have been the records of Bix which he made with Paul Whiteman. There have been the biting sounds of Charlie Teagarden and Bob Scobey, and there have been, of course, Red (Henry) Allen and Cootie Williams, and, in England, Mick Mulligan and Humphrey Lyttelton. Billy Butterfield comes to mind. So do Buck Clayton, Kappy Lewis, and Bill Chase, who used to lead the Woody Herman brass section with an ear-splitting—not to say bone-shattering—attack. (Go away, Miles Davis.)

Having made this small catalogue, I now must say that in reality there has been only one trumpet player in my life, and he is so earth-shaking he makes all the rest of them—including Louis Armstrong, who has always seemed to me to be more vocalist than trumpeter—sound like a mixed bag of limpwrists. His name is William Edward Davison ("I was named for the Kaiser and the King of England," he says), and Defiance, Ohio, gave him to the world about sixty years ago.

What a gift it gave! "The Bull," as Eddie Condon has called him, always has been as unfettered and rambunctious a human being as jazz ever has brought forth. He makes Al Hirt look like Goldwater, and The Dukes of Dixieland resemble a bunch of inept amateurs. Davison's music is entirely masculine, full of angry emotion sometimes, and of tenderness on other occasions, harsh and sweet by turn, romping now and then but quietly ruminative after the next bend around the bars, pane-shatteringly loud yet baby-whispering soft as the mood strikes him, or the whim, or whatever. I have heard him for so many years I can almost predict the direction his solos will take—he plays cornet, by the way, not trumpet—but he always surprises me. There seems to be no end to the man's imagination. It is as though

Wild Bill—"Davison's music is entirely masculine."

he were trying to imitate the fields around Defiance, Ohio, by providing a new fertility for jazz.

"He does not so much play that cornet as he *aims* it," a friend of mine remarked one night. This was (and is) true. Davison stands there pointing his horn at the audience, and God help them. He makes it snarl, growl, shout, and scream—chewing gum all the time he plays. There is a certain amount of the name of his hometown in his playing. He always has been full of Defiance for all of his sixty years. Yet along the way he has picked up good manners, decency, and a nice consideration for his fellow humans' conditions.

Squarely-built (*not* square-built), with hazel eyes and reddish hair, Bill looks like a champion just retired from a ring stable operated by either Farmer Burns or Frank Gotch; I would not wrestle him if the championship of Tokyo were at stake. There is no nonsense whatever about him. He still speaks in the accents of Defiance, and sounds as though he just has come into the big city. He acts that way, too. He seems to be bewildered, even mystified, by city ways. I always half expect him to turn up in a set of overalls.

This pose as The Hick—not entirely a pose—vanishes when he begins to play. At my hand is a record called *Pretty Wild*, made six or seven years ago, perhaps longer ago than that, which is one of the most durable jazz records I have ever heard. It is on Columbia (CL 871) and probably is out of print. Write Columbia to get it (if enough of you write, they will reissue it); or go to your friendly neighborhood used-record dealer. On this, Bill is backed by strings,

(*Continued on page* 90)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Years of Stereo and Solid State

AT THE END of the first ten years of RECORDINGS, "The Vinyl Decade," there were no stereo discs (but there was stereo); there was no stereo FM (but stereo broadcasting); no transistorized high-fidelity equipment (but there were transistors); and the vinyl, microgroove long-playing album and 45 rpm disc had completely supplanted the 78 rpm record—just as today the stereo record is about to supplant the monophonic one.

There have been no upheavals in the past ten years quite comparable to that inaugurated by the microgroove LP record and magnetic tape. What has transpired in this decade could be at least in part foreseen in that one; and for every change accomplished in the past ten years, there are visible today the seeds of the next decade's changes.

Stereo tape existed at the first vinyl decade's end; stereo discs were introduced within the first year of the second vinyl decade. Today, all new recordings are available in stereo; tomorrow, no new recordings will be available in monophonic versions. The price differential that alone justified the choice of a mono over a stereo version of the same performance is, at this decade's end, being rapidly withdrawn, with at least a few companies deleting their mono records altogether.

The monophonic disc will not entirely disappear until sound recording itself is supplanted by some multisensual recording medium (as yet unlikely, considering television's failure as a medium for music and radio's continuing success at it). The legacy of great performances by the Carusos, Toscaninis, Flagstads, and Furtwänglers of the monophonic era will always have their (dwindling) supply of followers and students. But with these inevitable exceptions, the mono disc is defunct.

Diehard monophonic listeners can play stereo records without damage simply by replacing their old pickup cartridge with a stereophonic one. In any case, they soon will have no choice; for the most part, only the cheapest players are available in single-channel versions.

All new FM stations and most new FM receivers are equipped for multiplex stereo broadcasts, while many older stations and receivers have by now been converted to stereo. As the number of stereo-equipped listeners goes up, and as worn-out records in the stations' music libraries are perforce replaced in stereo, stereo broadcasts are coming to dominate the FM band.

The monophonic tape recording is today a thing of the past, and, except for economy or portable machines, the monophonic tape recorder is also disappearing. Even in battery portables, stereo is now available in higher-priced machines (Roberts, Uher) and even at more moderate price levels (Concertone). And the one "new" recording medium—the tape cartridge—has never been anything but a stereo conception.

Stereo's demands accelerated the shrinking of the loudspeaker, which grew smaller as sound sources were dispersed. The transistor has shrunk and reshaped the rest of audio equipment.

Though RECORDINGS could discuss, in 1956, "The Year of the Transistor," that was only the year of the first commercial sound amplifier with transistors (a Bogen made not for the home but for mobile public address) and of RECORDINGS's first contact with the portable transistor radio. Eleven years later, despite the lingering presence of a few tube components (mostly surviving by virtue of their excellence), it is the era of the solid state. "Solid state" simply means units built around transistors, integrated circuits, and other devices, whose electrons move through minute crystal structures rather than—in the tube—across a gas-filled or evacuated space between electrodes.

Because transistors are smaller and radiate less heat than tubes, solid-state equipment can be smaller than its tube equivalent, or pack more functions into equal space. Most audio equipment takes the latter tack: Today's most popular component is the receiver, combining FM-stereo (and sometimes AM) tuner, preamplifier, and power amplifier on a single chassis. The separate preamplifier and power amplifier have disappeared from all but the highest priced and highest powered systems. With the transistor's innate reliability, there is little worry that so many circuits close together will shorten service life. And lugging these lighter units to repair shops is less of a problem should a breakdown actually occur.

There is a growing trend to the use of easily replaced circuit modules, making repair a matter basically of plugging out the old circuit and plugging in the new, with the customer enjoying the use of his component while the defective module is repaired at leisure, and perhaps even at the factory itself. Motorola's new transistorized color television sets seem to have taken this concept farthest.

Integrated circuits—complete circuit stages that fit within today's transistor cases—are the next step. By simplifying assembly of complete components, they increase reliability and lower costs. And, since an IC cannot be repaired, they encourage the further growth of the modular service concept.

ICs will also bring new concepts of design. RCA's new changer with an in-

NUMBERS, PLEASE!

The numbers and letters on the label that brings Saturday Review your way each week may not mean much to you at first glance. But they are essential in helping our Subscription Department quickly identify your records. That is why it is important to include your address label whenever you write Saturday Review about your subscription.

ATTACH LABEL HERE

CHANGE of ADDRESS

Please let us know *at least four weeks before you plan to move.* For fastest service, clip or paste your current mailing address in space provided, fill in your name and address, and mail to Saturday Review's Subscriber Service Division.

NEW or RENEWAL SUBSCRIPTION

Check here to enter or extend your subscription:

☐ One year $8 ☐ Three years $18
☐ Two years $14 ☐ Four years $20

Outside U.S. and Canada, add $2 per year

☐ New subscription ☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Renewal ☐ Bill me

Name Address

City State ZIP

Saturday Review

Subscriber Service Division
380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

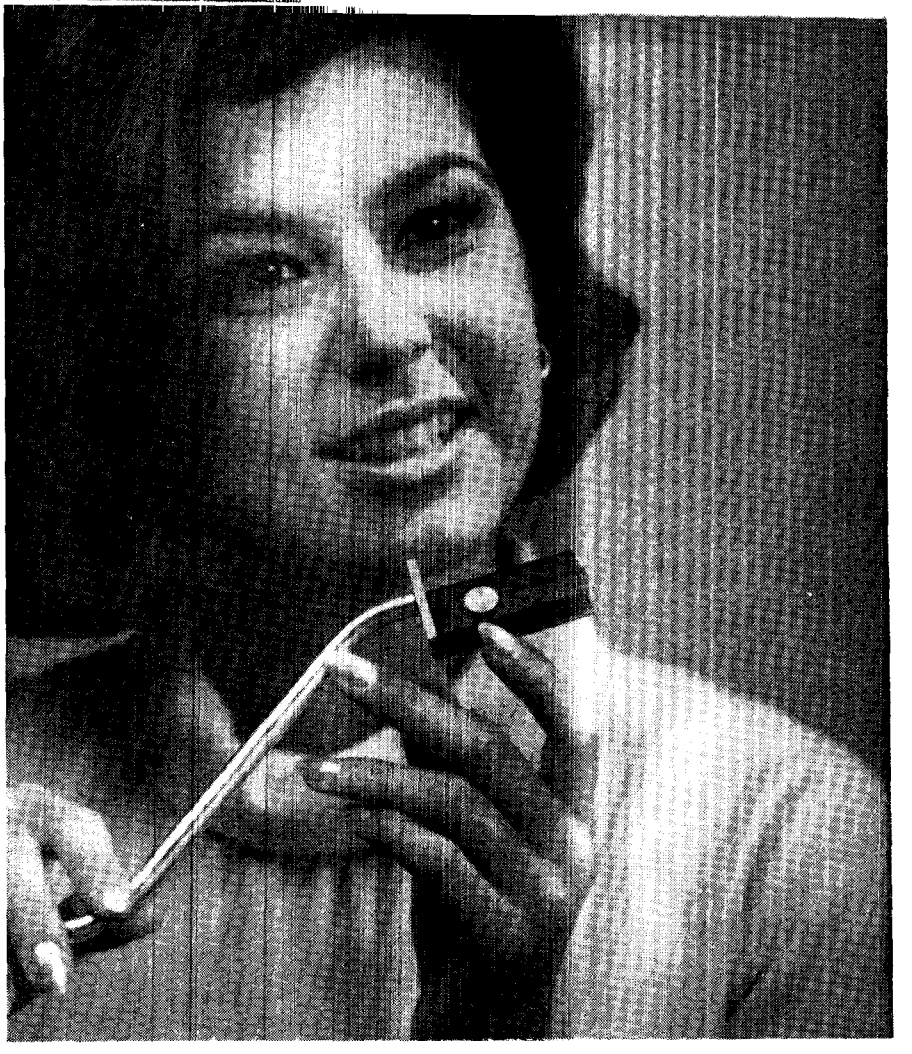
tegrated circuit preamplifier mounted in the tone-arm head is an example: The higher-level output from the preamp will be less sensitive to hum and noise than the output of the cartridge alone; the IC's response can be custom-tailored to match that of its associated cartridge; and the eventual adoption of cartridges with built-in IC preamps means that amplifiers will no longer need one special "phono" input different in character from all the rest.

Because transistors are light in weight, compact, rugged, and use little current at low voltage, more (and more elaborate) equipment will be portable, just as radios, tape recorders, phonographs, television sets, and even video recorders are now. Today, a complete, high-powered, high-fidelity stereo system, exclusive of speakers, can be easily fitted beneath a record changer. Tomorrow, this could become a portable combination, with the limiting factors to its portability being the size of the changer itself (though BSR's Mini-Changer shows that this need not be so very limiting) and the size of the LP record.

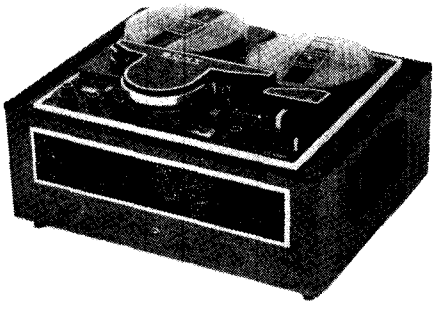
This could be the catalyst precipitating the long-forecast tape takeover, in the form of a plug-in tape cartridge or cassette system (probably cassette, if size is a major factor). But many of the new techniques (e.g., the Dolby signal-to-noise stretcher) that seem to make slow-speed recording practical on tape will do the same for slow-speed—hence, smaller—discs.

Perhaps at slow speeds, the disc may finally meet its master. Now there's a stand-off between tape's greater freedom from wear and the disc's lower cost and easier cueing (no need to fast-forward or rewind it). As to ease of use, the cartridge or cassette are even less intimidating than the disc. But as recording speeds come down, tape's advantages loom larger and its drawbacks shrink. A scratch or dust particle obscures more information on a slow-speed disc than on a faster one. Fast-forward and rewind times diminish as tapes become slower (and hence shorter). And tape's physical production costs, more closely tied to actual recording time than are the disc's, drop sharply as speeds are reduced.

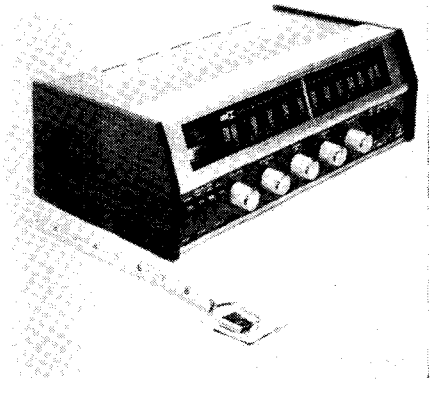
Looming on our sunset horizon, much as stereo did on the last decade's, is videotape. For the cost of a reasonable-quality 16 mm sound projector, you can today buy a video recorder complete with camera. For the cost of the least expensive 16 mm sound camera and projector you will soon be able to buy a color video recorder (though its camera will still be black and white). And the cost of a recording—figuring in one's ability to erase and re-use previously recorded tape—is about equal to 16 mm film and processing.



"New concepts of design . . . an integrated circuit preamplifier mounted in the tone arm head. . . ."



Sony videotape recorder—"Looming on our sunset horizon . . . is videotape. . . ."



Audio Dynamics—"Today's most popular component is the receiver combining FM-stereo . . . preamplifier, and power amplifier on a single chassis."

Videotape gives you instant playback, allows you to record television broadcasts (the reason behind the color recorder with the black-and-white camera). But as yet you cannot project it on as big a screen as 16 mm (or even 8 mm), nor in as lifelike color; you cannot edit it conveniently, nor can you play back your recordings on machines made by a different manufacturer. Still, the industry predicts that video recorders—currently selling in the $1,000 to $2,000 range—will soon be available for under $500, and that this will spark a video recording boom second only to today's booming market in audio tape or perhaps surpassing it.

The industry has been making this prediction since the first home VTRs came out two years ago. But, considering that Ampex's first Videotape recorder sold in 1956 for $75,000, and that today its models start at $1,095 (and Sony's at $695), the predicted $500 VTR seems less amazing than inevitable.

—IVAN BERGER.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—Hans Wild.

Kirsten Flagstad at the time of *Das Rheingold*.

Project of the Decade, Singer of the Century

By JOHN CULSHAW

The following article is excerpted from "Ring Resounding," to be published in the fall by The Viking Press, Inc. SR *joins with the author in acknowledging with gratitude the permission granted by the late Kirsten Flagstad's daughter, Mrs. Elsie Dusenberry, of Phoenix, Arizona, to quote from her mother's letters to him during the last years of her life.*

THE FIRST CLEAR indication that an adequate market for Wagner existed to make the recording of the *Ring* a reasonable risk was the success of our various recital discs and excerpts with Kirsten Flagstad. If we could get Flagstad into the cast of *Rheingold*, we might at least stand a chance. . . . But there was no part that Flagstad had ever sung, and none that she was likely to sing. There are only three really substantial parts in *Rheingold*, and they are all for men—Wotan, Alberich, and Loge. The rest of the characters tend to stand about and put in a line or two here and there. Neither Fricka nor Erda, which were the only possibilities for Flagstad, seemed likely to be of any interest to a woman who had commanded the international Wagner stage for over twenty years in such huge parts as Brünnhilde and Isolde. I said I would try to persuade her to sing Fricka for us, but warned that we should make a safe "reserve" in casting in case she just laughed at me. There was an even more disagreeable prospect, which was that she would be offended.

I had two arguments with which to approach her. One was to point out that we *had* offered her a complete *Walküre* to be recorded in 1957, which she herself had turned down because she no longer wanted to sing Act II. She had been very direct about it in one of her letters:

> I am so happy that you have abandoned the thought of the second act. I have been thinking and worrying all the time about your proposal, but my intuition tells me *no!* I am wonderfully lazy these days and staying all by myself, reading, embroidering, and playing solitaire by the hour. Wasn't I fortunate to miss the heat wave?. . . .

The move I had to take seemed obvious. As long ago as 1956 she had turned down my unofficial proposal for a complete *Götterdämmerung* in Vienna. She had then turned down a complete *Walküre*. In effect, she had conceded that if we, or any other company, embarked on a complete *Ring* it could not be with herself as Brünnhilde. It was simply too late. I therefore wrote her a long letter in late December 1957 to tell her that we hoped to record *Rheingold* in 1958, and that there were some of us who hoped that it might be the foundation of the first complete recorded *Ring*. It was necessary to tread cautiously, for I had a suspicion that

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she had never heard or seen *Rheingold*, but I went on to say that the part of Fricka might suit her very well and begged her to have a look at it.

There was no reply for a while, and when it came it was a blunt inquiry: could we supply a set of tapes of any stage performance of *Rheingold*? A set of the 1951 Bayreuth tapes was quickly duplicated and sent off to her in Norway, but by that time she had left for Phoenix, Arizona, where she went to stay with her daughter. She wrote from Phoenix on March 14:

> Thank you for the letter from Vienna and the greetings from Max Lorenz. I have had a score of *Rheingold* sent to me here and have been working on Fricka. The part is very easy for me, but I cannot make up my mind and will wait for the tapes. . . .

Then, at the beginning of May, I received a classic letter from her. I am sure she had not pondered over it for a moment, yet its construction was masterly. Writing from the Grand Hotel, Oslo, she said:

> I have listened to the *Rheingold* tapes and would like to send them back. Will you, please, tell me to whom and where I shall return them?
>
> When I was in New York I was told that Mr. George London was going to record *Rheingold* as Wotan with me as Fricka. How can they make public such things before I have consented? Is it a way to try to force me to say yes?
>
> The part is very small but quite good for me, I believe, but hardly worth the long journey to Vienna. But, as I like so much to work with you and your friends, I will consent to do Fricka for you. I will be quite busy in September, but will take the time off. Kindest greetings to you all. . . .

We cabled back at once: "Terribly sorry about American indiscretion but overjoyed by your decision." In retrospect, it may seem that we paid an inordinate amount of attention to the idea of persuading Flagstad to sing what is, after all, a small role. There were two main reasons, and the first was commercial. In 1958 the name of Flagstad was still a very powerful draw for the Wagner audience, and nobody at that stage could possibly predict whether *Rheingold* was going to be an expensive success or an expensive flop. Anything which might contribute to its sales potential was of importance to those who were investing money in such an unknown starter. Had she refused, we would have gone ahead without her because by then it was too late to withdraw.

The other reason was that those of us who dreamed that *Rheingold* might be the beginning of the first recorded *Ring* wanted above all that Flagstad should be a part of it, no matter how modest, for we sensed that time was running out for her. When her letter came with the acceptance of the *Rheingold* Fricka, we thought about what she might do in the rest of the cycle—*if* the cycle went ahead in the near future. There was the *Walküre* Fricka, and Waltraute in *Götterdämmerung*, and possibly Erda in *Siegfried*. But there was no point in mentioning such things at this time.

For the first day or two of the Vienna sessions in September, the work went splendidly, but there was a tense moment when two of the younger Viennese members of the cast turned up for their first session and were overheard making uncharitable comments about Flagstad, more or less to the effect that old women should retire, and whom did she think she was kidding if she thought she still had a voice at her age? I don't think Flagstad heard any of this, but I happened to be out on the stage when she sang her first line on that particular session, and the look of utter bewilderment on the faces of the two Viennese was a joy to see.

WITH *Rheingold* finally finished, the rest of us got on with the recording program. Flagstad was in London in early January to make a solo LP, and our correspondence began again in February, when we were discussing some new ideas and reviving one or two old ones. She had changed her mind again about the *Alto Rhapsody*, and now felt inclined to make it. *Das Lied von der Erde* came up again, and went down. What I really wanted from her was the Fricka scene from Act II of *Walküre*, for although at this stage we had not the slightest idea when, if ever, our complete *Walküre* would be made, it seemed imperative after her performance in *Rheingold* that she should appear as the same character in the next sequence of the *Ring*. We even thought of recording the scene with her and putting it in cold storage, if necessary for years, until such time as we made *Walküre*.

In March we had a cable abruptly canceling a group of sessions in London. This was followed, in April, by a letter from Flagstad:

> I hope you did not get worried when you had my wire. You may remember last year that I could not stand on my feet for very long. It has become much worse so that I have to stay in hospital and get X-ray treatments. It is very painful and I take pills to relieve the suffering. I do not know how long I have to stay here, but so far the whole of next week. . . ."

Exactly a week later, she wrote again:

> Today my doctor told me I could come out of here on Thursday, April 30th, and that means I could do some recordings in June if you have not changed anything. I am not free from pain but am supposed to feel well in about two weeks. I must move again, and the first thing I must move is my voice, and really work hard to get it in shape. . . .

I replied with greetings from all her Decca friends, and sent her a list of possible recording dates in June. In the midst of our jubilation with the response to *Rheingold* came another sad letter from Flagstad:

> I am terribly sorry but it is impossible for me to sing the sessions in June. In spite of treatments, medicines, massage, and diet, I believe that the pain has increased and it is impossible for me to stand on my feet for more than twenty or thirty seconds at a time. I am very disappointed and hope the inconvenience will not be too great for you.

Early in June, Bernard Miles told me he had heard that there had been a sudden improvement in her health, and that although she would certainly not be able to do the June sessions I should write at once and try to revive her interest in the *Walküre* Fricka. I wrote:

> As you know, we have had a big success with *Rheingold* and it is quite possible that over the next five or six years my directors will sanction a complete recording of the *Ring*, of which—if it happens—last year's *Rheingold* will be the foundation. You can probably guess what is in my mind, and indeed I did mention it to you earlier this year—it is, of course, that you should record the Fricka-Wotan scene from *Walküre*. The real problem is that I imagine *Walküre* will be the last opera we shall record, so we shall not be going through the *Ring* in sequence, and quite frankly I haven't the least idea when it will be made. But there is nothing to stop us recording the Fricka scene in the autumn of this year and then keeping it safely in store until such time as we record the whole opera. Will you please think about it?

Evidently the improvement had not lasted, for on June 16 she replied:

> I have just finished another series of X-rays and may hope for a result in a few weeks. I am so far not a bit better but can manage so long as I do not have to stand. It is therefore impossible for me to tell you now if I will be able to record by the end of September. I would certainly like to record the *Walküre* Fricka, and can see your point in wanting me to. When do you need to have the final answer?

I wrote to say we would reserve the sessions in Vienna anyway, but that she should not worry: If for any reason she did not feel like making the trip we could always substitute an orchestral work. I did not hear from her again for

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some time. Flagstad wrote again in the summer of 1959 from her home in Kristiansand:

> A friend in San Francisco sent me your *High Fidelity* article. It is very good, but *much* too nice! Thank you.
>
> With me there is nothing new. I still suffer but hope to get better soon. So nice of Decca to wait for me, but I hope you will not be disappointed. Bernard [Miles] is here for eight days, and it is so nice to have him here, he is such a good guest and easy to please. The weather is wonderful, and I rest very well but still do a little work every day. . . .

I wrote again to ask how she was in early August, and on the nineteenth she replied:

> I am sorry that I am unable to send you good news. However, I am starting a new treatment tomorrow, and if I can wait another two weeks I might be able to make a decision. At present I have a lot of pain, worse than before I am sorry to say. I am terribly busy these days—it is too hot as well—but I live in hope of better days and of seeing you and the boys soon.

—*Opera News.*

Kirsten Flagstad with her daughter, son-in-law, and grandchild.

Mr. Rosengarten had approved the budget for Flagstad's recording of the Wotan-Fricka scene from *Walküre*, and we now intended to set it up for the autumn of 1960, either before or after the *Tristan* recording with Nilsson. We were still holding some dates for the autumn of 1959, but the tone of Flagstad's letters gave us little hope, and sure enough at the beginning of September she sent a cable canceling the Vienna dates. This was followed by another letter:

> I have been in hospital since September 1st and my housekeeper is on holiday, so I have only just received your letters. I have had more treatments but so far nothing has helped. The doctors keep telling me I cannot expect to get better so soon, but maybe in two months. It is very annoying. I can do my office work at the opera, but cannot do all the representation needed, or walk around looking after things. I can sit without pain, but have to take aspirin every five or six hours. Next week I am home from the hospital, and I am longing to sing again. I cannot tell you how sorry I am to have upset your plans. . . .

On November 11, 1959, she wrote:

> I am now feeling very much better. I can stand on my feet without pain and I feel my condition is improving every day. On Sunday, November 8, I sang a church concert so you see I am feeling all right.
>
> I plan to go to America on December 10th to stay for five weeks or so, but in the new year I might be available for recording. I really am longing to!

The improvement in Flagstad's health was short-lived. As early as January 17, 1960, she wrote from Oslo:

> I am sorry to tell you that I am again in the hospital and that I have resigned from the Norwegian Opera.
>
> I was ill all the time in Phoenix, and was glad I was home again a week ago. As you can understand, I do not know anything about the future but will let you know as soon as possible. I am very unhappy.

After some weeks she was allowed to go home to Kristiansand. I did not want to give her false hopes, but feared that any silence from our end might lead her to think we had lost interest. I wrote again, but she did not reply until April 3:

> I am back again in the hospital after five weeks at home. I am constantly getting worse in my hip and am always in pain. I talked to my doctors when I arrived, and I am sorry to say they cannot promise anything in the way of getting well enough to record in September or later.
>
> This is a terrible blow to me, as I had been hoping all the time to be able to go on making records. I find your plan about the *Ring* excellent, and would have loved to sing all the parts you mentioned.
>
> To give up singing when the voice is still good is hard, and to write this letter to you is very difficult for me, too.

All of us now realized that her illness was far more serious than the arthritis it was supposed to be. The heartbreak of the last sentence of her letter of April 3 obviously required some serious move from our side, and again the parallel with Kathleen Ferrier was unavoidable.

By this time, we had started to send her "surprise packages" of records—all sorts of things, from piano music to Gilbert and Sullivan—and I think they gave her a lot of pleasure. It seemed that she really was getting better, for when Bernard Miles returned from Norway he seemed convinced that a full recovery might be around the corner. Then, on October 12, I had another letter:

> I was told by my doctors today that I must give up singing and also any other professional work. My health is much improved, but I will not be strong enough and there is the danger that I could become ill once more.
>
> I am sure you know how sorry I am to have to give up the recordings with you. I always enjoyed the work with you all so much.
>
> Please, remember me to the boys and if I ever come to London and you are recording there I would love to visit you all. . . .

This, then, was the end. We could no longer help her by postponing or altering our plans; all we could do was to maintain what had really developed into a friendship over the years by keeping in touch and by reminding her, for it was true, that she was always very much in our thoughts.

In the meantime, our gala *Fledermaus* had appeared, complete with comic turns by great operatic celebrities in the middle of the second act. I sent a copy to Flagstad, because I knew how much she liked the work. She replied:

> I received the really excellent records of *Die Fledermaus*. As I have sung Rosalinde about ninety-eight times, last in 1926, I know the work very well and it is definitely my favorite operetta. I am surely going to play it often. May I say that I do not find the celebrities adding to my liking, but otherwise I found everything wonderful.
>
> My health is slowly improving, but I get tired easily. As I can hardly play the piano with my left hand I am not

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eager to sing, either, so by now I am sure I will never sing any more.

However depressed she was, it seemed that the improvement in her health continued, and she managed another journey to visit her daughter in Phoenix. She returned to Kristiansand in the summer, where the Vienna crew had sent her postcards during the holidays. On August 7, 1961, she wrote:

So nice to hear from you and to have greetings from the Vienna boys. I think of you all very often and with true affection.

I am getting better every day and feel quite strong and well. I am singing every day, and improving. I am afraid I have lost the high tones, above A, but my voice is getting stronger. I am practicing the Brahms *Rhapsody*, the *Four Serious Songs*, Bliss's *Enchantress*, and Elgar's *Sea Pictures*. Next week Ivor Newton visits me and I will ask his opinion and then ask him to tell you if I can still sing. I feel strong enough, anyway.

I am longing for England and all my friends there, so I might make a trip in October or November or later. Have you recorded any Mahler symphonies? I have No. 4 but would like some others.

I waited impatiently for Ivor Newton's return. His vast experience with singers and his immense knowledge of the capabilities of the voice, to say nothing of his long and close friendship with Flagstad would, I knew, lead him to give me a frank and honest opinion. He came back full of enthusiasm: the voice, he said, was still magnificent. His only reservation was about Flagstad's ability to cope with the strain of travel, but by some miracle, as with Kathleen Ferrier, the voice was remaining to the end. [ED. NOTE: *Ferrier died in 1953, also of cancer.*]

On August 11 I wrote:

I was so delighted to have your last letter and such a marvellous report from Ivor. I had hesitated before to ask if you had resumed singing, because your news last year seemed to indicate that you had really given it up.

There is so much wonderful music available to you which does not range above the high A. I would love to think that we could work together again on anything you feel like singing. Is it the right time for me to mention the Fricka scene again?

On September 25 she replied from Oslo:

At long last I can reply to your letter. I am at the hospital for a check-up and have been here three weeks and will be coming out Thursday. I have talked to my doctor about possible recordings and this time he thinks it will be all right, I am glad to say. I must admit that I tire easily, but otherwise I feel fine.

Then, on March 4, 1962, I had a letter. In all the years we had addressed each other formally, but this one began:

Dear John (may I?):

Thank you for your letters. I am really ashamed that I have not written you before, but if it can be a consolation I have written very few letters lately.

I was in hospital over Christmas, and had a lovely and peaceful holiday, nobody knowing my whereabouts. Since then I have been in pain more or less but the doctors assure me I shall get better from the medicines I take, even if the medicines have some bad side effects as well. I move with difficulty and therefore am afraid of traveling just now. I am trying to decide whether to go or not to Phoenix.

I sit in a good chair most of the time and read and embroider, and, most of all, listen to records. I have stereo now and ask you to order for me all the records I have made with stereo. Furthermore, I would love to have any more Gilbert and Sullivan records Decca has made.

With kindest regards to all the others,

Love,

Kirsten.

The last letter I received from her was dated September 15, 1962. Her beautifully clear, flowing writing had badly deteriorated, but at least she was back home.

Dear John:

It is difficult for me to write. I am still in bed and cannot move easily. I have been in bed four months now. I have been at home for three weeks and played records most of the time. I was delighted with the various "strange" ones, thank you. Güden was glorious.

I think of you often and of the boys and our nice times together. Please, send them all my greetings.

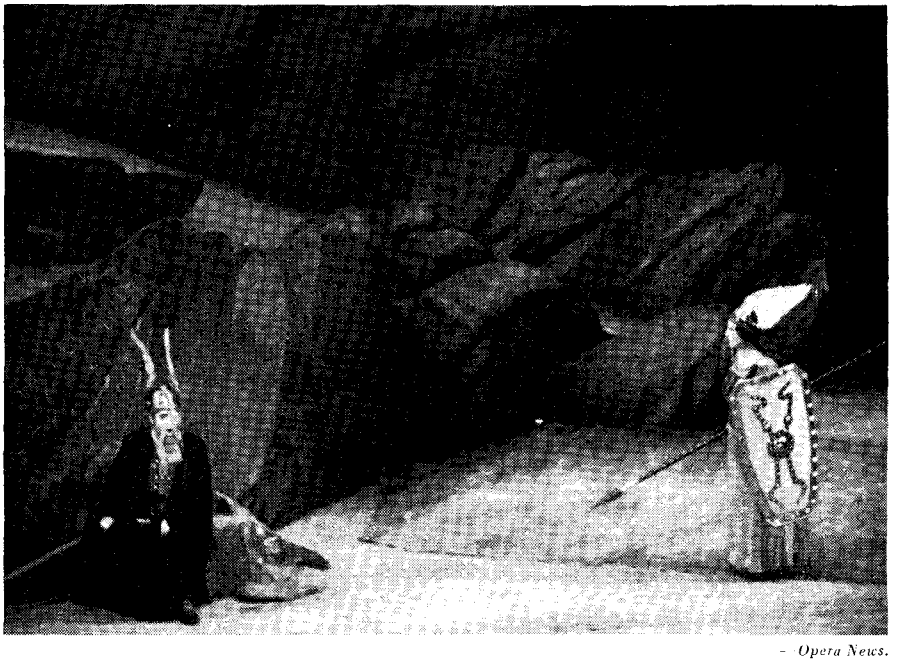
Love,

Kirsten.

There were many miscellaneous sessions in Vienna during November of that year, and the editing of *Siegfried* was consequently delayed. Information from London and the United States indicated that a release date not later than April 1963 was envisaged, so we managed to have our first playback of the entire work in Vienna on December 3. The third act had been completely edited during the summer and did not need to be touched, but adjustments were still required in the first and second.

Our final playback in Vienna was on December 7, and the room was packed with friends from the Philharmonic. We did not finish that evening until well after midnight, but everyone was very impressed. I wanted to ring Solti in London to tell how well *Siegfried* had turned out, but knowing the vagaries of the Viennese international exchange, and fearing that it might take another hour for the call to come through, I postponed it until the morning.

When I finally reached Solti and told him how excited we were with the result, he sounded oddly subdued. Instead of his usual bounce, and a deluge of questions about whether this, that, or the other had come out as we hoped, he said almost nothing except: "I'm very pleased." In the end I asked him if anything was the matter. "I suppose you haven't seen the papers," he said. "Kirsten died last night."



– *Opera News.*

A famous *Walküre* at the old Met—(Left) Friedrich Schorr as Wotan, with Flagstad as Brünnhilde.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of Times that Are A-Changin'

THE NEW YOUTH, the spawn of the World War II generation, unlike their forebears, are neither silent nor invisible. They realize that silence is other than golden, that not being seen or heard can turn a person back on himself; therefore, they speak boldly about themselves and what surrounds them, showing little tolerance or concern for the malt-shop images, technicolor movie fantasies, and marshmallow songs that helped cloud their parents' view of life.

Today's young people, overprivileged and far from undernourished, in comparison to those who came out of the Depression, have gone one step beyond surfacing their feelings and multiple fears. They have assumed responsibility for tomorrow, while assuming guilt for their parents' actions or lack of them in the past. Speaking out has proved therapeutic for them, if a bit traumatic for those who never thought to comment on the aches and pains of life.

Music and songs are the new youth's primary tools and means of expression. They shape songs to fit substance; form follows function. Symmetry and structural perfection are considered, but remain secondary to what has to be said. Sometimes direct and to the point, the messages take varying shapes, not all immediately accessible even to the initiated. The drive is away from a general sense of hypocrisy in diverse areas of life —a separation from older values. Existing circumstances are source material for comment. The threat of the Bomb and unnecessary wars to stalemate, keeping us constantly on the precipice of disaster, fan the flame. A stream of songs pours from the cauldron—some scathingly hot, some cool and philosophical, others mystical and almost religious in their mixture of illusive surface images and basic truths.

Immediately apparent is that the young write and sing about what they know or sense. They seek answers in a world difficult to fathom, for all of us. Nostalgia and oversentimentality have lost their place. Today and tomorrow threaten; in a sense, there is no yesterday.

KEY developments have impinged on the young and open. Integration and civil rights, a cross carried high by this generation of conscience, have had great impact on their music, as have the growth and accessibility of mass media. The latter have drawn people closer together, culturally; in our own land, the urban centers have come to acknowledge the traditions, ideas, and talent in rural areas and vice versa. The result—a musical cross-pollination slowly has been taking place. Divisional lines are disappearing, and commentators are hard-put for descriptives for much of the current popular music performed. There was a time before the first years of the last decade when pop, country, jazz, rhythm and blues, folk, and concert music could be identified and accurately pigeonholed. With the changing times, however, has come a mingling of elements into a thoroughly contemporary musical compound that owes little to the film musical and Broadway. This is not to say that certain individual types of music don't have lives of their own, but that American popular music, in general, now more adequately reflects the melting-pot quality of the country as well as the proximity of other cultures.

Within the last fifteen years, pop artists have discovered and mined the riches of the country and folk traditions. Country performers in some ways have become more citified. Jazz not only has reached back to its own origins but has revived a flirtation with concert music. As a result of one area of music acquainting itself with another, white artists watered down and brought rhythm and blues out of the ghettos, paving the way for the widespread success of Ray Charles's pure blues-gospel compositions and performances. It also made possible the breakthrough of Elvis Presley, the most popular entertainer of the 1950s, who connected with a striking combination of country-faced innocence and blues fervor.

At the center of it all, always rhythmically provoking listeners while telling truths about down-to-earth living, is the American Negro. His accent and flavor, increasingly discernible, permeates record produce today. Again, it took a white group, and British at that—the Beatles—to bring American music back home and break down racial barriers. Unabashedly, the boys sang tunes by Little Richard and Chuck Berry, among others, in the manner of their soul brothers, with a bit of Liverpool and the country sound of the Everly Brothers.

Once through the back door, however, the music and songs of the blues-saying Negro found their way into the American mainstream, much as jazz had. Many colored artists who had performed solely for their own people—B. B. King, Mississippi John Hurt, John Lee Hooker among them—began to work more widely and to receive recognition for their contributions, particularly from the new youth. An important evolutionary process, the emergence of the Negro artist and songwriter, which began in the 1950s with such as Fats Domino, Chuck Berry, Ray Charles, and others, no longer could be denied.

The year 1964 was doubly significant. Not only did it mark Beatlemania, but rock 'n' roll lyrics began to undergo a radical change. Always the weak sister of the music, the words became more meaningful and poetic. Bob Dylan and

—Capitol Records.

The Beatles in battle array for *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* —"satire, social comment, and parody."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

folk music in general had had their effect. Writers became more meditative—the good ones, anyway. Now, one listened more closely; there was more happening than the reverberating guitar sounds, the beat, the excitement.

Dylan motivated further musical cross-fertilization. He began working with an electrified group, assuming an entirely new image. His presence on the rock scene brought other writers into this milieu. Purists, not comfortable with the new Dylan, shuffled in dismay. What they could not see was apparent to many others: the music was happening, talking, often shouting about important things.

At this point, it should be mentioned that a number of poor songs have come from the new youth. Nevertheless, the excellent music and lyrics more than compensate for that which is crude, childish, and incompetent. The quality music and the truth-telling lyrics, some worthy of commitment to memory, are what linger in one's mind.

WITH the words of Dylan and other contemporary poets, including the Beatles' John Lennon, the Lovin' Spoonful's John Sebastian, Simon and Garfunkel's Paul Simon, and sixteen-year-old Janis Ian, an ancient tradition is re-established: the bardic tradition, which in a contemporary sense has its roots in folk music. All these lyricists are performers, troubadours whose poetry is to be sung rather than read and whose work reflects popular speech and its rhythms.

Bringing into play sense-impressions, telegraphic poetry, sometimes cutting deeply into the listener's mind with the variety and color of his images, Dylan sketches his view of things. There are occasions when he overextends himself or moves into his own world, intimating that the story told is only for himself. But his ability to delineate clearly his purposes and direction is not in dispute. *Bob Dylan's Greatest Hits* (Columbia KCS 9463) presents various phases of the artist's work, including his impressive early efforts, "Blowin' in the Wind" and "The Times They Are A-Changin'," in which the words hold you and lead to clearly defined goals. I, for one, prefer "Tambourine Man," where the images move by in kaleidoscopic fashion and challenge you to keep up.

The effect of Dylan is apparent in the growth of John Lennon, who has moved into the area of social comment, satire, and parody. On two Beatles albums, *Rubber Soul* (Capitol ST 2442) and *Revolver* (Capitol ST 2576), his desire to extend the limits of popular music is evident. He continues to provide touching, strikingly apt lyrics to collaborator Paul McCartney's haunting love songs, and remains quite adept in putting words to simple swinging ditties, but his interests obviously lie elsewhere. He is at his best matching multi-level lyrics to the ever increasing variety of Beatle sounds. On the group's recent recordings we can hear not only sounds from the rhythm and blues, country, folk, and jazz bags, but guitar stylings native to India, Baroque counterpoint, chance and electronic music, woven into the fabric of the songs. Lennon's latest work, heard on the Beatles' current *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* (Capitol SMAS 2653), asks more than one listening. The rewards, however, are more than worth the time. Try "She's Leaving Home" before going on to the rest; it goes directly to the point.

Coolly literate, while being within reach of all, Paul Simon speaks about several things, including loneliness and lack of communication; he also celebrates "Feelin' Groovy" on *Simon and Garfunkel—Parsley, Sage, Rosemary, and Thyme* (Columbia CS 9363). He and partner Art Garfunkel sing particularly well together in a light, charming manner. The songs establish Simon's point of view, which, one discerning observer noted, "is a cross between romance and realism, grown out of the crush of city life." His music can tap many feelings, but is most persuasive when gently melodic, flavorful, and perfectly matched with his fleeting lyric images, as on "Cloudy."

OF all the writers discussed, John Sebastian, who creates much of the Lovin' Spoonful's music as well as lyrics, seems least concerned with pressing issues. His involvement is with the brighter pursuits of day-to-day existence. With the help of his three colleagues, lead singer-instrumentalist Sebastian communicates directly via songs that simultaneously suggest provincialism and sophistication. A good introduction to Sebastian and his electric big-beat band is provided on *The Best of the Lovin' Spoonful* (Kama Sutra KLPS 8056). It vividly illustrates the multiple currents running through contemporary popular music. Best tracks are "Daydream" and "Summer in the City" – Sebastian impressions – which have about them an optimism we don't generally associate with his generation.

Youth looks upon these modern troubadours as half-entertainers, half-prophets. That they are in tune with the times is certain. Though their subject matter varies—it could be anything from sex to war to pleasure to the hypocrisy of relationships—the ultimate goal is consistent, no matter what the treatment.

"We're most concerned about communication," Janis Ian said. "For one person to touch another, without lying. Unlike the older writers, we want to talk about *real* things and give our point of view in our own way."

—*Verve/Folkways Records.*

Janis Ian—"Her songs do not fall lightly on the mind."

Miss Ian, a bright, young woman, speaks her mind. New to the recording industry, she has made an impressive start on *Janis Ian* (Verve/Folkways FTS 3017). It is apparent that her vision is much sharper than that of many who are older and more experienced. Her songs do not fall lightly on the mind. Their subject matter is serious—interracial dating, unwanted children, growing up and changing, etc. Miss Ian observes, muses, comments, giving evidence of a particularly good ear for images and melody. Typical of the new youth, she projects a feeling of unrelenting commitment. And if songs can change things, a young lady of this sort will be in the vanguard.

Like Dylan, Lennon, Simon, Sebastian, and other important writers of the day, Janis Ian is a product of a turbulent and creative interval in popular music. She and her fellow writers are thinking, searching. This can only make for an exciting future in popular music. Stick around and listen. —BURT KORALL.

"'SGT. PEPPER' is a 40-minute aural extravaganza which mingles, among many other strains, the cheerful period twang of the music hall banjo with the amplified mod echoes of the electric guitar. It is all Beatles, plus more. And with a decided difference . . . Whether amusing or touching, the songs are always vital."—*From the editorial, "Salute to 'Sgt. Pepper,'" Christian Science Monitor.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings in Review

Schoenberg Volume No. 6

SCHOENBERG: *Serenade (Op. 24). Columbia Chamber Ensemble and Donald Gramm, bass; Robert Craft conducting. Quintet (Op. 26). Westwood Wind Quintet. Four Pieces for Mixed Choir (Op. 27). Gregg Smith Singers with the CCE. Drei Satiren (Op. 28). Dale Jergenson, tenor, and Archie Drake, bass. Anhang. Gregg Smith Singers. Septet (Op. 29). CCE.* Columbia stereo, M2S 762, $11.59; mono, M2L 362, $11.59 (two discs).

THERE is more for the ear than meets the eye in this highly desirable addition to the five prior volumes of Schoenberg's music produced by Robert Craft for Columbia. That is, there is no single item of great repute for which those interested in Schoenberg and what he represents have been clamoring. Even the Serenade, which comes closest to qualifying to that description, has been available previously in more than one version.

However, it is particularly useful to have it presented in context, as part of the sequence of works which came into being in the early Twenties at what might be called DD Day (Dawn of Dodecaphonic). Indeed, if one takes the piano music of Op. 23 and 25 performed by Glenn Gould (in the volume of the series bearing the number Columbia M2S 736/M2L 336), the total sequence may be assembled for whatever purpose the listener chooses to make of it.

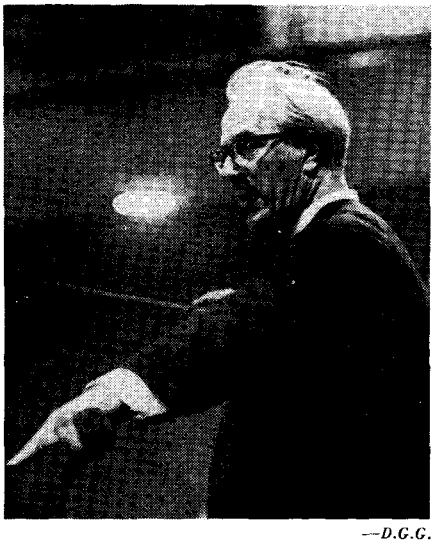
For my taste, the most interesting segments of the whole are the vocal pieces. Any work by Schoenberg in which a text is utilized automatically adds a dimension to the sound itself, and when the texts are his own, the dimensions are that much more extensive. That is especially the case with the "Three Satires," which make crossly witty statements on such subjects as *"Tonal odor atonal," "der kleine Modernsky"* (presumably a reference, in its "What authentic false hair," to those traditionalists who pay lip service to the devices of "modern music"), and "Der Neue Klassizismus." Also presented are two items of the "Anhang" (Supplement) which were discovered among Schoenberg's manuscripts, but not included in the published Op. 26. These are settings of "An Aphorism and Two Variations on It" and a canon dedicated to Bernard Shaw on his seventieth birthday. Each has its quota of Schoenberg's intellectual humor, and it is beautifully comprehended in the performances of the Gregg Smith Singers of Ithaca College.

They are also involved in what is perhaps the most single striking stretch of music on the four sides: that is, No. 4 in the series of "Four Pieces for Mixed Choir." Nos. 1 to 3 are performed *a cappella*, but the fourth is written with a quartet of instruments. The reason for this is evident immediately: Titled "The Lover's Wish," it is the setting of a text by Hung-So-Fan from the same series of translations by Hans Bethge in which Mahler found the Li T'ai-po verses for *Das Lied von der Erde*. Out of his little combination of mandolin, clarinet, violin, and cello, Schoenberg weaves a tonal fabric beautifully appropriate to the text that begins and ends with the words "Sweet moonlight on the plum trees."

The performances throughout are of the first quality, with equal credit for the excellent Gregg Smith Singers and the members of the Westwood Wind Quintet (Gretel Shanley, flute; Peter Christ, oboe; David Atkins, clarinet; David Duke, horn; and Jack Marsh, bassoon) and the Columbia Chamber Ensemble (Israel Baker, violin; Milton Thomas, viola; Laurence Lesser, cello; Pearl Kaufman, piano; and Richard Loesser, Michele Bloch, and John Neufeld, clarinets). The clarity of the reproduced sound merits a compliment on its own.

Jochum's Bruckner Cycle

BRUCKNER: *Symphony No. 2 in C minor. Eugen Jochum conducting the Symphony Orchestra of the Bavarian Radio.* DGG 139 132, stereo only, $5.79.



—D.G.G.

Eugen Jochum—"fortunate as well as fitting."

THE NEARLY concurrent appearance of this performance of the Bruckner Second and the Haitink-Concertgebouw version of the "Nullte" (RECORDINGS IN REVIEW, May 27) brings to fulfillment what would have seemed a ludicrous improbability only a few years ago. That is the availability, simultaneously and in properly contemporary recordings, of the broad range of Bruckner's symphonies.

For Jochum, the appearance of this admirably thoughtful performance marks the completion of a task no less historic than Weingartner's first recorded cycle of the nine Beethoven symphonies in the early Thirties. It is hardly probable that cycles of the Bruckner nine will now become as common as those of the Beethoven nine, but it is fortunate as well as fitting that the first of them has been accomplished by a conductor of Jochum's understanding.

That is no less valuable in the earlier works, which depict Bruckner searching out a musical direction for himself, than in the later ones in which he has pursued it to his goal. It requires a considerable insight into the intent as well as its realization, and this Jochum has in a degree unmatched by any contemporary. This serves all concerned (the listener as well as Bruckner) to special advantage in the Second, which has long languished for want of such treatment as it here receives. (The entry in Schwann relating to a version by "Jochum and the Linz Bruckner Orchestra" is at least a dozen years old, and the conductor to which it refers is not Eugen but Georg Ludwig, his brother.) The work is a curious mixture of the diffident and the expansive, embodying an effort by Bruckner to amend his symphonic objectives (as expressed in prior works) and bring his procedures more into conformity with approved symphonic practice. At the same time, it finds him at his characteristic trait of weaving excerpts from his masses into the slow movement and arriving at the pounding kind of rhythmic emphasis (in the scherzo) to which he would revert many times in the future. He is least at ease in the finale, which goes the way of others (Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, etc.) rather than of Bruckner.

It is a fascinating link in an impressive chain, if not one to be consistently admired for its own workmanship or beauty. Jochum uses the text of 1877, which means that, by then, Bruckner had completed Symphonies No. 3, 4, and 5. The beauty of the playing and the fine sound of the reproduction enhance everything that is good about the work.

Music for Listeners

BERGER: *Chamber Music for Thirteen Players.* DONOVAN: *Music for Six.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gunther Schuller conducting a chamber ensemble. DONOVAN: *Five Elizabethan Lyrics. Adele Addison, soprano; with the Galimir Quartet.* BERGER: *Three Pieces for Two Pianos. Paul Jacobs and Gilbert Kalish, piano.* Columbia stereo, MS 6959; mono, ML 6359, $5.79.

SAVE THAT both are or have been associated with universities (Berger at Brandeis, Donovan at Yale until his retirement a few years ago) there would appear to be little to connect the two composers who find themselves discmates thanks to the W. W. Naumburg Foundation. There is, however, a subtle likeness of some considerable importance. Neither excludes the listener from the considerations that enter into his expression. For that they may be said to be compatible as well as connected.

In the case of Donovan, the works by which he is represented here go more than half way to the recipient. The Music for Six is a lively, almost improvisatory expression for oboe, clarinet, trumpet, violin, cello, and piano. (It came into existence when a need arose at Yale for a piece to be played by a faculty ensemble.) It has shape, sound, and a pleasant sense of fulfillment in its mischievous use of phrases out of "Silver Threads Among the Gold" and "East Side, West Side," as if to say: "Music can be maid of anything." The settings of the lyrics by Thomas Middleton, John Ford, Thomas Howell, James Shirley, and the most prolific of poets, "Anon.," are deft, unpretentious, and admirably conceived for the means that are employed. Miss Addison performs them expertly, but, it does not seem to me, with the vocal freedom and response that characterize her recent (see page 82) recordings.

Berger's approach to the listener is more oblique. He invites him to participate, but the command to the attention is *sotto voce*, which might be described either as restrained, or repressed. He has, over the years in which he has been refining the musical means at his command, evolved a rather striking character of his own. It takes a precept from Webern in conceiving the interruption of sound to be as much a part of the time continuum in which it exists as the continuation of it; and it makes note (musical note, that is) of the ways in which Cage, Copland, and Stravinsky have enlarged the sound idiom available to such a standard instrument as the piano.

The outcome (in the piano pieces, particularly) is nothing to be called eclectic, but rather a conciliation of elements into a pattern of sound quite his own. I would like to hear it a little more liberated, free flowing, and impulsive; sometimes the sensation is of deliberation over weeks of just where the next

Arthur Berger—"a rather striking character of his own."

note is going to fall. But when it does, there is never a doubt that Berger has a purpose in putting it there. The Chamber Music for Thirteen is a kind of intellectual divertimento, neatly polished to its musical point under Schuller's apt direction.

A Pair by Poulenc

POULENC: *Aubade; Concerto. Gabriel Tacchino, piano; with Georges Prêtre conducting the orchestra of the Paris Conservatory.* Angel stereo, S 36426; mono, 36426, $5.79.

IS IT TIME to consider whether the music of Francis Poulenc, who died in 1963, is undergoing the decline that sometimes occurs in the aftermath of the end of a compositional career? (Sibelius might be cited as an excellent example.) If the time has come and the subject is worthy of consideration, the evidence of this disc would be all to the contrary. Rather than being in or approaching decline, the star of Poulenc will continue to rise so long as there is nothing remotely approaching it in lustre.

It is a help for any composer to have an interpreter in whose hands his fate is as safe as Poulenc's is in those of Prêtre. For someone familiar only with his recent activities, it may escape recollection that it was as a collaborator with Poulenc himself that Prêtre first came to phonographic attention. What he then learned and has not forgotten is the secret of the proper tempo: a little faster than most could consider suitable in the fast movements, definitely slower than others incline to in the slow movements. The net of it is to accentuate the contrasts in Poulenc's musical functioning: not merely *gai*, when animated, but *très gai*; and, when reflective, pensive rather than merely moody.

Certainly it works beautifully in these two scintillating performances with the youngish (thirty-two) pianist Gabriel Tacchino, who has not been heard previously on records. He is off and running with the first allegro of the *Aubade* and continues to serve the composer superbly whether leading the way or adjusting himself, in the interests of the soloistic writing for the eighteen instruments, to those about him. Neither the *Aubade* nor the Concerto can really be called a familiar work, which is another reason for stressing the breadth of interest in the music on this disc, its fastidious workmanship as well as its rampant spirit.

New Music for Guitar

BRINDLE: *"El Polifermo do Oro."* BRITTEN: *Nocturnal (Op. 70).* MARTIN: *Quatre pièces brèves.* HENZE: *Drei Tentos.* VILLA-LOBOS: *Etudes Nos. 5 and 7. Julian Bream, guitar,* RCA Victor stereo, LSC 2964; mono, LM 2964, $5.79.

THERE are several good reasons, beyond the resources of the instrument itself, why contemporary composers should turn increasingly to the creation of works for the guitar. They bear such names as Karl-Heinz Böttner, Alirio Díaz, John Williams, and Narciso Yepes, as well as Julian Bream: the imposing second generation of guitarists fathered by the proper father-figure of Andres Segovia.

As is generally the case, the best work in the new mode is being done by the best man. Britten's *Nocturnal* is a creation of 1963 which, to my knowledge, has not been recorded previously or performed widely. It is a series of insomniacal reflections on such mind states as "Restless," "Uneasy," "Gently Rocking," and "Very Agitated," which turn out in the end to be embellishments of Dowland's "Come, heavy Sleep, the image of true Death." Britten has done the guitar-playing brethren a favor by writing such a fine eighteen-minute piece for them, and Bream has spoken an eloquent thank-you in this performance.

Of the others, there is special interest in the "Four Fragments" of Reginald Smith Brindle, a composer of imagination as well as skill who is otherwise unknown to fame (as represented by the Schwann catalog). Each of Martin's foursome is reflective of his penetrating mental processes. The Henze trio is a *Botschaft* to Naples, where he lived for a time; and the Villa-Lobos duo are as much classics now as when written for Segovia (who started the whole thing) in 1929. —IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Berlioz: *Le Roi Lear; Les Francs-Juges; Le Carnaval Romain; Waverly* and *Le Corsair* Overtures. Colin Davis conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Philips stereo, PHS 900-138, $5.79; mono, PHM 500-138, $5.79.	As he has previously demonstrated in his recording of the *Symphonie fantastique*, Davis includes Berlioz among a range of sympathies traditionally English—Mozart-Haydn at one extreme, his contemporary countrymen at the other. Each of these performances is knowingly organized, orchestrally sound, and musically alert. If there is a complaint, it might be that the "style" takes precedence over the substance of the music. Or, to phrase it differently, the "how" of Berlioz's orchestral writing is given priority over the "why" of it. In *Les Francs-Juges*, for example, a bygone recording by Paul Kletzki made a rather more ominous, dramatic proclamation of the trombone recitative than Davis appears to consider necessary. The distinction is a narrow one, but it defines the difference between rhetoric and poetry. The recording favors the strong points of Davis rather than Berlioz.
Dvořák: Concerto in A minor. Glazounov: Concerto in A minor. Nathan Milstein, violin; with the New Philharmonia Orchestra directed by Rafael Frübeck de Burgos. Angel stereo, S 36011, $5.79; mono, 36011, $5.79.	It was to Milstein's credit that he put his talents to the advantage of these works at a time, a dozen years ago, when they were less frequently performed (and recorded) than they have been more recently. It remains to his credit that he hasn't lost interest in them now that others have followed his example. The present pairing takes the place of a collaboration with William Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony, long listed on the Capitol label, and sustains Milstein's reputation for quality work in whatever he undertakes to record. Some may find surprising his intent treatment of the Glazounov, but not those who are aware of the part the work, and the composer of it, played in Milstein's rise to prominence. Frübeck's participation is a productive one, the recording of uncommonly fine quality.
Haydn: Symphonies Nos. 15, 16, and 17. Wilfried Boettcher conducting a chamber orchestra. Turnabout stereo, 34092S, $2.50; mono, 4092, $2.50.	The Schwann catalog is devoid of reference to any other versions of these works, nor does the sound of them suggest prior acquaintance. They are valuable to have on the way to that day, certain to come, when all of the 104 will be as accessible as Franck's 1, Beethoven's 9, or Mozart's 41. One may also endorse Boettcher's effort both for musicality and common sense in grouping together three works which are unlikely to be duplicated. The prevailing characteristic of the music is geniality, a joy in spinning out sound in patterns both shapely and unexpected. At this point (1760-65 is the time range assigned to them), Haydn was working with the materials of music as he found them, not yet driving them in a direction wholly his own. There are suitable sections of contrast to which Boettcher pays intelligent attention. In all, it is a hopeful indication that another qualified hand has been added to those engaged in closing the Haydn gap, which now, surprisingly, stands at not more than thirty symphonies to go. Good performance and reproduction.
Mahler: Symphony No. 9. Karel Ančerl conducting the Czech Philharmonic. Crossroads stereo, 22 26 0006, $4.99; mono, 22 26 0005, $4.99 (two discs).	Ančerl and his Czech musicians hardly are qualified to compete with the versions of this work by Barbirolli and the Berlin Philharmonic on Angel or Bruno Walter's still singular performance for Columbia, but what they do, nevertheless, has some special interests of its own. One is the quality of sound produced by the strings and horns which suits some of Mahler's writing especially well. Another is the quality of warmth and sympathy that Ančerl brings to the slower, more lyric sections of the work, and the whole of the great closing Adagio in particular. Offsetting this is a less than complete clarification of the Rondo Burleske (as the third movement is designated). This may be as much a consequence of the recording technique as it is of the performance. Altogether, a calculated risk for those who may be attracted by the "budget" price.
Prokofiev: *Chout* and *Pas d'Acier*. Gennady Rozhdestvensky conducting the Moscow Radio Symphony Orchestra. Melodiya/Angel stereo, SR 40017, $5.79; mono, R 40017, $4.79.	*Chout* is one of those works which is more written about than performed, a product of 1915 when the composer was simultaneously engaged on *The Scythian Suite* and *The Gambler*. Like *The Scythian Suite*, it has a tangential relation to a preceding work of Stravinsky which, in this case, is *Petrouchka*. *Pas d'Acier* is a work of more individuality but it sounds now to be transitional from the Prokofiev of the pre-1925 period to the composer he became after his return to the U.S.S.R. Among its ideas are several which came to great fulfillment in the *Lt. Kije* music and *Romeo*. However, it would be rash to form a final judgement of either on the evidence of these performances. It doesn't sound to me that Rozhdestvensky has a penetrating sense of the texture in either case, which means insufficient tonal definition to show them off at their best.
Sullivan-Mackerras: *Pineapple Poll*. Charles Mackerras conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Capitol stereo, SP 8663, $4.79; mono, P 8663, $4.79.	More than a few things separate the Mackerras who made this engaging pastiche in 1951 for the then Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet from the one who conducts this recording: among them, Covent Garden and the Metropolitan Opera House (in the latter he was a guest conductor with the Hamburg company during its recent visit to New York). He is thus, if anything, a more polished exponent of his own handiwork, if sometimes a mite more driving and energetic than suits its rather fragile musical values. These are, in the main, a mating of Sullivan's tripping tunes with the boisterous kind of instrumentation devised by Manuel Rosenthal for *Gaité Parisienne*. Mackerras has combed Sullivan from *Cox and Box* to an early concert overture titled *Di Ballo*, and compiled a string of attractive episodes which will delight more than the Savoyards. It may even surprise them to discover that the tunes do very nicely without all those tiresome words.
Schumann: Symphony No. 3. Günther Wand conducting the Gürzenich Orchestra of Cologne; Symphony No. 4. Wand conducting. Vanguard stereo, S 235; mono, 235, $2.50.	Doubtless there is a Günther Wand, just as there was a French conductor named René Baton. However, by his professional designation of Rhené-Baton, the native of Calvados led an active public life as conductor, whereas Wand is known primarily for his studio activities. These two show him, as he has been in previous efforts, solid, secure, steady, and suitably Schumannesque. Now and then there is a lack of the forward push, the unexpected insight that may be heard from conductors of greater reputation, but, as compensation, one is spared their indulgence in the game of second-guessing Schumann (conducting what he should have written, rather than what he did write). The Cologne Orchestra plays the *Rhenish* as though they take pride in the identification; No. 4 is performed by the optimistically as well as euphemistically named "Orchestra of Cento Soli" (suggesting that somebody thinks "Cento Soli" is the place where it performs). —IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Words for Sarah Vaughan

—Copyright by Herman Leonard.

Sarah Vaughan—"jazz singer par excellence."

SARAH VAUGHAN has one of the most remarkable voices that any of our popular singers has ever possessed. No, it's not quite fair to her to say that, because to find comparable voices one needs to turn to the opera or concert stage, and even there he will find few of them—perhaps none. Her voice has range, body, volume. More important, her control of her voice is phenomenal. Her pitch is just about impeccable, and she can jump the most difficult intervals and land true. No other singer has such an effortless command of dynamics; I know of no one who can move from a whisper to full volume in the course of a few notes and make the move sound less affected than Sarah Vaughan. When, as a young singer, she discovered her vibrato, she indulged it distressingly, but today her use of it—terminally, say, to end a sustained tone—should be the envy of every singer alive. (*Sassy Swings Again*. Mercury stereo SR 61116; mono MG 21116.)

But her control goes quite beyond that which is required of any other *kind of singer*. For Sarah Vaughan is in several respects the jazz singer par excellence, and therefore she can do things with her voice that a trained singer knows simply must not be done. She can take a note at the top of her range and then bend it or squeeze it; she growls and rattles notes down at the bottom of her range; she can glide her voice through several notes at midrange while raising dynamics, or lowering, or simply squeezing.

To listen to Sarah Vaughan is to gain some idea of what singing must have been like for the great performers in the eighteenth century, when spontaneous embellishment, paraphrase, and, perhaps, outright melodic improvisation were requisites. However, she is an American singer of this century, and that means that she is also capable of the great wealth of resources that jazz musicians and singers have discovered that musical expression can encompass.

And yet, and yet. It would be possible to name dozens of exceptional records by Bessie Smith, or dozens by Billie Holiday. With Ella Fitzgerald the general level of performance is very high, but seldom really excellent and seldom poor. With Sarah Vaughan, one would be hard put to come up with a dozen records that are truly excellent, although one could name many dozen brilliant failures without giving the matter much thought.

A few years ago, she was living a sort of double esthetic life. Half the time she was holding back her powers and going after the "big hit." The other half, she was aiming for the jazz audience and giving the material all she had. The result with the former was that she didn't give us enough, and with the latter that she tended to treat each song like a kind of expanding suitcase into which she put nearly everything she could think of—or so it seemed.

There were always exceptions. In 1950, she did a version of "Mean to Me" (last available on *Sarah Vaughan in Hi-Fi*, Columbia, mono only, CL 745) in which, for most of her second chorus, she did something that perhaps no other jazz singer has ever done. That is, like a good instrumentalist, she improvised a totally new melody, and a quite imaginative one. Only a couple of years later, when she had discovered much more about the size and range of her voice, she gave Harold Arlen's "Come Rain or Come Shine" a discreet, self-contained but powerful reading, with very few embellishments and all of them good ones. (It is also on *Sarah Vaughan in Hi-Fi*).

From that point on, as she discovered more and more of the phenomenal nature of her voice, it seemed that fewer and fewer popular songs could contain her. There is, for example, a gloriously dramatic version of "Dancing in the Dark" in which every note seems to be bursting out of the confines of that song, and it is not exactly a simple one. The performance, nevertheless, should not be missed; it is part of a two-LP set, with the unlikely title *Great Songs from Hit Shows* (Mercury MGP-2-100), which is also not to be missed. We have jazz singers who, with spontaneous departures, can save bad songs and help good ones, but Sarah Vaughan is a singer who can save overwrought arrangements, and she demonstrates it time and again on *Great Songs from Hit Shows*.

If I had to narrow the selection of Sarah Vaughan records down from a dozen to three, however, "Ain't No Use" would be one of them; it is on an album which, borrowing its billing from another Sarah, is called *The Divine One* (Roulette stereo, RS 52060; mono, R 52060). She teases that song, she cajoles it—to miss her sly but guileless humor is to miss her art—and she uses or implies almost all her vocal powers in doing so.

The Sarah Vaughan performances that do not satisfy usually seem diffuse and undisciplined. Sometimes diffuseness is deliberate, to be sure. On the aforementioned new LP, *Sassy Swings Again*, she turns Joe Williams's specialty, "Every Day I Have the Blues," and Tony Bennett's specialty, "I Left My Heart in San Francisco," into wild vocal *tours de force*, and while they last they are marvelous.

The version of "All Alone," however, is apt to stay with us. There her embellishments and departures are few and discreet—or they seem so—and we may conclude that her problems of discipline are technical and vocal ones. Her first couple of choruses on Richard Rodgers's "The Sweetest Sounds" stay with us too, yet there her departures and improvisations are anything but simple. So perhaps the problem isn't really one of vocal discipline.

Perhaps her failures are dramatic failures; perhaps her diffuseness is emotional, not technical. She undertakes "All Alone" as a humorous plea for company, and sticks to that emotional point. And until a kind of floor-show bravura possesses it, "The Sweetest Sounds" is a nostalgic meditation.

In any case, it is good to know that this superb voice *can* express itself through small popular ditties, because it's very unlikely that we have a composer who will write her what she deserves. Ah, but if we did, there would be an improvisational oratorio or opera for Sarah Vaughan.

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Copland: *Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson.* Adele Addison, soprano; with the composer at the piano. Three Choruses. Mildred Miller, mezzo soprano; Robert Hale, baritone; and the composer conducting the New England Conservatory Chorus. CBS stereo, 32 11 0018; mono, 32 11 0017, $5.79.	Successful song creation is commonly considered the result of a two-way collaboration between composer and poet. Much of the effect in the results of this recording should be assigned to Miss Addison as a third party in a totality of effect. This is not merely a matter of vocal quality alone or articulation of the textual matter or penetration of the spirit of the writing, but rather a combination of all three. With Copland performing his own creations as he prefers to hear them performed, the whole becomes a unique experience. The choral selections on side two take in a period from 1938 to 1947 and show Copland's impulses in a diversity of moods. The good performances add value as well as interest to the disc.
Creston: Concerto for Marimba and Orchestra. Charles Owen, marimba. Bloch: *Suite Modale.* Murray Panitz, flute. Weber: Hungarian Fantasy. Bernard Garfield, bassoon. Marcello: Concerto in C minor. John de Lancie, oboe. Debussy: *Danses sacrée et profane.* Marilyn Costello, harp. Rhapsody No. 1. Anthony Gigliotti, clarinet. All with Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia stereo, MS 6977; mono, ML 6377, $5.79.	As supplement to a previous collection focusing attention on first-desk men (and women) of the Philadelphia Orchestra, this disc carries its own built-in cachet of quality. However, both by choice of the material and its excellent performance, it merits more than mere token approval. The Bloch suite shows the composer in an unaccustomed mood of thoughtfulness and sensitivity; the Creston is unique in exploiting other values of the instrument with which it is concerned than the obvious one; and Garfield's execution of the difficulties Weber contrived for the bassoon must be heard to be believed. In the more familiar works, the orchestra plays a suitably colorful part in the two works of Debussy, and de Lancie's mastery enlivens the somewhat formalistic patterns of Marcello.
Debussy: *Images* (Books I and II); *Estampes; La plus que lente; Hommage à Haydn; Berceuse héroique;* and *L'Isle joyeuse.* Charles Rosen, piano. Epic stereo, BC 1345; mono, LC 3945, $5.79.	This might, in a paraphrase of the advertising phrase, be called "the thinking man's Debussy"—a collation of material not as frequently favored as the préludes or *Suite bergamasque* and thus less likely to be found together. Rosen's performances are in keeping with the discrimination that shows in the repertory, close enough to the introspective and reflective also to be called cerebral. There is certainly latitude enough in this music for more than one kind of treatment, but Rosen's is characterized by too many minuses to come out with a plus total: not enough color, not a sufficiently wide dynamic range, not the temperature wanted, and, in such a work as *L'Isle joyeuse,* not the virtuosity to deal with its technical demands as fluently as the patterns require. Thus, one is constantly admiring of Rosen's purposes, but not as often of their realization.
Isaac, Heinrich: "Innsbruck, ich muss dich lassen"; "All mein Mut"; "Süsser Vater, Herre Gott"; "Questo mostrarsi adirata di fore"; "Sempre giro piangendo." Judenkünig, Hans: "Zucht, Ehr und Lob"; "Rossina ain welscher Dantz." Hofhaimer, Paul: "Zucht, Ehr und Lob"; "Nach Willen dein"; "Meins Traurens ist Ursach"; "In Gottes Namen fahren wir." Senfl, Ludwig: "Mag ich Unglück nit widerstahn"; "Pacentiam muss ich han"; "Mag ich, Herzlieb, erwerben dich." Des Prez, Josquin: "Adieu mes amours"; "J'ai bien cause." Kleber, Leonhard: Preambulum in G minor. Grefinger, Wolfgang: "Wohl kommt der Mai." Finck, Heinrich: "O schönes Weib." Kotter, J.: "Proömium in D." Günther Arndt conducting the RIAS Chamber Choir; with Fritz Wunderlich and Theo Altmeyer, tenors; Claus Ocker, bass; etc. Angel stereo, S 36379; mono, 36379, $5.79.	Of particular interest in this unique collection of material from the court of Maximilian (early sixteenth century) are several tracks devoted to the varied forms in which Heinrich Isaac utilized the *Wanderlied* "Innsbruck, ich muss dich lassen." They are appealing enough in themselves, but even more significant of the metamorphosis in which the secular sentiment became the basis for the hymn "O Welt, ich muss dich lassen" (an early and classic example of a process repeated many times later). Its performance is considerately stylistic, a trait that characterizes all the varied matter of the disc, instrumental as well as vocal. Included in the performing resources are shawm, recorder, gamba, dolcian, lute, regal (in various forms and ranges), crumhorn, and organ. No credit is assigned for the informative annotation.
Smetana: Quartets Nos. 1 and 2. The Smetana String Quartet. Crossroads stereo, 22 16 0112; mono, 22 16 0111, $2.49.	For most music lovers, there is only one Smetana quartet, that being, of course, the celebrated *Aus meinem Leben,* which holds a proper place of honor here. It is appropriate that the fine quartet bearing the composer's name set the record (and records) straight by coupling it with the work Smetana wrote six years later. Rather than being either an imitation or echo of his autobiographical account of the onset of his deafness, it is an affirmation of his determination to press on with his career despite the handicap. The ideas have much of the bittersweet quality of his typical expressions; the elaboration of them is full of vigor and resourcefulness. It hardly provides Jiří Novák and his associates as much to work with as the preceding E-minor, but it is doubtful it could be better performed. The recording is everything one could want in chamber reproduction.
Stravinsky: *Mavra.* The composer conducting the CBC Symphony Orchestra; with Susan Belinck, Mary Simmons, Patricia Rideout, and Stanley Kolk. *Les Noces.* Robert Craft conducting; with Mildred Allen, Jack Litten, William Metcalf, the Ithaca College Concert Choir, and percussion ensemble. Columbia stereo, MS 6991; mono, ML 6391, $5.79.	Neither of these is exactly what might have been anticipated, and thus does not quite fill the place awaiting a definitive production of the two works. *Mavra* is in Russian and welcomely so (predecessor versions have favored translations). However, it does not sound to my ear that the performers have a suitable command of the language, or else they were not well chosen for the parts they perform. Too much of the singing is slightly out of tune for proper service to the composer's purpose. (The performance he attended at Santa Fe a few years ago was superior in this respect.) As for Craft's *Les Noces,* it strikes me as a little crude and non-subtle in its application of the composer's calculated monotony to achieve the best results possible.
Stravinsky: *Pulcinella.* Ernest Ansermet conducting L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande; with Marilyn Tyler, soprano; Carlo Franzini, tenor; and Boris Carmeli, bass. London stereo, 25978; mono, 5978, $5.79.	As between this version and the prior one of the composer himself, the distinction seems clear: Ansermet, who conducted the first performance at the Paris Opéra in May 1920, tends to favor Pergolesi, whose ideas provided the basic materials for the "collaboration," while Stravinsky favors the stylistic alterations he introduced into the mixture. The difference, indeed, extends to the microphoning and production altogether: Ansermet's is a normal, overall sound; the Stravinsky, close up and much concerned with detail. It also strikes me that Ansermet uses a larger ensemble than the essentially soloistic one preferred by the composer (which may explain its designation as "revised version"). In all circumstances, no clear preference exists: the Stravinsky has a special, rather tart flavor all its own; the Ansermet is blander, but expertly produced in its own way. —I.K.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Listen to this page

It has something important to say about Truth in Listening.

The fact is, there's a lot of half-hearted sound trying to push its way into people's homes these days by passing itself off as something better. But try your favorite symphony on it, and the effect is strictly So What.

Until now, the only way you could be sure of getting honest sound was to buy individual, top-quality components. And then try to find a cabinet for them.

Altec has changed all that. We took our top-quality components and put them in custom-designed cabinets for you. Like the Valencia stereo ensemble (right). It's matched walnut, carefully selected for superb graining.

The center cabinet will hold your record player and tape recorder. As well as Altec's 100-watt 711 receiver which operates them, in addition to having an FM tuner and all the controls you need for a complete home music center.

The big news is the speaker cabinets. They contain the same components Altec puts into its famous A7 "Voice of the Theatre"® speaker system. The one most recording studios use for playback during recording sessions, because the A7 faithfully reproduces every nuance the critical professional listens for.

All of this is yours for $1,422.50.

Altec also makes the Flamenco, a Mediterranean-styled stereo ensemble in oak. You can see it in Altec's new catalog, which is yours for the asking. Just write to the address below. Or ask your Altec dealer.

While you're there, listen to Altec. After all the half-truths you've been getting on other systems, you may be surprised at the fullness and range of true sound.

There's one thing for sure. The moment you listen to an Altec, you'll be glad you listened to this page.

ALTEC LANSING

A Division of LTV Ling Altec, Inc.

Altec Lansing, Dept. SR8, Anaheim, Calif. 92803

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RECORDINGS REPORTS: Jazz LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Louis Armstrong: *Greatest Hits*. Armstrong, trumpet and vocal, and his All-Stars. Columbia stereo, CS 9438; mono, CL 2638, $4.79.	This is an excellent collection, most of it recorded during the Fifties in New York, Chicago, Milan, and Amsterdam, some of it "live" and some in the studio. The personnel, which varies, includes clarinetists Barney Bigard, Edmond Hall, and Buster Bailey. Trombonist Trummy Young, who gave Armstrong such exemplary support, and the pianist, the late Billy Kyle, are heard in most of the performances, among which are several previously unissued versions of old favorites. Significantly, the latest worthy track is the most recent. "Cabaret" was made in 1966, and on it Satchmo battles manfully with a cavernous echo and watery strings.
Odell Brown and The Organizers: *Mellow Yellow*. Brown, organ; Tommy Purvis, tenor saxophone; Artee "Duke" Payne, soprano and tenor saxophones; Louis Satterfield, electric bass; Curtis Prince, drums; Master Henry Gibson, conga. Cadet stereo, LPS-788; mono, LP-788, $4.79.	Although the performances lack the integrity of those in The Organizers' first Cadet album (LPS-775), they are undeniably louder. The added conga and electric bass players are only partly responsible for this, but there is a good deal of superficial excitement, and the two energetic saxophonists have more solo space than their talents yet warrant. In fact, if the pun may be excused, the set is not so well organized. Brown is the group's chief asset and he might have been featured to more advantage. As it is, the group is at its best on the last and least pretentious track, that devoted to a blues called "Ain't That A Groove."
Eddie Daniels: *First Prize!* Daniels, tenor saxophone and clarinet; Roland Hanna, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Mel Lewis, drums. Prestige, mono and stereo, 7506, $4.79.	Daniels is a member of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band and is here handsomely accompanied by its rhythm section. He has a broad range of expression on the saxophone, moving with confidence and extraordinary fluency from soft, Getz-like utterance to the hard tone and brusque phraseology that are so much in vogue today. His clarinet playing is more personal, but it is less assertive rhythmically. The up-tempo "Falling in Love with Love" explains why he won first prize for saxophone at the Vienna Jazz Competition in 1966.
Bob Florence: *Pet Project*. Florence, piano and arranger, with big band. World Pacific stereo, WPS-21860, $5.79; mono, WP-1860, $4.79. Grieg McRitchie: *Fighting Back*. McRitchie, arranger and conductor, with big band. Cadet stereo, LPS-4058; mono, LP-4058, $4.79.	The addition of these two albums to the recent output of Gerald Wilson, Buddy Rich, and Don Ellis suggests that the West Coast is convinced of the imminent return of the big bands. The material and tempos on McRitchie's recording are full of nostalgia for the dancing Thirties, and he makes very good use of Marty Berman's baritone saxophone to establish basic patterns. The arrangements are colorful and well played—the musicians include Buddy Collette, Shelly Manne, Larry Bunker, and Russ Freeman—but the total effect is bland, like watered-down Lunceford. Florence's project is concerned with the "big hits" of Petula Clark, and involved in it are again skilled musicians Bud Shank, Bill Perkins, Ray Brown, and Herb Ellis. The writing, playing, and recording are good, so that several notable transformations are happily effected; but the soloists seldom have quite the artistic stature to challenge the ensembles.
Fletcher Henderson: *Fletcher Henderson, Vol. II, 1923-1925*. Henderson, piano, with sextet and ten-piece band; also with trio and quartet, accompanying vocalists Edna Hicks and Viola McCoy respectively. Historical Records 18, mono only, $5.00.	This collection is more interesting historically than musically, the high spot being sixteen bars of trumpet by Louis Armstrong on "I'll See You in My Dreams." His rhythmic effect on the Henderson band is a strong argument in favor of New Orleans as the true source of jazz inspiration, although trumpet players generally seemed to have had a more advanced jazz concept than other instrumentalists of the period. Joe Smith, heard occasionally with wa-wa mute, hadn't the full mastery then that he was to attain a year or two later. The same label's *New York Jazz, 1928-1933* (No. 19) contains rewarding tracks by the Luis Russell, Ellington, Blue Rhythm, and Henderson bands. The second trombone solo on Henderson's "Sugar Foot Stomp" is, incidentally, by J. C. Higginbotham, who is also impressive with Russell. There are a couple of obscure recordings by a small group featuring Benny Goodman and Bunny Berigan, and two more, recorded in Richmond, Indiana (a long way from New York in 1928!), by Hoagy Carmichael and some college friends.
Zutty Singleton: *Zutty and the Clarinet Kings*. Singleton, drums; Tommy Gwaltney, clarinet; Sammy Rimington, clarinet, alto saxophone, and vocal; Walter "Slide" Harris, trombone; Bob Greene, piano; Van Perry, bass; Johnson McRae, vocal. Fat Cat's Jazz, mono only, FCJ-100 and FCJ-101, $4.98 each. (Obtainable from Johnson McRee, P.O. Box 458, Manassas, Virginia.)	These informally made records contrast two different approaches to the clarinet. Rimington is a young Englishman who plays "Albert system" and adheres staunchly to the New Orleans idiom. Gwaltney, on the other hand, plays Boehm and belongs later stylistically. A flexible musician, he duets sympathetically with Rimington, and together they achieve moods and moments that often bring the Noone-Poston and Bechet-Mezzrow partnerships to mind. Greene re-creates the Jelly Roll Morton style with considerable fidelity, and the veteran Harris, with his warm tone and surprisingly agile execution, is a pleasure on such numbers as "Doctor Jazz." As for Zutty Singleton, who began his professional career in 1915, he still plays inimitable cymbal and bass-drum rhythms infectiously.
Jimmy Smith and Wes Montgomery: *The Dynamic Duo*. Smith, organ; Montgomery, guitar; Grady Tate, drums; Ray Barretto, conga; and, on three tracks, a big band with Oliver Nelson, arranger and conductor. Verve stereo, V6-8678; mono, V6-8678, $5.79.	Nelson's arrangements give Smith and Montgomery plenty of "blowing" space, and even perhaps too much, for the level of their inspiration noticeably flags from time to time. "Night Train" has little of the color and humor that made Ellington's "Happy-Go-Lucky Local" (from which it derived) so delightful. This is just a big hunk of machinery on wheels, observed without affection. Despite the notes, it doesn't seem to be going anywhere—certainly not to Utopia. "13" (Death March) is more successful, the arrangement and the flutes adding a proper note of melancholy to the dynamic duo's cheerful improvisations. Montgomery always seems to react well to a Latin rhythmic feeling.
Willie "The Lion" Smith and Don Ewell: *Grand Piano*. Smith and Ewell, pianos. Exclusive stereo, S-501; mono, M-501, $5.00 postpaid. (Obtainable from Exclusive Records, 32 Orchard Park Drive, West Hill, Ontario, Canada.)	"The Lion" and Ewell make a good team, and there have been few piano duets in jazz so full of happiness and dexterity as these. Their entente was developed during an engagement in Toronto, where this album was subsequently made. Ewell's comprehension and assurance seem to have been a stimulus to the older man, who plays with even more zest, imagination, and authority than usual. The tunes, all standards, were wisely chosen and include "I've Found a New Baby," "Anything for You," "Some of These Days," and "You Took Advantage of Me." Stereo is recommended, if only because it makes identification so much easier.
Dinah Washington: *Dinah Discovered*. Dinah Washington, vocal; Belford Hendricks conductor, with string ensemble; Ernie Freeman, piano; Barney Kessel, Rene Hall, guitars; Red Callender, bass; Earl Palmer, drums. Mercury stereo, SR-61119; mono, MG-21119, $4.79.	Miss Washington's popularity grew inexplicably as her accompaniments worsened. Here she is burdened with a ludicrous string ensemble in ten songs— most of them unhappily associated with motion pictures—that were recorded in 1961. Perhaps the contrast itself, as between her sere voice and the sickly backgrounds, was what appealed to the masses, but her best work, like Billie Holiday's, was done with small uncompromising jazz groups. A potentially fine rhythm section is given little scope, and there are some embarrassing dramatic moments, but "Pagan Love Song," "Blue Skies," and "On Green Dolphin Street" merit a second hearing. —Stanley Dance.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stereo Evolution

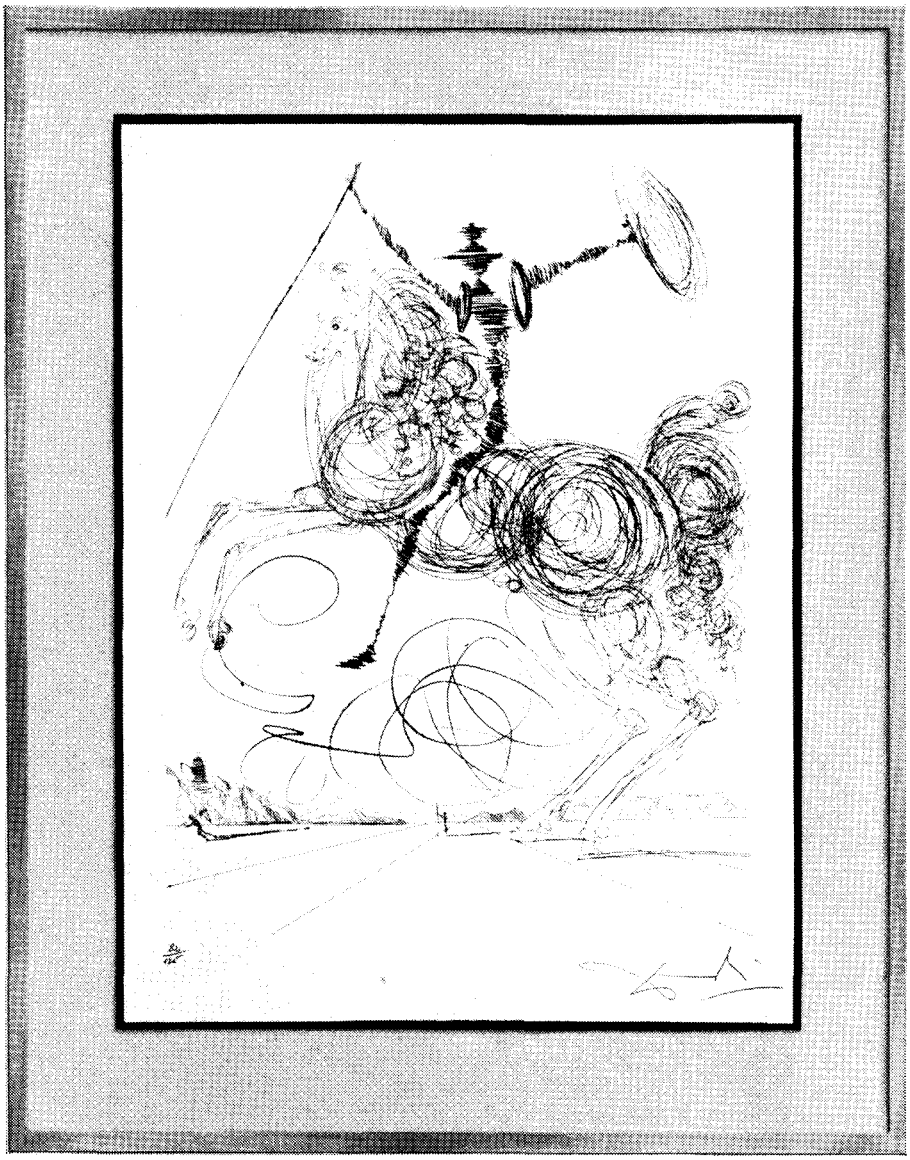
Continued from page 49

of 33⅓) of not much more than half an hour of playing time, the record must defer to tape where an uninterrupted span of forty, fifty, or sixty minutes confers artistic benefit. In a moving vehicle, or in a radio-sized portable unit, tape is in, disc is out. But, where economy of production, convenience of usage, and accessibility of content are of the essence, the disc, on its flat turntable with anything of its up-to-thirty minutes of playing time instantly accessible, is a miraculously wise mechanical system which has been improved, revised, and refined but not superseded since it was conceived nearly seventy years ago.

What the stereo evolution has also made possible is a greater spread of values and prices than has ever before existed in the musical marketplace. It was upwards of twenty years ago, in a book on the subject published at that time, that I urged the creation of a "Modern Library" of discs no longer available at top prices which would, nevertheless, have durable interest at lower prices. The argument went: "No one has to pay premium prices these days to read Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby* or Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio* merely because he didn't buy the original editions. . . . He can buy them in any corner drugstore in a usable form which does not take into account format, imprint, or binding but which merely presents the basic experience in an accessible form." Obviously, it was too logical for the 1946 version of the record business, but 1967 is another world of merchandise, and the "budget record" is a vital, useful, and valid part of it.

Without pretending that the stereo evolution has produced even the second-best of possible artistic worlds, it does give promise of extending the sorting, simplifying, and stimulating depicted in the attached chronicle. Anything that could give rise to its ambitious failures as well as modest triumphs deserves to be considered, if not infallible, certainly indispensable.

"DON QUIXOTE" by Dali.
A hand signed original etching, 82/125. From the collection of James B. Lansing Sound, Inc.



The Quest for Perfection

...in Literature: Using his native Spain as a microcosm for an imperfect world, Cervantes created in Don Quixote the incarnation of man's search for the ideal, the ultimate perfection in this life.

...in Drama: "Man of La Mancha" recreates the world of Cervantes with living, multidimensioned impact.

...in Art: The unbridled imagination of Salvador Dali evokes the above vibrant Quixotic vision, subject only to the discipline of Dali's unparalleled draftsmanship.

...in Sound: Ultimate perfection in sound reproduction achieved through the creative application of technical acumen and by rigorous adherence to world-acclaimed standards of craftsmanship is the only goal of JBL. Although JBL enjoys a reputation as manufacturer of the world's finest component high fidelity loudspeakers, amplifiers, enclosures and furniture for home music systems — as well as monitors and theater speakers to meet the most stringent demands of professional users — the quest continues. JBL is dedicated to a never-ending search for new technologies, new methods and techniques, completely new ways of approaching ever closer to the ideal of perfection in sound. See and hear JBL products exclusively at JBL Franchised Audio Specialists.

JBL

JBL 3249 Casitas Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90039

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OTHER SIDE

Messiaen at Oxford, Record Notes

LONDON.

OF THE VARIOUS festivals which took place in early summer, pride of place this year must go to Oxford, whose so-called Bach Festival came explosively to life during its last week by presenting a "retrospective one-man show" of works by Messiaen, graced by the presence of the composer and his wife and essential interpreter, Yvonne Loriod. It is fascinating to note how the *Turangalila Symphony*, which appalled many (including this writer) when first we heard it in London some fourteen years ago, sounds quite a different work now that we know so much more of Messiaen's output; at Oxford it was performed alongside such works as the *Catalogue des oiseaux*, *Chronochromie*, and the two fascinating scores recently recorded for CBS by Boulez; and the picture that emerges is surely that of a great master whose very contradictions of naïveté and sophistication, of consummate technique and unashamed sensuality, of religious ecstasy and nature worship, bear the hallmarks of genius.

As ever at this time of year, new record releases are none too plentiful, and this month's only album set, contributed by Decca, contains Brahms's *German Requiem*, with the fourth side devoted to the *Alto Rhapsody* and the choral setting of Schiller's *Nänie*. Ansermet is not a conductor one normally associates with Brahms (his recordings of the symphonies were, on the whole, disappointing), but I found his predominantly lyrical view of the Requiem a pleasant change from the heavier, more monumental approach generally favored in this music. His chorus and the Suisse Romande, on the other hand, are no match for Klemperer's Philharmonia, while Agnes Giebel and Hermann Prey cannot quite compete with Schwarzkopf and Fischer-Dieskau, though Decca's sound is undeniably cleaner and more transparent than EMI's. In the *Alto Rhapsody*, Helen Watts is a capable, if unexciting soloist, and Brahms lovers will surely welcome so attractive a performance of the neglected *Nänie*.

Other Decca issues include a collection of Verdi and Puccini soprano arias, impressively sung by Felicia Weathers, and a miscellany of encore pieces by the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra—ranging from Bach to Grieg—issued under the title of *Münchinger Miniatures*, as well as a rather unattractive disc of Mozart Sonatas (K.282, 283, 330, and 332, plus the A-minor Rondo) played by Wilhelm Backhaus. More adventurous fare is offered by RCA: the fine RPO/Kempe performance of Strauss's *Alpine Symphony*, Rubinstein's third volume of Chopin mazurkas, Charles Ives's First Piano Sonata played by William Masselos, and an excellent coupling from the Chicago Symphony under Martinon featuring Varèse's *Arcana* and the Concerto for Seven Winds, Timpani, Percussion, and Strings by Frank Martin.

ANOTHER wonderful Monteverdi anthology comes on Oiseau-Lyre, featuring madrigals and arias excellently sung by Ilse Wolf, Robert Tear, Gerald English, and Christopher Keyte, with a section of the English Chamber Orchestra directed from the harpsichord by the ubiquitous Raymond Leppard. Among the many glories to be found here, I would pick out especially the ravishing "Lamento della Ninfa" and the thrilling "Gira il nemico insidioso" (from the *Canti guerrieri*), but all the music on this disc stirs the imagination, while the singing and playing is skillful and intensely vital. Serious-minded folklorists, on the other hand, will welcome a fascinating series of Argo discs—four in all—by Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger, in which these noted specialists explore a number of traditional ballads in their English, Scottish, and North American variants—an absorbing and worthwhile task, expertly accomplished.

EMI's major contribution for July is Klemperer's monumental performance, with the New Philharmonia, of Mahler's Ninth Symphony. Some may perhaps prefer Walter's greater flexibility or Barbirolli's more passionate approach (Solti's new Decca recording is also on the way), but I find the strength and cogency of this reading utterly convincing, while the recording is one of EMI's finest achievements to date. Rather less admirable, to my way of thinking, is Szell's glossy and high-powered Mozart program consisting of the *Figaro* Overture, the Violin/Viola *Sinfonia Concertante* (with Druian and Skernick, an accomplished pair of soloists), and Symphony No. 28; while Frühbeck de Burgos conducts the New Philharmonia in a performance of *Sacre du Printemps* which strikes me as ill-disciplined and far too "emotional" (the disc also contains a clumsy account of Prokofiev's *Classical Symphony*).

Daniel Barenboim launches his integral series of Mozart's piano concertos, in which he directs the English Chamber Orchestra from the keyboard, with lively, attractive accounts of K.466 and K.488. My only regret concerns the literalness of his approach, which leaves several "bare" passages unadorned. From Germany comes a Strauss disc coupling two of his last compositions: the Oboe Concerto and the Duet Concertino for Clarinet, Bassoon, Strings, and Harp, admirably played by members of the Berlin Radio Symphony under Heinz Rögner; from France we have a new performance of *Carnival of the Animals*, coupled with Poulenc's *Les Animaux Modèles* and Milhaud's *La Création du Monde*. Prêtre conducts the Paris Conservatoire in vivacious style; Ciccolini and Weissenberg are the admirable soloists in the Saint-Saëns, and the recordings are crisp, though the Milhaud dates from 1962 and was previously issued in a different context.

Two HMV song recitals feature Grace Bumbry in well-known lieder by Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms, and Janet Baker in an anthology of English songs ranging from Dowland to Britten. Miss Bumbry, rather prosaically accompanied by Leonard Hokanson, produces much lovely sound, yet her performances, for the most part, sound too cautious and studied. Miss Baker, on the other hand, not only sounds consistently beautiful, but projects words and music with an inner conviction that helps to make her disc (on which she is accompanied in turn by lute, harpsichord, and Gerald Moore's piano) much the more rewarding experience. This month, too, HMV has rather belatedly remembered the Toscanini centenary and, from its store of prewar recordings which the Maestro made with the BBC Symphony, has extracted all the shorter works—*Zauberflöte*, *Leonore* No. 1, *Scala di Seta*, and Brahms's *Tragic* Overtures, plus the Weber-Berlioz *Invitation to the Dance*—to issue these glorious, if sonically dated, performances on a low-price LP for the first time.

Recent CBS issues have included Copland's fine Third Symphony conducted by Bernstein, a welcome Budapest coupling of two sadly neglected String Quintets (the Beethoven and Dvořák's E-flat), a scintillating program of virtuoso violin compositions played by Francescatti and the Zürich Chamber Orchestra, and, after some frustrating delay, Boulez's superb Debussy concert—*La Mer*, *Jeux*, and *L'après-midi-d'un faune*—recorded last December with the New Philharmonia. From DGG we have had an impressive coupling of the two Brahms cello sonatas, played by Fournier and Firkusny, two Mozart divertimentos—K.247 and K.251—in characteristically suave performances from Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic, and an Amadeus coupling of the D-minor and C-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

najor (*Dissonance*) Quartets, more notble for smooth and mellifluous execution han for freshness and vitality.

The most unusual and surprising of :MI's most recent issues is a two-disc et sponsored by the British Council, hose fourth side contains an early soata by Michael Tippett and a brief, ntertaining Theme and Variations by ohn Ogdon, originally composed for his iend, Vladimir Ashkenazy. The reaining three sides are devoted to a ingle work, Passacaglia on DSCH by onald Stevenson, a continuous musical tructure of about eighty minutes' duraon. The motto DSCH (D-E flat-C-B n our notation) stands for Dmitri Shosakovich, to whom this gigantic piece dedicated; the music is a strange but y no means negligible mixture of novel ianistic techniques (including *glissandi* layed directly on the strings and some iscreet electronic aids) applied to an liom that is far from avant-garde. Brilantly played here by John Ogdon, the ork—whose overall structure embraces multitude of subsections, some with urely musical titles (Sonata, Suite, riple Fugue Over Ground Bass, etc.), thers of descriptive intent ("Lament or the Children," "Glimpse of a War ision," "To Emergent Africa," et al.)—akes quite a powerful impression even in the final analysis, it strikes me as oo earnest by half and decidedly overmbitious.

What makes the emergence of this assacaglia so surprising — it was first eard, minus electronic aids, at last ear's Aldeburgh and Cheltenham Fesvals—is the fact that its Lancashireorn composer is almost forty and has nore than 100 works to his credit, yet is name was all but unknown until)gdon started to champion his cause. It ould be interesting to hear some of his ther compositions, for he is clearly a an with something to say, as well as ossessing great technical expertise and emarkable pianistic feeling. I would not erhaps go quite as far as Sir William Valton—"It is really tremendous—magificent. I cannot remember having een so excited by a new work for a ery long time."—but the mere fact that Ir. Stevenson can hold one's attention onstop for almost an hour and a half trikes me as no mean achievement.

—Thomas Heinitz.

$349.95 for a Compact Stereo System?

(THERE'S A SOUND REASON.)

$349.95 buys you not just a "stereo", but a real Scott component stereo system. Here's a best-selling Scott stereo receiver, topped with a professional automatic turntable with magnetic cartridge and diamond stylus. Complete with Scott Controlled Impedance speakers, this music system is made for people who are serious about their listening. There are separate Bass, Treble, and Volume controls for *each* channel, plus an accurate tuning meter, connections for microphone, guitar, earphones, extra speakers, tape recorder, and tape cartridge player. AM/FM, FM stereo, and phono models. See them all at your Scott dealer. Prices range from $249.95 to $469.95.

Scott . . . where innovation is a tradition

SCOTT®

©copyright 1967, H.H. Scott, Inc.

H.H. Scott, Inc., Dept. 580-08, Maynard, Mass. 01754. Export: Scott Intl, Maynard, Mass.

Westminster...

the pacemaker in classical music

The Complete MOZART SYMPHONIES

ERICH LEINSDORF

THE PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OF LONDON

2 handsomely styled 6-record volumes

Vol. 1—Symphonies #1-24 WM/WMS 1025-6

Vol. 2—Symphonies #25-41 WM/WMS 1026-6

Suggested list price $18.95 per volume.
$35.95 complete set. Monaural or stereo.

IN NEW REPERTOIRE

STICH-RANDALL SINGS ITALIAN ARIAS — Puritani / Sonnambula / Norma / Traviata / Ernani / Don Pasquale / Mefistofele / Tosca. Vienna Volksopern Orchestra, Brian Priestman, cond. XWN 19130/WST 17130

SOLO RECORDING DEBUT

NORMAN TREIGLE IN ITALIAN, FRENCH & GERMAN ARIAS — Simon Boccanegra / Don Carlo / Otello / Macbeth / Don Giovanni / Nozze Di Figaro / Zauberflote / Gioconda / Juive / Faust. Vienna Radio Orchestra, Jussi Jalas, Cond. XWN 19135/WST 17135

MORE NEW RELEASES

BACH: Sonatas Nos. 1, 2 & 3 For Cello & Piano. Bernard Greenhouse, cello; Anthony Makas, piano. XWN 19126/WST 17126

KORN: In Medias Res, Concertino — **PROKOFIEV:** Divertimento — **RIEGGER:** New Dance — **COPLAND:** Letter From Home. Vienna Radio Orchestra, Joseph Eger, cond. XWN 19131/WST 17131

MOZART: String Quartets No. 14 In G Major, No. 15 In D Minor. Allegri String Quartet. XWN 19133/WST 17133

VARGA: Prelude & Four Caprices — **J. S. BACH;** Partita No. 2 in D Minor — **PAGANINI:** Intro. & Var. "Nel Cor Piu Non Mi Sento"; Caprice No. 24. Ruben Varga, solo violin. XWN 19136/WST 17136

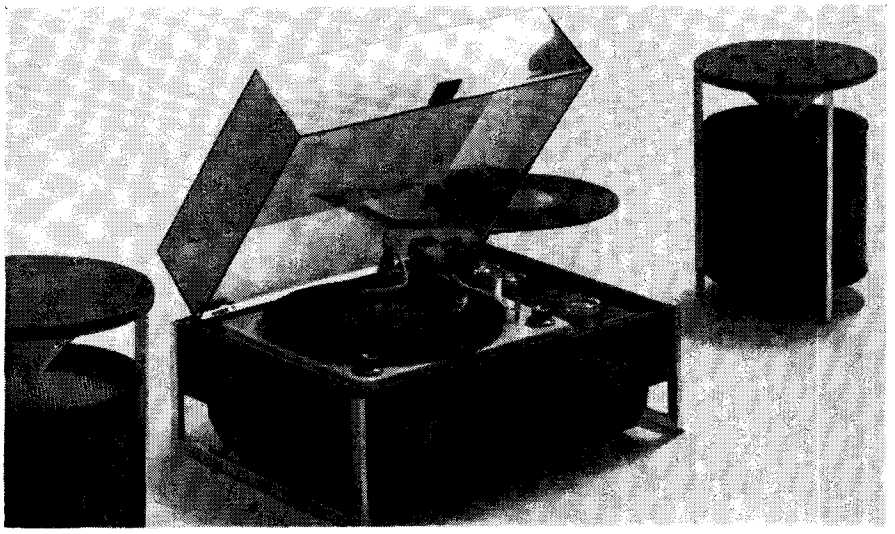
Write for complete new WESTMINSTER catalog: Westminster Recording Co., Inc., Dept. M, 1330 Ave. of the Americas, New York, N. Y. 10019.

Westminster®

A PRODUCT OF ABC RECORDS, INC.
A SUBSIDIARY OF AMERICAN BROADCASTING COMPANIES, INC.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHEN YOU BUY STEREO...WHY NOT GET THE BEST



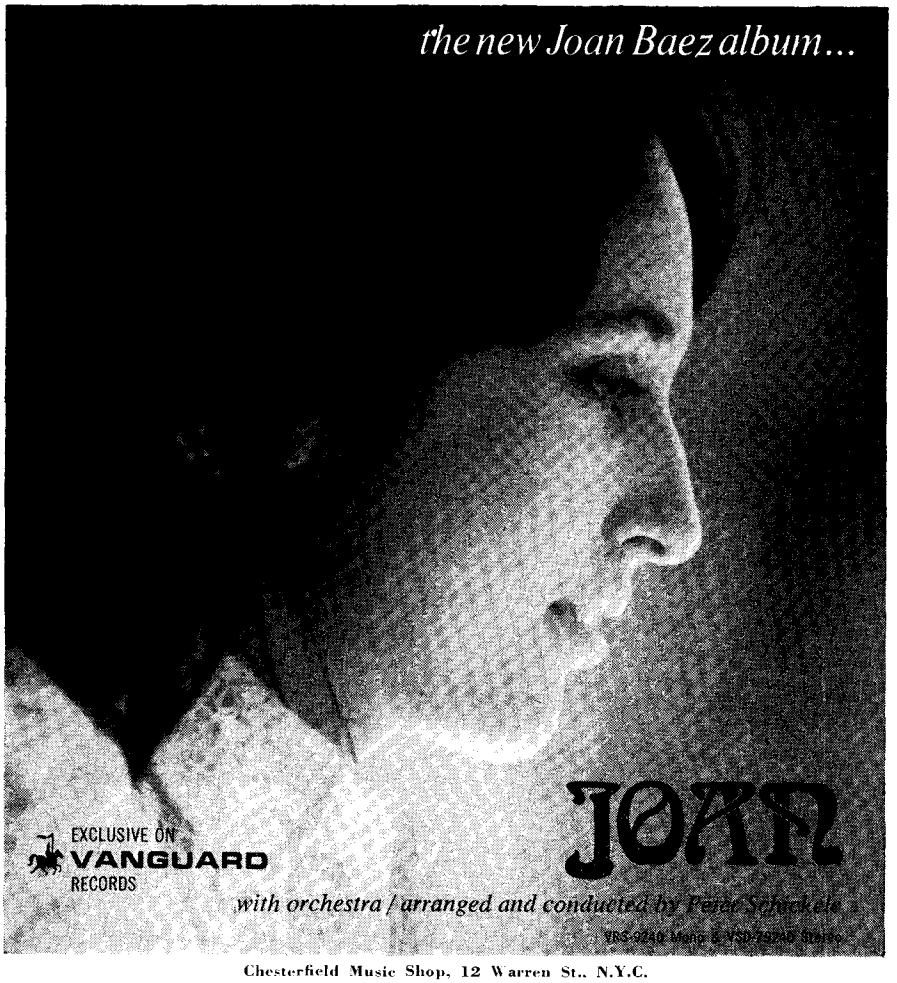
Zenith's amazing "Circle of Sound" Stereo lets you sit anywhere... and still hear perfectly balanced stereo sound!

You can sit to the left of it. Sit to the right of it. Sit anywhere in the room. You're *still* surrounded with perfectly balanced stereo sound. The secret: unique Zenith remote speakers that fire upward into inverted cones—uniformly dispersing stereo sound in a 360° circle. "Circle of Sound" Modular Stereo also features a solid-state amplifier with 80 watts of peak music power and famous Micro-Touch® 2G Tone Arm. *The Moderne*, Model Y565, $199.95*

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price

ZENITH®

The quality goes in before the name goes on



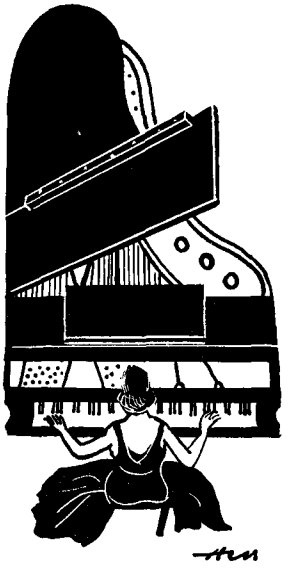
Chesterfield Music Shop, 12 Warren St., N.Y.C.

Circa 1987

Continued from page 65

will sell about $890 million worth of records and tapes. At the end of 1947 the top hit was "Ballerina" by Vaughn Monroe (RCA), and the most popular albums were *Bing Crosby Sings Christmas Carols* (Decca), *Dorothy Shay Goes to Town* (Columbia), and *Al Jolson No. 1* (Decca). In that year Grace Moore was killed in a plane crash, Walter Damrosch retired, Kirsten Flagstad returned after six years' absence, the New York City Symphony Orchestra inaugurated its third season under the twenty-nine-year-old Leonard Bernstein, who conducted Mahler's Second and the American premiere of a Palestinian folk work. The performance was dedicated to the "resurrection of Palestine" and to the memory of Fiorello LaGuardia, who helped organize the orchestra. Edith Piaf made her American debut. Toscanini and the NBC Symphony performed Verdi's *Otello*. Magnetic tape recording was beginning. A strike was called by the American Federation of Musicians beginning January 1, 1948, and the record industry frantically recorded everything possible prior to New Year's Eve.

IN 1987 Mr. Elvis Presley may have become the "grand old man" of popular music. Nancy Sinatra may be singing at the Metropolitan Opera. An LP will be issued entitled *The Best of the Beatles*, and it will be considered terribly old-fashioned. Our great orchestras will be recording old music in new sound. I hope they will be recording new music as well. I repeat: If civilization continues, music will continue—music being one of the telltale marks of civilization itself.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Six by Chávez

By OLIVER DANIEL

WHEN the music of Carlos Chávez was first heard in the United States back in the Thirties it created quite a stir. But the noise he made was not exactly a joyful one, nor was it wildly cacophonous—Varèse, Riegger, and Ives were taking care of that department. What was most exciting in Chávez was a surcharge of energy; even the title of the first of his major works heard here echoed it. This was *H. P.* (for Horse Power) and it was given its American premiere by Leopold Stokowski in a full ballet production with the Philadelphia Orchestra. A fragment had been heard earlier in New York in 1924 in a concert conducted by Eugene Goossens and sponsored by the International Composers' Guild (an organization dreamed up by Varèse himself). In *H. P.*, Chávez wrote music that was virile, compelling, and original, and, while sharing kinship with Stravinsky's *Sacre*, its primitivism was more elemental.

In 1936, both Koussevitzky and Stokowski invited him to conduct their respective orchestras, and the following season he conducted the New York Philharmonic. In all of these programs he introduced works of his own, and two—his *Sinfonia India* and his *Sinfonia de Antigona*—helped both to establish and to maintain his reputation as a major twentieth-century figure. Both of these are included in a set of six symphonies issued by Columbia, with Chávez conducting the Orquesta Sinfonica de Mexico, or OSM, as it is conveniently abbreviated. These six symphonies span thirty-two years of Chávez's creative life, and the recording is a deserved tribute. The orchestra was originally developed by Chávez and conducted by him for more than a decade, during which he presented programs that were more adventurous than those of most of his colleagues.

In the 1940s I spent several summers in Mexico and was able to hear Chávez conduct programs with his orchestra. On rereading some reviews which I wrote at the time, I am pleasantly reminded of the striking quality of these concerts. Not only did Chávez play many of his own works, but he introduced those of his colleagues: Jose Rolon, Manuel Ponce, Silvestre Revueltas, Daniel Ayala, Candelario Huizar, Pablo Moncayo, and the very young and gifted Blas Galindo.

Only one of these rivaled Chávez, and that was the superabundantly gifted Revueltas who regrettably lost himself in dipsomaniacal disintegration and died in 1940. If Chávez's innate gift was less, he used and developed it to greater advantage and became the most arresting musical figure Mexico has produced.

Sinfonia de Antigona, Chávez's first, is drawn from incidental music which he composed in 1932 for a performance of Jean Cocteau's version of *Antigone*. In it he skillfully welded the feeling of an ancient Greece with that of primitive Mexico. It is a masterpiece of orchestral color in a stark, nonopulent way.

Sinfonia India is one of Chávez's finest works and, after three decades, still remains as fresh as it was when he introduced it. It is a rugged, powerful, driving work that gains some of its sense of vigor by its abrupt contrasts between dynamic and tranquil juxtapositions. He uses some hauntingly beautiful Mexican tunes from the state of Sonora that add a particular loveliness.

Both of these works have been recorded several times, and the present one is a fine, rich-sounding one. I still hanker for the earliest, done about 1940. It had a flatter sound and made the tones come out like primary colors. As I observed, opulence is not germane to

—*BMI Photo.*

Carlos Chávez — "virile, compelling, and original."

If your new records don't sound as good as the reviews say they do, you're probably not using a Dual to play them.

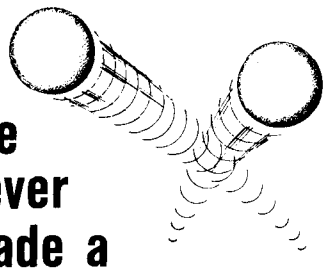
Leading record critics choose Dual automatic turntables for use in their own stereo systems because of Dual's precision engineering and quiet, dependable performance. This allows them to hear the records as they were meant to be heard.

Dual's precision features include: lowest-friction tonearm bearings (40 milligram) for flawless ½-gram tracking, totally accurate anti-skating compensation for balanced tracking on both walls of the stereo groove, and feather-touch cueing on automatic as well as manual play.

The Dual 1015, $89.50. Other models from $69.50 to $129.50. For full information, write Dept. SR, United Audio Products, Inc., 535 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Dual

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



We never made a PING-PONG BALL!

PING-PONG is a light distraction, a fast form of exercise—and tiring if you get too much of it! The same thing can be said of small loudspeaker systems.

Today, much of the world is rediscovering Beethoven, Brahms, and Bach. More of it than ever is also discovering Bozak.

Serious music lovers are rapidly increasing in number, and are highly discriminating in their choice of sound reproduction. The novelty of the "ping-pong" effect—highs and lows bouncing from one speaker to another—is not for them. They know that the fullness and depth of real music—as it sounds in the concert hall—can emanate only from a big, properly matched system. Today's educated listener knows that the inadequate components of a "mini" speaker system cannot reproduce the true, all-encompassing sound of a great symphony orchestra or operatic performance. The resonant voice of a bass viol, for instance, cannot be imitated by bowing a ukelele.

Ever since Bozak began making speaker systems for stereo reproduction—and that goes back to 1953—they refused to compromise with the size and quality of the components that made and maintain the Bozak reputation.

And because of designed-in versatility of Bozak systems, they need not be costly. The enthusiast can start quite modestly—a full-size Bozak Loudspeaker System can begin for as little as $152.50*. Gradually, he can expand his incomparable Bozak sound as budget permits and appreciation demands.

The "culture revolution" of the 'sixties has produced a hunger for good music. The best way to satisfy this appetite in the home is through the quality reproduction of Bozak sound—music at its very best!

*$160.25 Deep South and Far West

Bozak

P.O. BOX 1166 • DARIEN
CONNECTICUT 06820

these four elemental works. The *secco* quality is one I prefer for this music, and "dry" as in martini is equally desirable here.

In 1951, Chávez began work on his Third Symphony on commission from Clare Boothe Luce in memory of her daughter. It is a major work and a long one, over which he labored until 1954, when it was completed. Here Chávez wrestled with the problem of identity. He abandoned his reliance on ethnic materials and sought that which was pure Chávez. So strong was his affinity for native elements that I find them intruding almost slyly. Herbert Weinstock notes that Chávez's family was predominantly Criollo—Spanish with a tincture of Indian blood. While this may describe the capillary count, it does not assess the spiritual. To me, it is the Indian in Chávez that makes him unique. The Third Symphony is filled with interesting ideas that burst out with his characteristic impetuosity.

Both Chávez's Fourth and Fifth Symphonies were written while he was at work on his Third, and, along with his Sixth, they are more sophisticated works. But in his case eclecticism became pejorative. None of these last three equal the freshness and verve of the preceding ones or of his *Xochipilli* ("An Imagined Aztec Music"), also recorded by Columbia.

His Symphony No. 4 (*Sinfonia Romantica*) was commissioned by the Louisville Orchestra and was given its first Kentucky performance in 1953, conducted by the composer. It is a three-movement work: slow—fast—slow. As a conductor, Chávez was never at his best in the works of romantic composers, nor is he at his best in a work of romantic intent. While it is very well written and has many fine moments, it leans toward the academic and conventional.

The Symphony No. 5 for Strings was commissioned by the Koussevitzky Foundation and was composed during the summer of 1953. This is a broad symphonic work and not an amplified string quartet, and it calls to mind the Symphonic Suite for Strings of Lou Harrison. Here Chávez's strong individuality threads itself through buckets of notes of mostly small denomination and, despite flashes of melodic brilliance, it often lapses into busy-busy, motoric repetition. The strings of Chávez's orchestra exhibit some peculiar ideas of pitch and add some microtonal quality that Chávez never intended.

The last work, Symphony No. 6, is the longest and most ambitious. All of the good things that one finds in Chávez's work are here, but somehow they do not add up as impressively. The Symphony was commissioned by the New York Philharmonic for the opening season of Lincoln Center.

Wild Bill

Continued from page 69

the players of which are not specified, with the exception of a violinist named Mac Ceppos on the track of "Just A Gigolo." The LP is well worth finding; it is—I say this with all the sincerity I can muster—one of the greatest jazz records of our time.

What makes it so, I hardly could define. Bill plays, among other things, "Mandy, Make up Your Mind," the old Ellington song called "Black Butterfly," "A Ghost of a Chance," "Blue Again," and, best of all, "When Your Lover Has Gone." (Eddie Condon used to introduce this by saying, "Wild Bull will now do several choruses of a tune dedicated to his constitution, entitled 'When Your Liver Has Gone.'" This made everybody laugh—except Davison.)

The man does not have much sense of humor about the world or himself. He is as dedicated to his music as Bix was, as Rex Stewart is, and goes up against every solo as though it were a physical contest. As I write this he is living in Los Angeles, wishing he were back in New York. The climate Out There does not suit him. It is too bland; it does not test him the way the changing seasons in the East do. At last he is happily married to a woman who looks after him well (he was married four times before, never for long periods of time). In the former Anne Hendlin he has found someone who, for thirteen years, has understood his needs and exasperations, those natural concomitants of the creative state.

Anne looks after Bill solicitously, and treats him as though he were a small boy. For a period, he appeared to be afflicted with kleptomania. One night, in George Melly's house in London, I had to restrain him from making off with a couple of leather-bound antique books, a cigarette box, and a porcelain phrenologist's head. "Where is Wild Bill?" Mick Mulligan asked Eddie Condon one day when we all were sitting around in Eddie's room drinking Ernie Anderson's booze. Without hesitation, Condon said, "Why, I believe Bull is out trying to unscrew Big Ben."

Quite a lady, Lady Anne, to cope with such a roaring urchin spirit. But the possessor of the latter is quite a man, as well. The Wild Bull never has been anything but his own man. There never has been a note he has not gone for, and usually made; there never has been a cadenza he has not essayed. Always, on the stand, he has tried to be at his best, whether sober, drunk, or bored. He is one of the best musicians in the whole jazz business, and let us now praise the Lord that, at sixty, he still is going strong and making us all happier about our lot.

—RICHARD GEHMAN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FILED BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

—*Lotte Jacobi.*

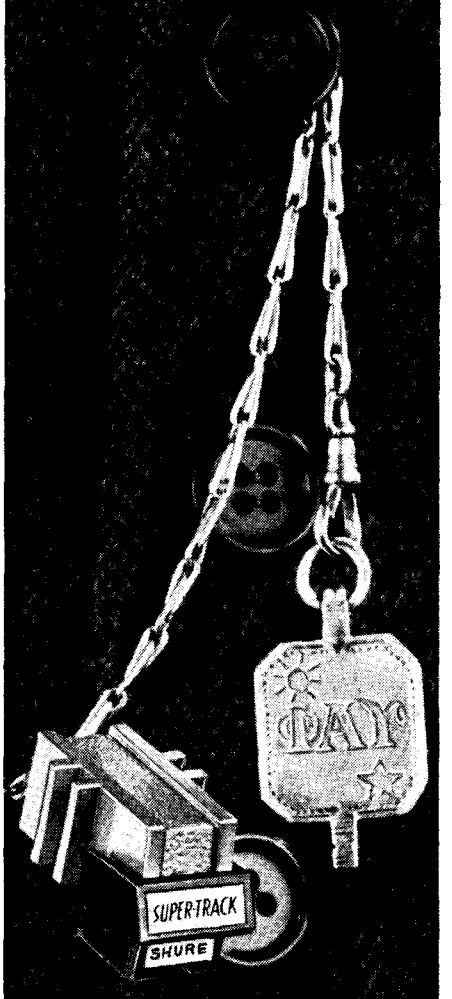
1947—Peter Pears (left) and Benjamin Britten during their first American tour. They return for a second in September.

1958—Van Cliburn, visiting in Moscow, is entertained by David Oistrakh (left), an interpreter, and Sviatoslav Richter.

—*Marshall W. Stearns.*

1956—Dizzy Gillespie and vocalist Dottie Saulters entertain natives of Dacca, East Pakistan, during State Department tour. At rear center, trombonist Melba Liston.

HI-PHI



key to the ultimate in the enjoyment of your component high fidelity system

. . . the incomparable
V-15 TYPE II SUPER TRACK
high fidelity
phono cartridge

Shure Brothers, Incorporated
222 Hartrey Avenue
Evanston, Illinois 60204

© 1967 Shure Brothers, Inc.

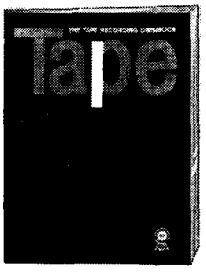
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Words alone can not describe the tonal excellence of listening with stereo headsets. Only in *listening* with Clark Stereo Headsets will you discover reproduction true to the Concert Hall.

Write Dept. H. for complete information on these precise "pleasure-domes" and the name of the dealer nearest you.

David Clark COMPANY
INCORPORATED
360 Franklin St., Worcester, Mass., 01604
WEST COAST OFFICE: 1696 Centinela, Suite 2., Inglewood, Calif. 90302

FREE!



Just Published

It's a regular mini-library on the care and affection of TAPE RECORDERS *(How to select. What to look for. Performance factors.);* TAPE *(Tips on splicing, editing and handling.);* MICROPHONES *(How to select and use them.);* and many other provocative and useful facts. *Yours FREE.*

Elpa Marketing Industries Inc.
New Hyde Park, N. Y., 11040

Please send me FREE "The Tape Recording Omnibook". I'm interested in:____
A Tape Recorder ____Editing Systems
____Microphones

Name_____

Address_____

City/State/Zip_____

LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

The Sounds of "Feuerfest"

I GUESS it was not given to me to have the last word in the *Feuerfest* talkfest stimulated by the article "Vintage Strauss" [*SR*, Feb. 25].

To your most recent correspondents [LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR, July 29], any form of *Fest* or *-fest* used in connection with any Viennese Strauss apparently and inevitably, sight unseen and sound unheard, means a *fiesta*, the abandon of a summer solstice, dancing fire brigades, the high jinks of a fireworks, or even the bacchanal of a Walpurgis Night. If these gentlemen want to confuse *Feuerfest* with De Falla's *Ritual Dance of Fire*, so be it.

Granted that Josef Strauss, who died in 1870, may never have heard of American fireproofing. Since it is not likely that this shy and troubled man should have expressed himself on the exact meaning of this particular composition, we must go by the unmistakable sound effects in his music. *Der Hahn* can mean "rooster" or "faucet" in German. Before translating the title of a piece called "Der Hahn," should we not check to see if there are crowing or dripping sounds in it?

May I add the names of R. E. Vindrieih and Alfred W. Becker, your correspondents of July 29, to the list of those I am cordially inviting to listen to *Feuerfest* before they polemicize about it.

HARRY ZOHN,
Professor of German,
Brandeis University.

Waltham, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Professor Zohn is wrong. This is the last word on Feuerfest, unless someone produces an urtext containing Strauss's own marginalia on the subject.*

Terry and the Dance

IN YOUR JULY 29TH issue, Walter Terry's WORLD OF DANCE would seem to be just that – to the complete exclusion of the music, or of the composer, at any rate.

He reminds us that *The Doxology* is New England's *Old Hundred* (almost a redundancy), and, perhaps with some justification, bypasses Stravinsky in the reference to "Jerome Robbins's *Les Noces.*" And (maybe correctly) he assumes most of us know who wrote *The Sleeping Beauty*. But I find it hard to believe that the composers of all the other works cited are total nonentities.

Who did write *The Wind in the Mountains, Flower Festival at Genzano, A Time to Dance, Drifts and Dreams, The Only Jealousy of Emer,* and *Jewels*? I don't say the composer should be mentioned in every instance, but certainly the composer of *Jewels* should have been identified. And if, as is often the case with the dance, music for these ballets was drawn from scores originally written for some other purpose, such should be noted and credit duly given. Mr. Terry's otherwise excellent articles are seriously deficient in this respect.

ROBERT F. ARENZ.

Carmel, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The oversight was editorial. In the case of "Jewels" the "composer" was actually three: Fauré, Stravinsky, and Tchaikovsky.*

"Phantom" Opera

RECENTLY, I WATCHED the film *Phantom of the Opera* on TV. In it, three operas were represented. The first was, of course, Flotow's *Martha.* The second, billed as *Amour et Gloire,* had a Napoleonic ballroom setting in which Susanna Foster sang a graceful coloratura aria and a duet with Nelson Eddy. The third opera was called *Le Prince Masque de Caucassus* [sic]. It was laid in Russia. In this one, Mr. Eddy sang an aria in Russian, with the chorus accompanying him.

I have never heard of either of these latter two operas and I have been unable to find out anything about them. Do they represent legitimate works of the nineteenth century, or has Hollywood taken to writing its own operas? I would like to know the name of the aria sung by Miss Foster. Also, what ever happened to Miss Foster? Are there any of her recordings available?

GEORGE A. RODETIS.

San Diego, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Was this a Nineteenth Century-Fox Picture? It would be useful to know who produced it, for source material is otherwise difficult to come by. Assistance is invited from any reader who knows the answers to the above queries.*

The Pathos of Bud Powell

MARTIN WILLIAMS, in his article "Powell, Pianists, and Saxophones" [*SR*, Apr. 29], very boldly and misinformedly states that "Powell did four LPs for Verve Records." He "did" no less than seven, of which Mr. Williams mentions two. The others, now out of print, are: *Blues in the Closet* (MG V-8218), *Bud Powell's Moods* (MG V8154), *Bud Powell 1957* (MG V-8185), *Piano Interpretations* (MG V-8167), and *The Lonely One* (MG V-8301).

I would also like to object to Mr. Williams's implication that Powell's less than perfect performances on Verve are not worth hearing. They make, for all of their technical inadequacies, fascinating listening. The effect is something like reading Baudelaire's private journal, *My Heart Laid Bare.* A man struggling with mental and physical illness, living out his agony and disequilibrium in front of us, is, I admit, often an unpleasant and embarrassing spectacle.

Powell, in my opinion, frequently manages to transform the inevitable pathos of his situation into something heroic. His attempts to coax into musically coherent shapes his extraordinarily rich ideas and complex feelings, despite his diminishing technique, are, if not fully satisfying, at the least engrossing, and generally more interesting and absorbing than the glib technical wizardry of, say, a Phineas Newborn.

There is a savage lyricism, a causticity of sentiment in the ballads, a desperate gaiety in the middle-tempos, a fierce determination at up-tempos. There is no laziness, no resting on past laurels, and always an

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

emotional commitment and a controlling esthetic impulse (although the latter is often frustrated by the unwillingness of his fingers to cooperate).

JACK SHADOIAN.
Storrs, Conn.

Jazz at the Church

HELEN DANCE, in "Has Jazz a Place in the Church?" [*SR*, July 15], lapses – unconsciously, I'm sure – into the very dilemma which bedevils the church music, using knowledge of a style to sanction it as "acceptable" or prescribe it "for fulfillment" in worship. Increasingly, knowledge of style is being used to free the many styles for performance in church. Today's mobile worshipper profits individually and collectively from multistylistic music.

The experiences of excitement and beauty occur when worship elements, (spiritual, musical, physical) concur in whatever style is used. I would suggest that the primary musical element, to the layman, is timbre. People both recognize and react to differences of tonal character. A tonally impotent instrument cannot lead the congregation regardless of rhythmic or harmonic elaborations. On the other hand, so Baroque an offering as Pachelbel's partitas on the Good Friday tune "Herzlich tut mich" was regarded as "jazz" when performed in varying ensembles by flute, violin, cello, saxophone, and harpsichord. The rich resources of tonal variety await tapping in many churches.

I found myself reading Martin Williams's "Jazz at the Movies" [*SR*, July 15] in answer to Helen Dance, not to beatify the movie or profane the church, but because the principles of use as they are occasionally employed are so similar. The musician walks a narrow line: he has to be good enough not to be noticed. If he is inept, his lapses will distract. If he is exceptional, his virtuosity will distract.

At the crudest level one might say that the music is there simply to keep the congregation from becoming distracted. And at a somewhat higher level it is there to intensify the involvement of the worshipper.

PAUL HABERSTOCK,
Director of Music,
Peace Lutheran Church and School.
Detroit, Mich.

More Kurenko, Please

HAVING HEARD most of the great opera singers of the past fifty years, it is my considered opinion that Galli-Curci, Sutherland, and Kurenko were the finest coloraturas I ever heard.

It is my hope that a recording of Maria Kurenko's earlier coloratura recordings will be issued—one which will include her dazzling singing of Gounod's Waltz from *Mireille*—surely a great example of florid vocalism. Since her career never included singing at the Metropolitan, but in America was largely confined to the Chicago Civic Opera (as was the case with Eva Turner), it is to be regretted that her art and voice never received the attention they should.

LAWRENCE JAMES WATHEN.
New York, N.Y.

HANDY FILE

FOR YOUR COPIES OF

Saturday Review

- Keep SATURDAY REVIEW issues neat, clean, in order
- With washable leatherette cover and 16-carat gold leaf lettering designed especially for SR
- Holds 26 copies

$2.95 each, postpaid
(3 for $8.25)

Money back if not completely satisfied

ORDER DIRECT FROM:

JESSE JONES BOX CORP.
DEPT. SR • BOX 5120
PHILADELPHIA 41, PA.

Allow 4 weeks for delivery.

This is the booklet the readers of SR Record Review have been turning to since the beginning of high fidelity to see the most advanced developments in record playing equipment.

It's Garrard's Comparator Guide and an entirely new edition is just off the press.

Write today for your complimentary copy.

Garrard®

Dept. EK-4, Westbury, N.Y. 11590
Please send Comparator Guide.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....Zip.....

British Industries Corp., a division of Avnet, Inc.

RECORD MART

RECORD MART is designed to provide a bulletin board on which may be posted buyers' or sellers' notices of anything odd, unusual, rare, or out-of-print on discs or the accessories thereto. Individuals as well as dealers may submit their offerings of duplicated discs, rare labels, old acoustics, society sets, private issues, or withdrawn items, albums, needles, record brushes or the like. Rate 80¢ per word: 10-word minimum. Count two extra words for box and numbers. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held thirty days only. Address RECORD MART, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

NEW YORK'S CHOICE for classical vocal 78s, some deleted LPs. Monthly sales lists. Also personality, popular and jazz. Authoritative appraisals. Collections bought. The Record Album, 254 West 81st Street, New York, N.Y. 10024.

W. C. FIELDS FOREVER. Rare 12" LP. His only recording, "The Temperance Lecture." $3.98 ppd. Proscenium Records, 43 West 61st Street, NYC 10023.

FREE CATALOGUES—Personalities, jazz broadcasts of the Thirties. ARG, 341 Cooper Station, NYC 10003.

PROTECT YOUR RECORDS. New, pure white, cardboard covers, plastic lined inner sleeves, 78 and 45 covers. Free catalogue or samples, 50¢. Cabco, Dept. 208, 89 East Woodruff, Columbus, Ohio 43201.

"HARD TO GET" records—speeds. Record Exchange, 812 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019.

THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE for reading record reviews. Polart Index locates reviews in eleven periodicals including SATURDAY REVIEW. 1966 edition $1.50. Index, 20115 Goulburn, Detroit 5, Michigan.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Folly Cove

Continued from page 45

the big can behind the kitchen door, trim the wicks, and wash the chimneys. The latter was a grimy job which I hated. On rainy days, we had the house to explore. There was an attic reached through a trapdoor, with barely enough space to crawl, but it demanded hours of our time because we were convinced there was treasure hidden up there. There were long searches for secret panels behind cupboards and beside fireplaces (we had read *The House of the Seven Gables*). There were card castles to be built all over the wide floorboards in the old kitchen, and there were all kinds of books to read, for the former owner had left piles of them.

We were aware always of the ocean, which was so close and affected so much of our thoughts and deeds. The house was there because the sea was there and had carved a cove for the protection of ships and men. Many women and children must have looked through those upper dormer windows throughout the 200 years since the house was built, searching the cove and the limitless waters beyond. They must have cut the grass in the upper meadow, even as the Seppalas did now, and driven the cows home from their sea pastures along the wide curve in the road at evening. They must have heard the water and the wind—angry, frightening, and wild on nights of storms—as they lay in bed under the sloping roof, listening to the elm trees sway and the rain driving against the small, square panes of glass.

All this was ours to know and to discover that summer when John and I were alone at Folly Cove. The long, warm, murmuring days slipped by imperceptibly until one day when we were in the woods, hiding a treasure for the fairies to find under a loose stone in the old wall. It was midway in a drowsy summer afternoon, and bees hummed over the sweet-smelling clover beyond the wall. Suddenly, we heard the Gloucester bus starting up on the road below, and, somehow, we knew that this was a special sound. By common consent, without a word, we flung down the stones and ran pell-mell down the path, hearts pounding.

And then we were shrieking with joy as we saw, coming up the walk, our brother Frederic, very pale and thin, with his head in a huge white bandage, followed by Mother, in a pink dress and a big straw hat—home at last!

—Mary Wallace.

Mrs. Wallace, who lives in McLean, Virginia, is the author of *Summer Magic*, published recently by Doubleday.

Letters

Continued from page 23

Gratitude to Mrs. Wortman

I have been acquainted with Doris Nash Wortman through her wonderful Double-Crostic puzzles for years, but when I was a Peace Corps Volunteer in West Cameroon, Africa, I became more than just an acquaintance. During the long, cold, rainy-season nights beside a kerosene lamp, she, my shortwave radio, and I became inseparable friends.

Somehow, about twenty copies of *SR* found their way to Bambui, some 250 miles in the bush. When I found them, forgotten beneath a shelf in the school library, I knew I had stumbled upon an invaluable resource. My fellow volunteers and I relaxed with the puzzles, talked about them, and collaborated on them. Some of the most pleasant memories of my life are associated with these puzzles. I wish to express my deepest sorrow at the passing of Mrs. Wortman.

Do continue the Double-Crostics.

Allegra Schiffler.

Porterville, Calif.

Editor's note: *Beginning with the issue of August 12, SR's Double-Crostic #1740, the new editor of this feature is Thomas H. Middleton, succeeding Mrs. Wortman.*

To Katharine Kuh

I must tell you how deeply I appreciate Katharine Kuh's article, "Florence: Mending Damaged Treasures" [*SR*, July 22]. It is comprehensive, informative, warm, and inspiring. Throughout it all there breathes her love for art. She is much needed on the art scene today.

Vicci Sperry.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Follow that Reduplication

I was pleased to see, in your Literary I. Q. of July 22, a reference to "reduplications like 'hugger-mugger' and 'popsy-wopsy.'" I've been collecting terms like these for several months, and until now had been unable to find any acknowledgement of their existence. The fact that they have a name stirs my interest in them even more. Do you know of any books in which the subject of reduplications is treated in detail?

Betsy McKenny.

East Orange, N.J.

Editor's note: *There is an article on "reduplicated words," with numerous examples, in H. W. Fowler's "Modern English Usage." See also the definition of "reduplication" in "Webster's New International Dictionary." Fowler uses the term "apophony" to distinguish reduplications in which there is change of vowel sound.*

Answer to Wit Twister, page 42; West, wets, stew.

CLASSIFIED

***CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS** are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services, literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, 80¢ per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times 72¢ per word each insertion; 26 times 74¢ per word each insertion; 13 times 76¢ per word each insertion; 6 times 78¢ per word each insertion. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.*

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Also tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 10 East 49th Street, NYC 10017. PLaza 5-1127.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY TYPED. Tape recordings transcribed. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1394 Third Avenue (at 79th Street), NYC 10021, TRafalgar 9-9177.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Box R-923.

SPEECHES, REWRITING, RESEARCH. All subjects. Three published authors. Box C-236.

RESEARCH expertly done. Professional writer understands your needs. All topics. 212-MU 9-4790 (9-5).

BOOKS

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS SUPPLIED. Kendall Gaisser, Booksellers, 1242 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

SAVE TO 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, 1060 Twin Silo Lane, Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania 19006.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—all subjects. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Matawan, New Jersey 07747.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP. 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), NYC 10021, where French books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 80¢.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE—Many beautiful designs. Special designing too. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

ATTRACTIVE designs. Free catalogue. Personal imprints. Antique and Children's bookplates too. Berliner-McGinnis, Box 5B, Nevada City, California 95959.

OUT-OF-PRINT

NAME THE BOOK. We'll get it! CHICAGO BOOK MART, P.O. Box 613, Chicago Heights, Illinois 60411.

TRANSATLANTIC BOOKSEARCHERS. Wants actively sought in England and America. Matawan, New Jersey 07747.

PETELLE'S International Booksearch—any subject, any language. 4244 Armitage, Chicago, Illinois 60639.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT. Satisfaction guaranteed. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California 90212.

CAN'T GET IT, WE'LL FIND IT and fast. Free experienced service reaches 5,500 dealers weekly, if not in our large stock. Beacon Hill Booksellers, 1077 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138.

BOOK AND MAGAZINE SEARCH. Any title. Hickman, Box 5996, Reno, Nevada 89503.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERIODICALS

1920s ONWARD, private collection, 700 little literary mags, $700—worth much more, sold only as a lot. Box D-318.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

FRENCH, ITALIAN, SPANISH, German, British, Portuguese, Polish subscriptions to periodicals, newspapers—also books. European Publishers, 36 West 61st, NYC 10023.

ART

EXCITING ORIGINAL GRAPHICS, contemporary foreign artists: woodcuts, etchings, lithos; $3.50-$7 month by subscription. Information: Graphic Circle (SR), 68 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10011.

WOOD CARVINGS. Woodworking classes. Free catalogue. Witt's Crafts, Sunderland, Massachusetts 01375.

ORIENTAL FINE ART. Reproductions of famous masterpieces. FREE literature. Otsuka Kogeisha, P.O. Box 2753, San Francisco, California 94126.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS—Excellent modern German instruments by Sperrhake. Beautiful cabinetry, moderate prices. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland 20034.

"ONE SHOULD WRITE piano music only for Bechstein pianos"—Claude Debussy. PIANO IMPORTS, John Wanamaker Philadelphia 19101.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut 06069.

SABATHIL HARPSICHORDS unite authentic sound and modern reliability. Vancouver, Canada.

BLUTHNER PIANOS, Leipzig since 1853. Exclusive U.S. Distributor, Kasimoff-Bluthner Piano Co., 952 North Lake, Pasadena, California 91104.

SCHOOLS

FIVE DAY BOARDING SCHOOL. For fifth through eighth graders who had not even considered boarding school. THE THOREAU SCHOOL. Intimate community, combining study with tasks and joys of farm living. Individual instruction. Children brought home weekends. Rodman, R.D. 1, Wallkill, N.Y. 914-895-5523.

STONEGATE SCHOOL for the retarded child and adult. Development of individual potential through coordinated program of academic, social, vocational and sheltered workshop training. Modern cottage style campus provides small group living accommodations and excellent recreational facilities. 55 rolling acres. Summer school/camp program. Write or call: Admissions Director, Wallingford Road, Durham, Connecticut 06422. Area code 203-349-3467.

COLLEGES

MARK HOPKINS COLLEGE, Brattleboro, Vermont 05301, interested in eager, creative, emotionally-mature students for entrance to unique new school. Innate intelligence, yearning for learning, not Board scores, basis for consideration.

BACHELOR OF ARTS in Environmental Design is a new program beginning in September 1967, at Point Park College, Pittsburgh. Emphasis is on industrial/commercial application and parallel of fine arts fundamentals. Courses include: painting, design, typography and layout, ethics, photography, packaging, illustration, drawing, printmaking, industrial design, advertising art and art history. V. A. approved, scholarships, dormitories, urban campus, library. Write: Office of Admissions, 201 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15222.

ROYALTON COLLEGE—School of International Affairs. Four year program, International Relations. Emphasizing World Literature, Economics and Politics. Interest, ability and willingness to work stressed more than past performance. Bachelor of Arts degree. For further information, Director of Admissions, Royalton College, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

COLLEGES

COLLEGE DROP-OUTS: We concentrate on the educational redevelopment of selected students, including poor achievers, with unrealized learning potential. Educational Development Center, 23 Adelbert Street, Berea, Ohio 44017, Dept. SR.

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE SELECTOR—recommends best choices from 1,000 accredited colleges and universities based on computer analysis of high school student and colleges. Free 16 page questionnaire. ACS, Dept. 32, 3757 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90005.

FOR THE GOURMET

SENSATIONAL COCKTAIL SNACK, Brandywine's "Mushroom Nibbles." Ask gourmet, department stores. Norton Delicacies, New Milford, Connecticut 06776.

SOME FINE DAY you'll come to Waterville, Maine. The Silent Woman Restaurant.

PERSONALS

EXQUISITE CHRISTMAS CARDS, tastefully designed, appeal to the discriminating buyer. Generous commission for limited number of individual agents or fund-raising organizations. For free brochure: Stylecraft, Box 6828E, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19132.

MANGO SEASON OVER. Citrus season begins in November. Free Brochure. Airport Fruit Shipper, Miami International Airport, Miami, Florida 33159.

LONDON THEATRE-cinema posters-maps-art repros. List. Box D-322.

FOOT COMFORT—Double deerskin moccasins, slippers, casuals, 50 styles. Free catalogue SR. Cottage Crafts, Rutland, Vermont 05701.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Comprehensive new "Guide to Employment Abroad" covers all possibilities. Includes "Directory of American Companies Overseas" and special reports on summer jobs, government careers overseas, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial positions, English language newspapers overseas, social work. Highly recommended. Only $1.00 plus 50¢ postage/handling. Satisfaction guaranteed or payment refunded. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-X, East Islip, New York 11730.

CAROL BROWN'S HOLIDAY in Denmark yielded stunning cotton damask tablecloths, lovely colors and contemporary patterns (no samples). 50 x 72, green, blue, gold, green-gold. $15.95 postpaid. Putney, Vermont 05346.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 790 Madison Avenue (at 67th), New York 10021. 212-RE 4-3902. Established 1887.

ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM for men and women over 25 seeking liberal arts education. B.A. degree may be earned through series of six month study cycles combining two-week seminars on campus twice yearly with independent study at home. Students may start in July, August, January or February. Write Box S, Adult Degree Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import. Coolsma, Purcell, $5, $8.95 up! Student Special. Corelli, $3.95; Recorder Music Methods, Guitar Music. Free Catalogue, 8-7-D, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC 10019.

TOPICAL HUMOR SERVICE and forty speakers' jokebooks. Catalogue free. Samples $5.00. Orben Publications, Dept. 102, Baldwin, N.Y. 11510.

PREP SCHOOLS--Want to find a New England Prep School for your boy? Testing, evaluation, placement. John H. Emerson, 12 Summer Street, Hanover, N.H. 03755.

WHAT IN THE WORLD happened the day you were born? Colorful 8" x 10" scroll highlights news headlines, best-sellers, songs, etc. for any date. Unique gift. Prompt service. Satisfaction guaranteed. $4.25. Free sample. Birthdate Research, Box 249-SR2, Wall Street Station, NYC 10005. Phone: 212-568-1197.

PERSONALS

A LOVE AFFAIR WITH THE PIANO! Master lessons through correspondence. 33 years experience. Beginners. Rusty intermediates. Age no barrier. Box V-188.

CATS FOR ADOPTION. All sizes, colors. Free. WAtkins 4-8493 NYC.

SEMIPRECIOUS STONE NECKLACES—Amethyst, moonstone, many others. Wonderful gifts. Baroque carnelian, $3.25. List on request. The Necklace Shop, P.O. Box 4004, Woodside, California 94062.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Hess repairs, 168 East 33rd Street, NYC 10016.

JAM-SESSION TONIGHT! At your house? Music Minus One Accompaniment Records. Also Classical. Free 32 page catalogue available. Music Minus One, 43 West 61st Street, NYC 10023.

COVERED WAGON MOVERS. Competent, experienced, insured. For estimate call Jerry McGruddy, ALgonguin 5-1788 NYC.

JOBS ABROAD. Year-round and summer for young people. Send $1.00 for publication, JOBS ABROAD, containing applications, to I.S.T.C., 866 United Nations Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10017.

"LIBERTY" LAWNS, linens, wool challis; Tussah silk, uncommon cottons; dramatic prints on cotton, linen, silk. Irish handwoven coatings, stunning water-shedding striped 70" wide, lightweights, woolnets for your winter cocktail dress or hostess skirt. Irish fishermen's sweaters, pullovers. Kinsale cloaks. Carol Brown, Putney, Vermont 05346. US 91 and 5.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 10022. 212-EL 5-3464-5-6.

FALL POETRY CONTEST! Details: Box 314, West Sacramento, California 95691.

CHRISTMAS CARDS from the Philadelphia Museum of Art. A handsome selection of 47 cards designed from original works by artists including della Robbia, Hiroshige, Renoir, and Picasso. For illustrated, 32 page color catalogue, send 25¢ to Christmas Cards, Philadelphia Museum of Art, P.O. Box 7643, Philadelphia 19101.

CAMPUS REPRESENTATIVE POSITION: Enjoy an excellent earnings potential, working independently and at your own convenience, promoting magazine subscription sales among fellow students. We have attractive student rates available on several publications of high student interest. Honest effort and extensive contact work are essential—pass-out (but no mail-in) materials are provided. There is no investment. Please provide a brief resume and your school address. Materials should reach you within 7-10 days. Independent Sales Division, LOOK Building, #4, 111 10th Street, Des Moines, Iowa 50304.

YOUR GLOBAL ADVENTURE. Largest journal of actual positions for teachers, administrators, students, librarians, scientists, etc. NOT just a list—includes specific U.S. and foreign positions open now. Includes summer jobs. Approved since 1952. RUSH $2.00 for current issue. Yearly membership $6.00. Manual, "Overseas Opportunities in Government Schools," $1.00 or FREE with yearly. Advancement. Institute, 171 North 9th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Alex White, Allenhurst, N.J. 07711.

FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT information. Construction, other work projects. Good paying overseas jobs with extras, travel expenses. Write only: Foreign Service Bureau, Dept. SR, Bradenton Beach, Florida 33510.

ICH LIEBE MEINEN VOLKSWAGEN. Bumper stickers 25¢ each. CSB Enterprises, Box 481, Saltsburg, Pennsylvania 15681.

COLLEGE IRRELEVANT? Find your own center and your own direction. One year program for college leapouts, H.S. graduates, emphasizing personal growth, self-chosen study, community living, part-time work. Coed. Boston School for Human Resources, 722 Commonwealth Avenue, Apartment 31, Boston, Massachusetts 02215.

(Continued on page 96)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 95)

HANDPAINTED ON TILES—Coats of arms of German cities, with signature. $5.50. Write to the artist, "de Vos Winkele," Suite 303E, 200 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

H.S. ENGLISH TEACHER, female, single, young 50, no dependents, getting off suburban treadmill now. Wishes to work abroad, preferably with orphans or neglected children. Open, however, to any challenging offers. Box D-211.

LADY available for aide-secretary position with same. Box D-308.

REGISTERED NURSE desires position accompanying family traveling abroad. Box D-292.

WRITER, versatile and experienced, seeks full-time job utilizing talents. Box D-311.

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE, disenchanted with specialization narrowness, desires to be full-time philanthropist. Financial impotency makes intermediate position necessary. Diversity of work sought. Photography, Genetics, Research, Public Relations experience. Box D-300.

YOUNG MAN, personable, college graduate, speaking, writing, reading knowledge German, French, Portuguese, Italian, Spanish, Russian (especially), other Slavic languages. Speaking knowledge Japanese. Has lived, worked on five continents. Familiar with principal cities. Wishes position utilizing this background. Box D-294.

ACCOMPANIST, expert pianist, available for rehearsal and performance. Also instruction. NYC area. Box D-320.

SCULPTOR, 31, family, ex-prof, seeks cheap country living, caretaker job. Box D-314.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

IMAGINATIVE YOUNG WRITER for growth opportunity on staff of national current affairs weekly for Catholic schools. Midwest. Social studies, teaching background helpful. Salary in line with ability, experience. Send resume to SR Box D-205.

ARE YOU A SOCIAL CHANGE MOVER? Appalachian Community Action organization, operating diversified, well-grounded anti-poverty program, has openings for several top-level people: Executive Director, to $17,000; Director, Program Evaluation and Development, $13,500-$16,404; Program Director, Neighborhood Organization and Area Action, $12,000 to $14,592; Coordinator, Staff Development and Training, $11,400 to $13,860. Some part-time college teaching possible. Send resume to Mr. James H. Davis III, Personnel Chairman, AAY-CD, Kanawha Banking & Trust Building, Charleston, West Virginia 25301.

WRITER: for major medical center development and public relations program. Major Southern University. College graduate. Strong science, medical background or interest helpful. Academic environment. Age 20-35. Salary open. Box D-273.

BROCKTON, MONTANA needs English teacher. Contact Boyd B. Crose. Phone 406-786-3229.

INTERESTING INDIVIDUALIZED SKILLED TEACHING. College and secondary. Liberal Arts or Education B.A. minimum. Travel with NYC base. Enjoy working independently. Start September. Interviews NYC area. Reply SR Box A-528.

JOBS FOR COLLEGE WOMEN in New York. Alumnae Placement Agency, Inc., 541 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

DIRECT MAIL COPYWRITER—Permanent, full or part time. Requires strong empathy for needs and problems of booksellers, librarians, educators, researchers, with ability to write clear, persuasive copy for sales letters and brochures. Dynamic NYC company publishes professional book trade and library materials. Growth potential, exceptional benefits, salary open and to be set according to qualifications. Send resume and covering letter to Box D-298.

COMMUNITY WORKER in challenging coastal Maine CAP Program. Independent work in community development with low-income people. Must have enthusiasm and organizational ability. $7,200-$8,000. Box D-321.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

AUTHOR SELLING unique clifftop seaside dream house. Albufeira, Portugal, $60,000. Jacobs, Box 163, Woods Hole, Massachusetts 02543.

MONADNOCK REGION—Southern New Hampshire. Retirement gem on 3 acres. Approximately 1½ hour drive to Boston. Close to every cultural facility. Village-edge CAPE. 2 full baths. 30 foot, modern equipped kitchen and dining area. New artesian well and F.H.A. heat, by oil. Offered at $29,500. George M. Foster, Real Estate, Francestown, N.H. Telephone 603-874-2268.

TRUMBULL, CONNECTICUT—All season retreat suitable executive entertaining. Living room cathedral ceiling, dining room, large kitchen, breakfast room, recreation room, utility room. 3 bedrooms (one with private entrance), 4 baths. Built in Hi-fi, TV, chests. Acre of wooded surroundings on lakefront. Boating, fishing, swimming. $70,000. 212-666-9359; 203-268-6394.

CONTEMPORARY swim/ski house on 225 private feet of cove on New Hampshire lake. 4 bedrooms, decks; partially furnished. Box D-293.

VERMONT—Stone house in Stone Village, a peerless masterwork. Send or call for bill of particulars. Fred Malone, Chester, Vermont. 802-875-3941 or 802-362-2098 after vespers.

For Rent—Furnished

FULLY FURNISHED HISTORIC HOUSE. Randolph Center, central to 12 ski areas. Electric baseboard heat throughout; complete linen and silver. 6 bedrooms, 2 baths. Sleeps 15. $300 a month. December only, $400. Reference required. Parker, Gunston Hall, Lorton, Virginia 22079.

TUCSON GUEST HOUSE—country near city. 2 bedrooms, large living room, privacy, quiet. SR Box D-319.

SKI SEASON RENTAL—Large 11 room house, 6 bedrooms, all conveniences. 2½ hours New York or Boston. Center Berkshire skiing. Ideal large family. Box D-307.

ARTISTIC HOUSE. 3 bedrooms, 6 fireplaces. Separate studio. All modern conveniences. Garage. Cook and maid included in rental. October 10th through January, 1968. $350 per month. Dixie Stoll, Pila Seca II, San Miguel de Allende, GTO, Mexico.

IDEAL HIDEAWAY, central Pennsylvania. Near large university. Small house, tastefully furnished, 3 bedrooms, bath, living-dining room, kitchen, screened porch. Oil furnace. $1,000 yearly plus utilities. Box D-297.

For Fall Rental

ST. JOHN, VIRGIN ISLANDS—cottage, 9 acres, breathtaking views. Weekly. Box D-315.

For Winter Rental

MONTANA MOUNTAIN WILDERNESS—Furnished, equipped log cabin. Unique isolated area. Magnificent view. Supplies and mail near. $150 month after September 15th. Box D-313.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for swimming, tennis, lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

APARTMENT AVAILABLE

For Rent—Unfurnished

MANHATTAN—beautiful Schwab House. 2½ room studio. River view, utilities included. $180. 212-TR 7-1268.

APARTMENT WANTED

Unfurnished

EAST SIDE MANHATTAN. SR staff member, spouse and books seek 3-5 room apartment in quiet, well-run (preferably older) building. Now or Fall. Box B-702.

APARTMENT TO SHARE

LADY seeks business woman share midtown NYC apartment, private room, $100. References exchanged. Box D-299.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

ADIRONDACK LAKEFRONT, 100' by 350', $1,700. Clean air. Water sports. Established community. SR Box C-703.

WOODED ACREAGE—$25 per acre and up—old farms—inland shore property—cottages—cabins in the woods—lake frontage—retirement homes—business opportunities. Franklin Realty Co. (Mr. Barrows), Farmington, Maine. Tel: 207-778-2852.

ONE ACRE LOTS IN HAWAII. Finest investment opportunity. Easy driving jet airport. On coast. Beautiful year round climate. 7,000 parcels sold worldwide. Last increment now available. Write for full particulars. Not available to California residents. Write SR Box C-819.

EXPO VISITORS: Explore Northern Vermont's splendor for vacation homesites, timberland for investment. Free brochure. Write Box C-120.

FOUR SEASON MOUNTAINTOP LIVING. Tyrol, Jackson, N.H. We erect authentic, Alpine chalets on magnificent lots (average elevation 2,000') with panoramic views of entire Presidential Range. Heated Olympic pool, major ski area. Bank financing. Color brochure. SR-67, Tyrol, Jackson, N.H. 03846.

TREE-TOP HOUSE FOR ADULTS. Glass walled—breathtaking views. 10 rooms and 2½ baths, huge sun deck cantilevers among treetops above terraces. Hobby rooms. 44 acres. Near Poughkeepsie, N.Y. and Taconic Parkway. New low price. Property No. SR-45340. PREVIEWS Inc., 49 East 53rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. 212-PL 8-2630.

LAKE WILLOUGHBY, VERMONT—Two miles from lake, 5 acre parcels, protective covenants, $2,500: $1,500 down, terms balance. Projected interchange Interstate 91, 10 miles; Canadian border half hour. Emory Hebard, broker. Glover, Vermont. 802-525-3420.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FREE BOOKLET, "900 Successful, Little-Known Businesses." Work home! Plymouth 128-H, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218.

AMAGANSETT, LONG ISLAND—Magnificent motel site. 157 feet on Montauk Highway. Over one acre. Excellent house. Box 367, Amagansett. 516-267-6530.

CAMPS

INTENSIVE TALENT DEVELOPMENT plus full camp program. International, democratic, integrated. Coed 6-16. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 26, New Jersey 08318.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RETIREMENT LIVING

ALL YOUR RETIREMENT NEEDS in one place! Crestview Club Apartments . . . most complete apartment-type building in the eastern United States. Located in suburban, residential Toledo, Ohio. Good companions, good food, good surroundings, good health care . . . near shopping . . . public transportation. Attractively landscaped, 80 acres, 9-hole golf course, gardens. Come and go as you please. And now . . . Lake Park Nursing Care Center, providing extensive health care for the convalescent patient. Life lease and monthly fee plans available. For complete information, write Director Crestview Club Apartments, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

WASHINGTON'S LEADING RESIDENCE for Senior Citizens, the Roosevelt Hotel offers pleasant living with a minimum of responsibility for only $190 a month and up. Cheerful, carpeted private rooms, breakfast, dinner in dining room, air-conditioning, weekly maid service, elevators, phone in room, switchboard, social events, free movies, Bingo, nightly entertainment program, monthly birthday party. Courses in French, Spanish, millinery, arts and crafts. Also available: barber, beauty salon, field trips, tours. Doctors on premises and nurse on duty 24 hours. Conveniently located; public transportation at door. For literature write: Mrs. Haig, Roosevelt, 2101 16th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.

VACATIONS

GREEN SHADOWS INN—Old Lyme, Connecticut. Good country living. One housekeeping cottage.

SERENE OUTER ISLAND, small quiet inn. The Golden Gull, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852, June-October.

PEACE-REJUVENATION. Beautiful hill country. Intimate, charming "Pension." No TV. Near Cooperstown. Hill House, Worcester, N.Y.

MEXICO! ONE MONTH $149 per person, double occupancy. HOTEL SPA PENAFIEL, Tehuacan, Puebla. Includes breakfast and dinner daily—free golf—swimming—tennis—other sports. Only 3 hours from Mexico City. Shorter stays available at equally low rates. Transportation not included. For details write Hoteles Mexicanos Dubin, Genova 56, Mexico 6, D. F.

MONADNOCK REGION. Autumn is lovely here. Relax amidst towering pines. Private lodges, delicious food, lawn sports. Golf nearby. Open to mid-October. Write Dept. 4, Palmer Lodge, Keene, N.H. 03431.

RUN AWAY TO RAINBOW LODGE, Mt. Tremper, N.Y. Near Woodstock. Private Baths, Filtered Pool, Delectable Food. Cool air, books and brooks, tranquillity. Tel. 914-688-7761.

PANORAMIC HILLTOP VIEW, quality housekeeping units, jeep. Estate Beth Cruz Resort Hotel, St. John, Virgin Islands, U.S.A. 00830.

UNIQUE HIDEAWAY RESORT in deep woods directly on sparkling lake. Ideal vacation spot for lovers of water and other sports, hiking, fine food, Hi-fi music, true relaxation. Rustic lodge, cottages and honeymoon cabins. Near Tanglewood. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts.

THE OLD TAVERN, Grafton, Vermont. 166th year. Meticulously restored authentic stagecoach Inn. Restful picturebook village. Fine old New England recipes featured. Bedrooms, cottages fitted with authentic antiques. Barn lounge, natural pool, tennis; golf available. Elevator, sprinkler. FOLDER. Tel. 802-869-3400. John M. Harrison, Innkeeper.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Charming Victorian hostelry in middle of historic Mystic, 1 mile from famous Mystic Seaport restoration. Doubles $12-$14. E. P. Write or phone 203-536-1506.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. New year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

LAKE MICHIGAN FAMILY VACATION RETREAT. Unnamed sand beach, tennis pro, children's program, chamber and folk music, films, chalets and apartments in unspoiled verdant setting. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan 49090.

THE YODLER, Stowe, Vermont. Beautiful accommodations, heated pool. Bountiful meals.

THORN HILL LODGE. Charming country inn on quiet road overlooking scenic mountain resort village. Magnificent views, lawn sports. $65 up weekly, including meals. D. Darville, Jackson, N.H. 03846.

VACATIONS

HERITAGE HILL INN, Holland, Massachusetts. Hills, lakes; snug beds; food aplenty. Brochure. Telephone: 413-245-7728. Write: Sturbridge, Massachusetts 01566.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

DON'T GET ULCERS from mountain climbing over molehills. Come to the HOTEL BEACHCOMBER in Antigua and relax in the sun.

WINDHAM HILL FARM—Quiet country inn—good food. Folder. West Townshend, Vermont 05359.

SUMMER LINGERS LONGER on romantic Nantucket Island, 30 miles at sea. One hour by air from New York. In September swimming in 70° water, fishing, your favorite sports . . . interesting historic areas, low pollen count. Modern inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 25D Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

LIGHTHOUSE INN. 52 room jewel box of an inn, in parklike setting, private ocean beach. The personification of quiet elegance at most modest tariffs. E. P. Write for Brochure S., New London, Connecticut.

INFORMAL MODERN HIDEAWAY for delightful, talented creative guests. Day Camp. All sports. Chaits, Accord 5, N.Y. 12404.

"A SOUTHERN VERMONT VACATION GUIDE." Write for free summer, fall booklet to: Valley of the Inns, Box E, Wilmington, Vermont 05363.

VISIT PLYMOUTH ROCK and other famous historic spots in "America's Home Town." Indian Summer days are ideal here. Fishing. Golf. For illustrated color folder write Dept. 12, Plymouth Area Chamber of Commerce, Plymouth, Massachusetts 02360.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Summer rates. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

VERMONT LODGE—Three apartments, studio to 4 bedrooms, Thermopane vacation headquarters, near Mt. Snow and everything. Box C-603.

INCREASE AWARENESS, GAIN PERSPECTIVE, rest, recuperate. Beautiful estate facilities: lodging, nutritious meals, pool. Program: Relax-Rebound, Art Exploration, Counseling, Meditation. Evarts Loomis, M.D., "Meadowlark," Fairview, Hemet, California 92343.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn and motel with or without meals. Open through November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Dept. 2, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

PARADOR MARTORELL—Inn by the beach. Family atmosphere with 3 meals. Box 435, Luquillo, Puerto Rico 00673.

BREATHTAKING FALL FOLIAGE. Home of "The Sound of Music"! On the EXPO route. Trapp Family Lodge, Stowe 40, Vermont. Meet Baroness Von Trapp, the real-life Maria. Spectacular mountain scenery. Charming old world atmosphere. Authentic Austrian and American cuisine, pastries. Patioed coffee house, gift shop. Heated pool, riding. Golf, tennis nearby. Write BROCHURE. Reservations advised. Tel. 802-253-7545.

LIKE A CRUISE on the ocean with none of the motion. A small, luxurious, quiet, oceanfront inn. Colorful foliage. Delicious meals. No liquor. Open now to November. AAA, Mobil Guide. Yankee Clipper, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

BEAUTIFUL BERMUDA! 2 to 4 bedroom seaside cottages fully equipped available daily, weekly, monthly. $125 per week up. L.P. Gutteridge, Bermuda. Specialists in Vacation Homes.

OCEANFRONT VACATION in relaxed atmosphere. Rooms in Inn and Cottages. Unexcelled meals. Open until October 15th. Brochure. Roger S. Cameron, Seaward Inn, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

VACATIONS

SOUTHERN VERMONT—Take a country lane up our picturebook hill and discover The North Wind, serene, secluded, hilltop-high. Superior accommodations, imaginative cuisine, relaxed atmosphere. Heated pool, tennis, riding, golf, and a colorful rustic view from a quiet terrace. From $70 weekly, $13 daily, full American Plan. Rental Chalet Apartment. Brochure. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont. 802-464-5416.

FOLIAGE TIME IN MAINE for a wonderful September vacation! Attractive, secluded and unusually equipped housekeeping cottages on magnificent Moosehead Lake. Low fall rates. Brochure. The Cottages, Greenville, Maine. Tel. 207-695-2422.

WILDWOOD VALLEY—Scenic year-round resort in Vermont's northeast kingdom. Spectacular fall foliage, hunting, skiing, fishing, crafts, etc. Charming lodge perched high on hillside. American Plan $13-$15. Lots and chalet for sale. Housekeeping chalets $95 week. WILDWOOD VALLEY, Morgan Center 05854. 802-895-2928.

TRAVEL

GOING ABROAD? Store your car safely in New York. Indoors, insured, inexpensive. Newbold Garage, 2000 Westchester Avenue, Bronx 62, N.Y. TAlmadge 2-9336.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE—$1.25. Rates—Schedules—700 Passenger Carrying Freighters. Inexpensive—nevertheless First Class. Voyages vary from 7 days to around the world. TravLtips, 40-21ZAF Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

CHARTER FLIGHT HANDBOOK. 1,100 organizations named. Particulars free. TIB, P.O. Box 105s, Kings Park, N.Y. 11754.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure, 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

BACHELOR PARTY®—Worldwide cruises and tours for single people. Free 36 page catalogue. Dept. SR, Bachelor Party Tours, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

IF YOU CAN PRONOUNCE GUYANA*, you may wish to subscribe to the newsletter for Caribbean cognoscenti. What's new in politics, investments, industry, off-beat islands, hotels, transportation. Twelve monthly issues, $15. (*Guy-ANN-a.) Caribbean Report, Suite 700, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York 10017.

WHALERS WEEKENDS: Uncommon Adventure for Armchair Admirals! Four two-day historic lecture excursions around Gardiner's Bay with noted marine authors Ivan T. Sanderson and Edouard Stackpole. Circumnavigate Gardiner's Island with Winthrop Gardiner, Jr. on authentic 100-ton whaling schooner, Mystic Whaler. Stay at beautiful Baron's Cove Inn on the charming Sag Harbor waterfront. Starting September 23rd. International Marine Historical Association, Sag Harbor, N.Y. Tel.: 516-725-0988.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA—Fall and winter tours to East Africa. Antiquity and game watching. Brochure: All World Tours, 303 Fifth Avenue, New York 10016.

TUDOR HOTEL, 304 East 42nd Street, New York 10017. On N.Y.'s fashionable East Side. One block from U.N. All transportation, churches, shops, theaters only steps away. All newly decorated accommodations have private bath, television and direct dial telephones. Old English lounge and restaurant is N.Y.'s favorite rendezvous. Singles from $8; double from $11 daily. Special family rooms featuring 2 baths and special rates for extended stays. Write for new brochure. 212-YU 6-8800.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1742

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Middle name of poet in words U and Y.	75 171 50 149 116 150 60 206 53
B. Before Park, town in Colo.	72 188 65 89 202
C. The sort of show Grenville Kleiser's "Ideal Guest" shuns.	26 145 198 144 70 157 4 180 177 15 195 138
D. Mechanism on a movie projector.	156 165 1 58 207 187
E. Oriental warehouse.	56 93 6 37 71 172
F. Internal parts of the earth.	182 159 146 48 22 31 131 103
G. Whimpers.	59 41 44 148 107
H. Temporarily.	19 7 66 189 184 2
I. Canine tooth.	183 16 120 21 199 160
J. Consolidating.	42 205 8 3 32 81 94 52
K. What W. C. Fields said any man who likes whiskey and hates children can't be. (2 wds.)	47 130 200 143 55 24
L. Squeals.	132 67 28 98 43
M. Groping, in one sense.	128 34 68 14 139 170 79
N. Followed by word O: Impeded; attempted to block.	88 104 74 97 119 29
O. See word N.	185 174 90 191 108 161 117 40 83
P. Ballroom request. (4 wds.)	20 151 51 92 123 186 84 101 9
Q. Shades of light grey-brown.	36 121 11 23 115
R. Shelter.	78 30 178 169 196 173
S. Home town, in N. J., of Fairleigh Dickinson University; first name, former U. S. President.	166 69 13 33 49 127 73 136 114 85
T. Tricks.	96 142 204 5 17 61
U. Followed by word Y. First line of sonnet "High Flight" by John Magee. (5 wds.)	111 176 99 181 80 118 45 197 57 147 87 135 162 106 54 124 167
V. Rebuffs.	38 175 168 129 141 190 86 134
W. Do you and I have to? (2 wds.)	25 113 164 77 39 193
X. In extra-territorial waters. (4 wds.)	63 105 102 203 154 76 12 208 192 137 125 158 194
Y. See word U. (4 wds.)	122 27 100 201 109 140 95 82 18 91 112 64 62 163 46 110 153
Z. Appurtenances.	133 152 10 126 35 179 155

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

1 D	2 H	3 J		4 C	5 T	6 E		7 H	8 J	9 P	10 Z		11 Q	12 X	13 S	14 M
15 C	16 I	17 T		18 Y	19 H	20 P	21 I		22 F	23 Q	24 K		25 W	26 C	27 Y	28 L
29 N		30 R	31 F	32 J	33 S	34 M	35 Z		36 Q	37 E	38 V		39 W	40 O	41 G	42 J
43 L		44 G	45 U		46 Y	47 K	48 F	49 S	50 A	51 P		52 J	53 A	54 U		55 K
	56 E	57 U	58 D	59 G	60 A	61 T	62 Y		63 X	64 Y		65 B	66 H	67 L		68 M
69 S	70 C		71 E	72 B		73 S	74 N	75 A	76 X	77 W		78 R	79 M	80 U	81 J	82 Y
83 O	84 P		85 S	86 V	87 U	88 N	89 B	90 O	91 Y	92 P	93 E	94 J		95 Y	96 T	
97 N	98 L	99 U	100 Y	101 P	102 X	103 F		104 N	105 X	106 U		107 G	108 O	109 Y		110 Y
111 U		112 Y	113 W	114 S	115 Q	116 A	117 O	118 U	119 N	120 I		121 Q	122 Y		123 P	124 U
125 X	126 Z	127 S	128 M	129 V	130 K	131 F	132 L		133 Z	134 V		135 U	136 S	137 X	138 C	139 M
140 Y	141 V	142 T		143 K	144 C		145 C	146 F	147 U	148 G	149 A		150 A	151 P	152 Z	
153 Y	154 X	155 Z	156 D	157 C		158 X	159 F	160 I		161 O	162 U	163 Y	164 W	165 D		166 S
167 U	168 V	169 R	170 M	171 A	172 E	173 R		174 O	175 V	176 U	177 C	178 R	179 Z		180 C	181 U
182 F		183 I	184 H	185 O	186 P	187 D	188 B		189 H	190 V		191 O	192 X	193 W		194 X
195 C	196 R		197 U	198 C	199 I	200 K	201 Y		202 B	203 X	204 T	205 J	206 A	207 D	208 X	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 15 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Higher learning

Paradoxically, men knew very little about the earth until they began to study the sky. Today, much of the knowledge of our world is made available for practical use through maps. Rand McNally is a leading producer of maps of all kinds—school maps, population maps, road maps, marketing maps, statistical maps, atlases, and globes, including the Rand McNally six-foot Geo-Physical Globe and Relief Model of the Moon. Tomorrow we may be back in the sky mapping other worlds.

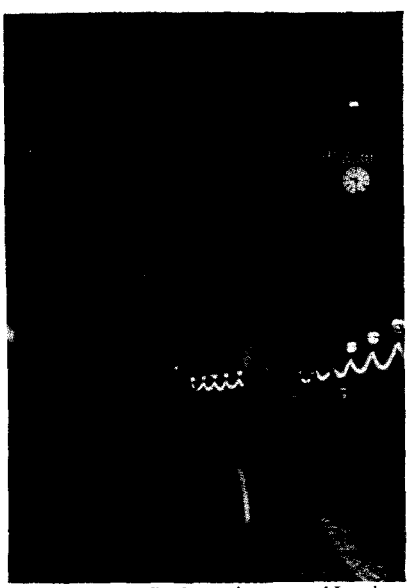
RAND McNALLY PUBLISHERS, BOOK MANUFACTURERS, MAPMAKERS

Babylonian land grant marker about 1500 B. C. when surveys were based on astronomical observations.

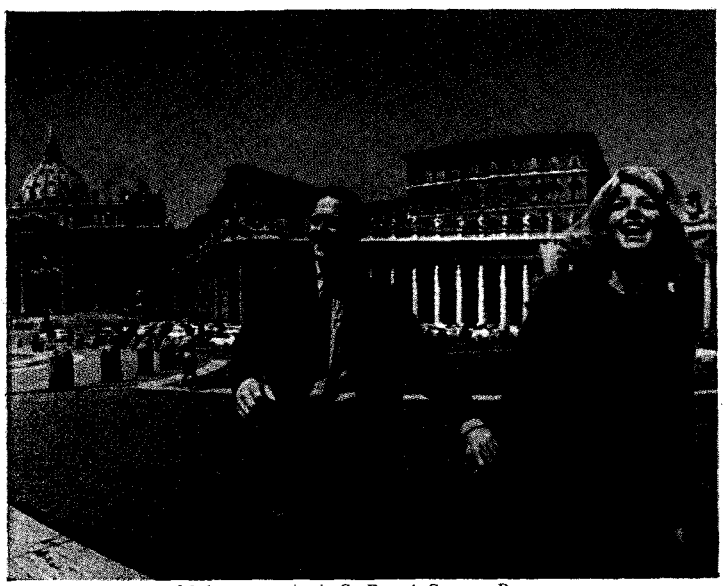
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As little as $322

...and Europe is yours for 15 days. New TWA tours let you live like you were made of money.



Perfect pair: you and London.



Make memories in St. Peter's Square, Rome.

Enjoy the fiery Flamenco in Madrid.

Why spend your fall or winter vacation in another climate...when you can spend it in another world? TWA will give you two or three weeks in Europe at the new low group tour prices. And...give you complete freedom to do and see what *you* like. You'll stay in fine hotels, have a spacious, spotless room with private bath. We include breakfasts, sightseeing, round-trip air fare and transfers. Europe supplies the rest: exciting cities, beaches, castles, discotheques, boutiques, antiques, opera and more.

TWA Bonus Adventures offer more time in the best spots for less money. You can go to a different part of Europe every year, without going broke. Two weeks in Portugal starts at $322†. Or you can have a week each in London and Paris from only $355†. Or 2 weeks in Madrid and the Spanish Riviera from $375†. And these are just a few ideas. We have more.

We have so many, we've declared open season overseas. You can spend a lot or a little. Go with a group or on your own. Create your own itinerary anywhere in Europe, Africa, Asia. TWA has *your* kind —every kind—of tour.

Mail the coupon and we'll send you free folders. Look them over—then call Mr. Information (your travel agent) or any TWA office. And you're on your way to another world!

†14/21 day round-trip Economy group inclusive tour fares, from New York starting September 22, 1967.

Welcome to the world of Trans World Airlines

TWA

...the all-jet airline

Trans World Airlines, Inc., Dept. 816
P.O. Box 25, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017

☐ Send me free brochures: Bonus Adventures, Far Flung Adventures and your $10/$15 a day Adventure Travel Plan.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____

Phone_____ My travel agent_____

*Service mark owned exclusively by Trans World Airlines, Inc.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED